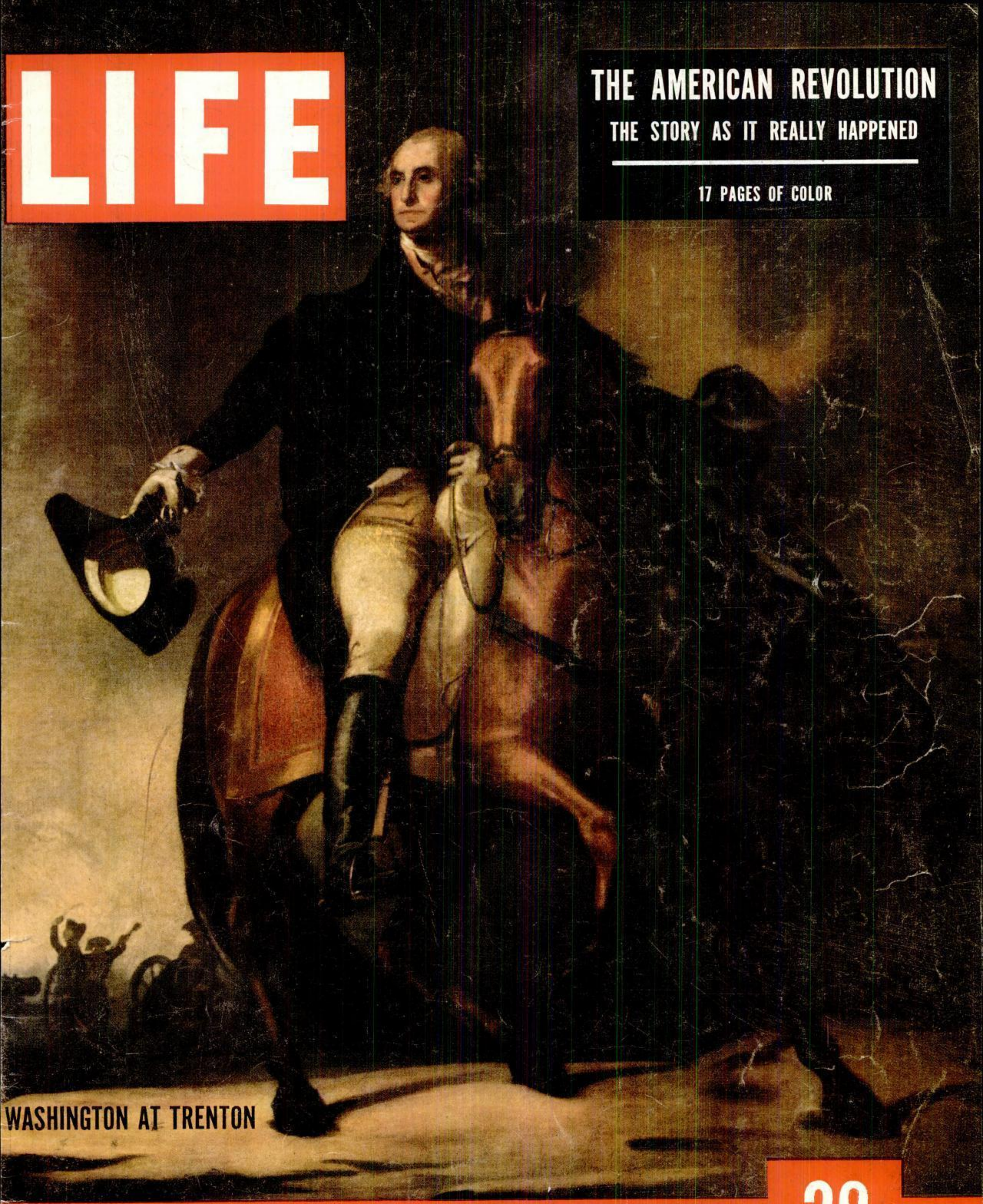
LIFE

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

THE STORY AS IT REALLY HAPPENED

17 PAGES OF COLOR



WASHINGTON AT TRENTON

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $6.00

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It's 4 cars... not just 3 that lead the lowest price field

The Studebaker Champion is one of the 4 lowest price largest selling cars!

$1487.50

for Studebaker Champion Custom 6-pass. 2-door sedan as shown

This is the South Bend delivered price and includes Federal Tax. It does not include transportation from South Bend, or state and local taxes, if any.

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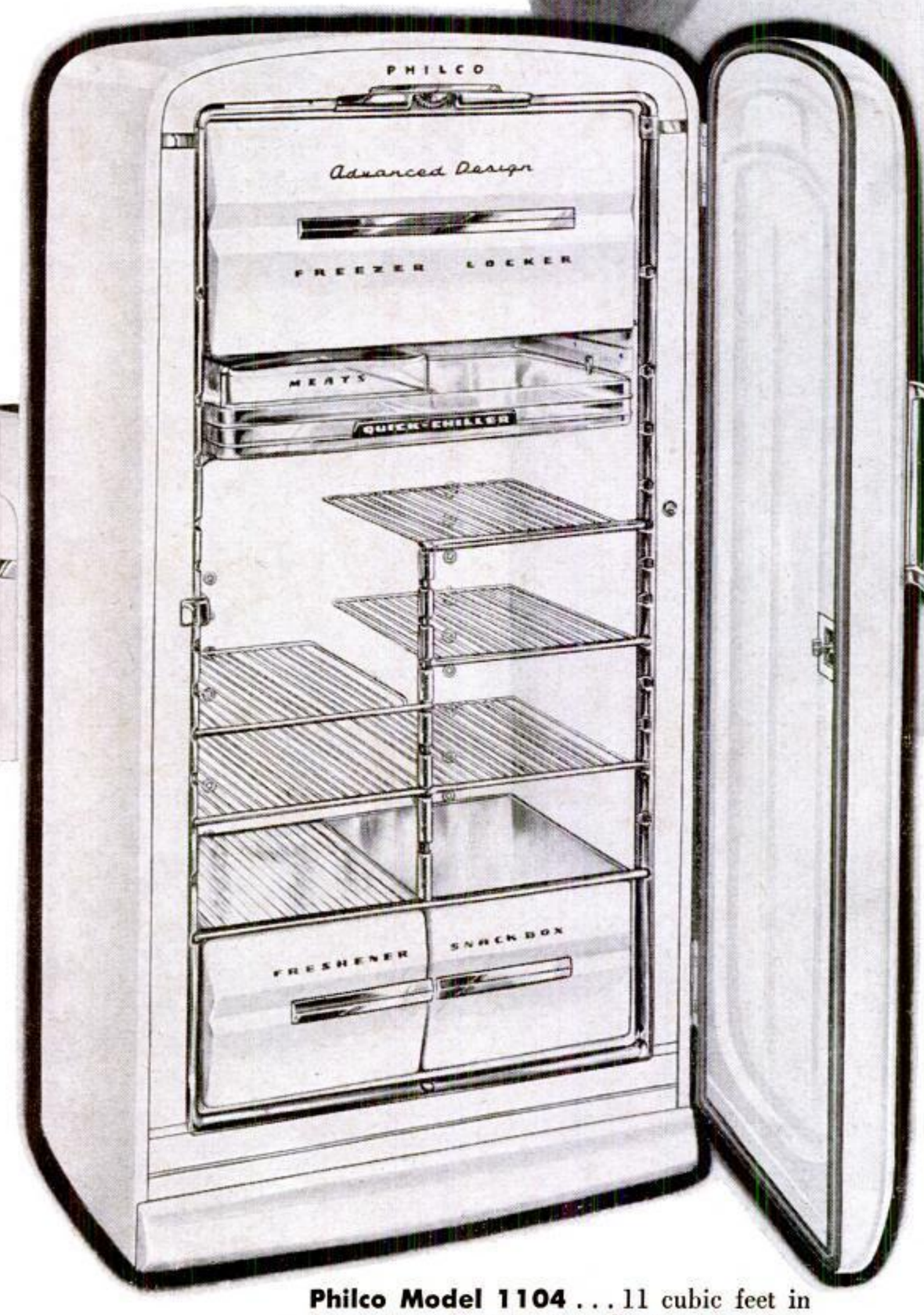
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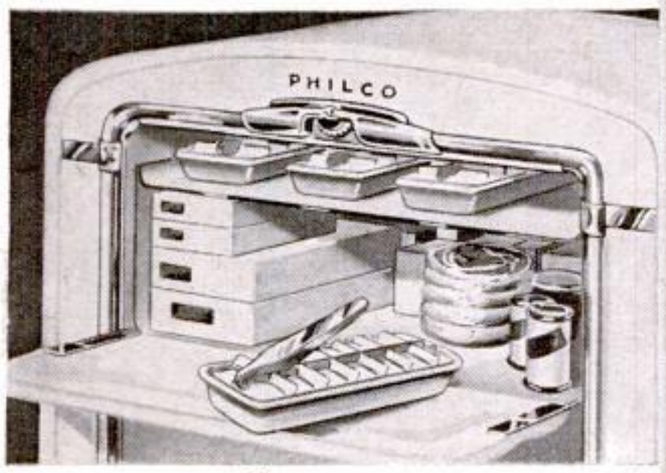
Everything to Catch a Woman's Eye

IN THIS GREAT ALL-FEATURE PHILCO
yet it costs $50 to $100 less than any other refrigerator with a 2 cu. ft. built-in freezer.

See and Compare the great new 1950 Philco refrigerators with any other—at any price! In efficiency... in economy... in fast freezing... in luxury and convenience features that every woman wants... these truly magnificent Philcos challenge all comparison. We believe—once you see and examine them—you'll agree that here indeed are the finest refrigerators—finest in quality, finest in performance—that have ever been built!







Super Size Built-in Freezer

Huge 2 cubic foot freezer holds full 70 lbs. of frozen foods. It's full-width, fully enclosed by its own insulated door. True zero-zone temperatures with a separate shelf for extra-fast freezing of ice cubes.



New! Quick Chiller

Extra cold zone—7° to 15° colder than main food compartment. Ideal for meats, salads, jellied dishes.

Philco Model 1104 . . . 11 cubic feet in floor space of an 8—actually costs *less* than last year's "10". See it, compare it at your Philco dealer's now.



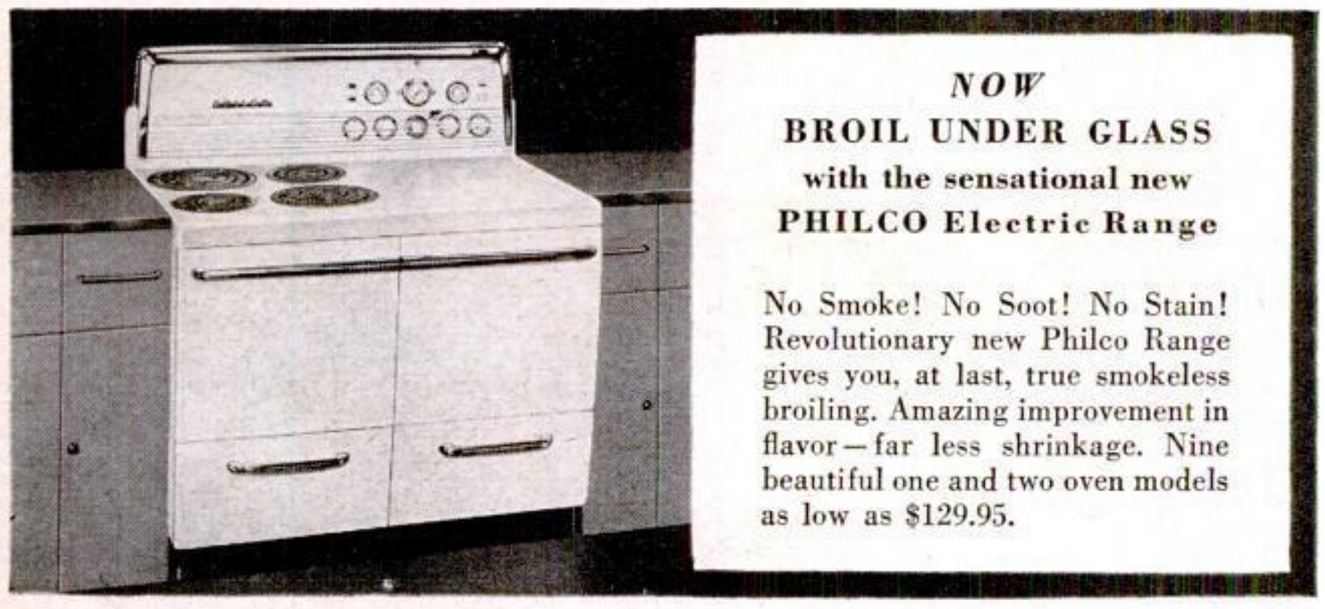
Fully Adjustable Shelves

Move the shelves anywhere to store foods of any size or shape. You arrange *your* refrigerator to suit *you*.



Snack Box Giant Freshener

Oversize drawers keep fruits and vegetables fresh and crisp. Exclusive Snack Box for cheese, spreads or butter.



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with the sensational new
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No Smoke! No Soot! No Stain! Revolutionary new Philco Range gives you, at last, true smokeless broiling. Amazing improvement in flavor—far less shrinkage. Nine beautiful one and two oven models as low as $129.95.



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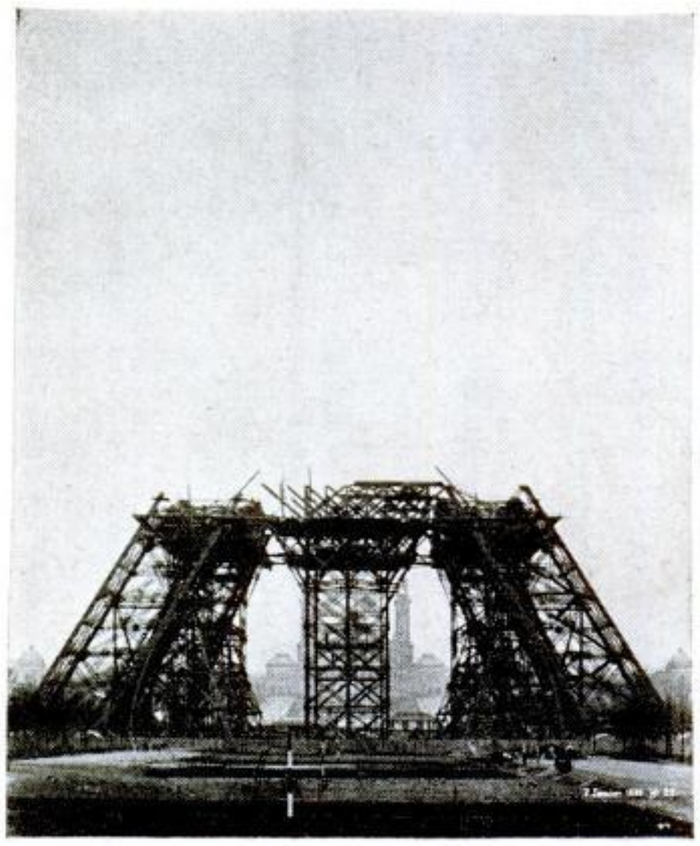
has a woman in mind

This One

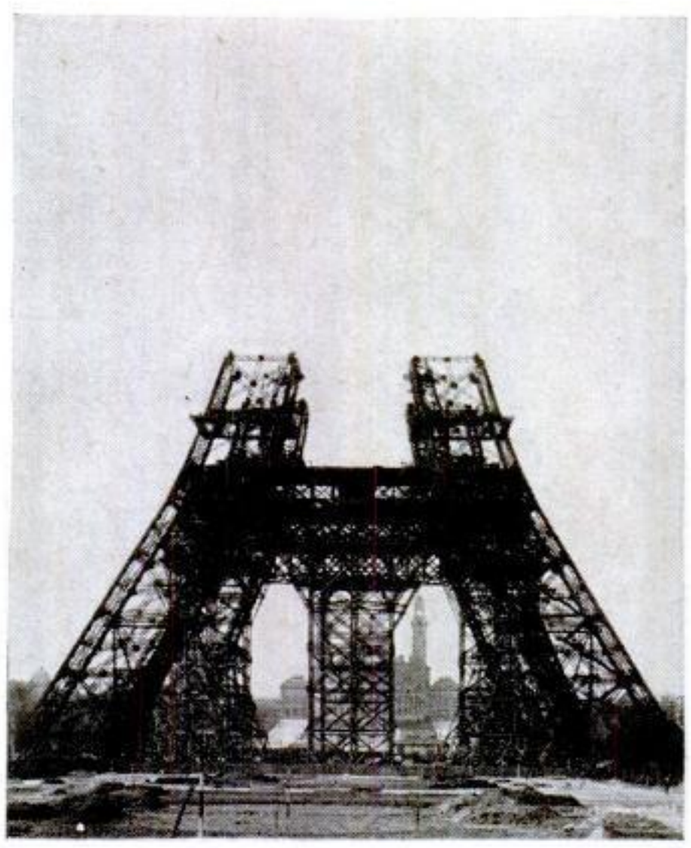
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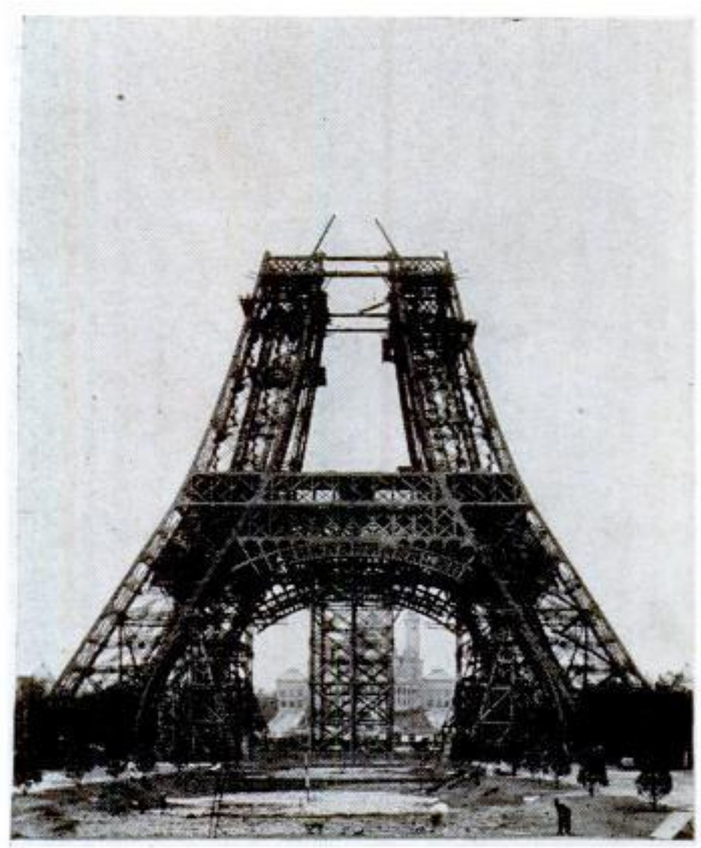
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BASE IS COMPLETED BY JANUARY 1888



ON APRIL 27 PILLARS THRUST UPWARD



BY JUNE 19 PILLARS BEGIN TO MERGE

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . Paris recalls building of "loathsome" Eiffel Tower

When, in 1887, the rough steel framework of the Eiffel Tower began to rise upward from the face of Paris, the local citizens reacted to it as they would to the growth of a huge wart. Three hundred well-known Parisians, including Composer Charles Gounod and Novelist Alexandre Dumas the Younger, signed a petition against having to see "the loathsome shadow of that loathsome tin construction" projected across the face of their beloved city. Author Guy de Maupassant went into self-imposed exile, declaring, "I wonder what will be thought of our generation if, in some future riot, we do not smash this tall, lanky pyramid, this assemblage of iron ladders." Despite all the abuse and the prediction of engineers that the structure would collapse when it reached the height of 725 feet, Designer-Builder Gustave Eiffel went ahead with construction. The tower rose to its full height of 984 feet without toppling and at the Paris Exposition of 1889, for which it was built, it made a big hit. Within two years sightseers had more than repaid the 7,800,000 francs which the Tower had cost Eiffel and his backers. Within a decade artists were discovering the beauty of its lacework and geometric curves. Poet Léon-Paul Fargue described it as a "stairway leading to Infinity." This month Editions "Tel," Paris publishers, issued a whole book dedicated to it, including historic pictures showing the building of the great spire. Even as it was being built, the pictures reveal, the Tower completely overshadowed other famous Paris landmarks like Le Trocadéro, seen through the arch in most of these pictures, and the Ecole Militaire, seen through the arch in the picture at the right.



UNDER ARCH IS FAMOUS LE TROCADERO



WORK ON SHAFT STARTS IN SEPTEMBER



BY MARCH 1889 JOB IS ALMOST DONE

GUSTAVE EIFFEL (LEFT) POSES WITH FRIEND AT TOP OF TOWER →

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Now! Get NEW *'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic*

...see why it makes men say:

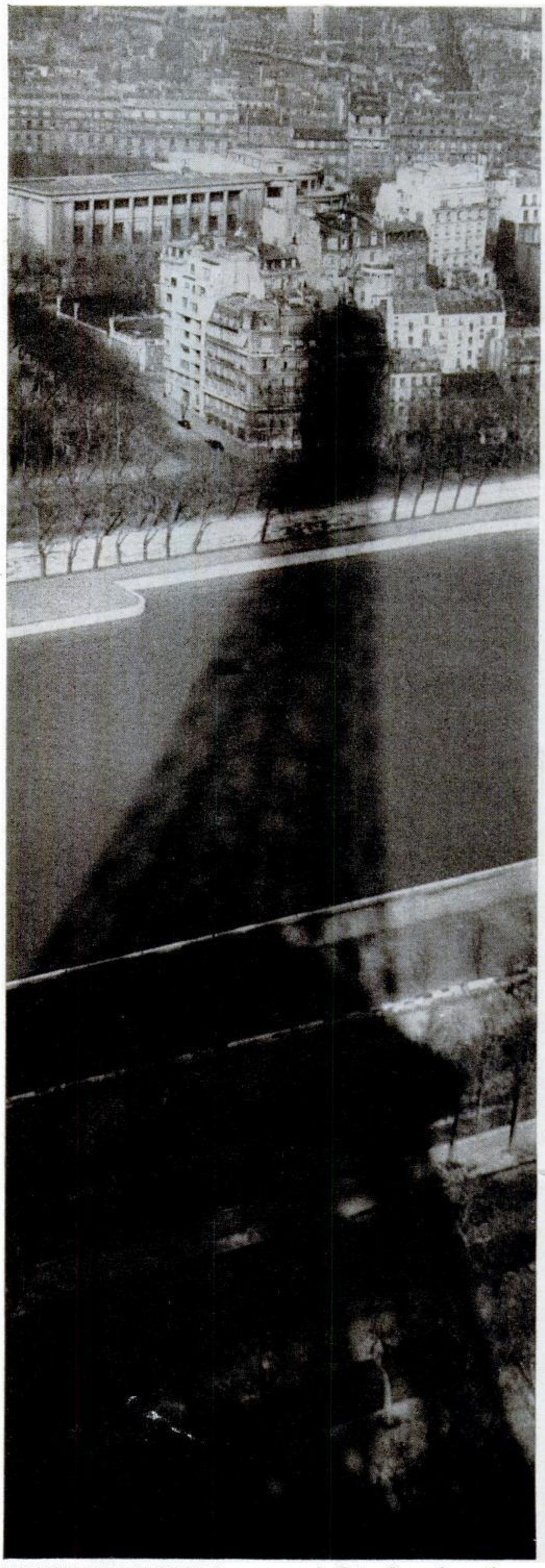
"NOTHING ELSE FOR ME!"

Because no other hair tonic contains new wonder-working Viratol...assuring natural looking hair and natural feeling hair that stays neat all day long!*



**Special compound VIRATOL (with Lanolin) in 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic helps keep hair in place without stiffness . . . gives it the natural lustre that men envy and women admire.*

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd



THE TOWER'S SHADOW is cast across the Seine. Once a lump of sugar thrown off the top of tower tore the tip from the nose of a Frenchman below.

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Upset Stomach • Jumpy Nerves



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Quick! Pleasant! Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with *split-second action,* ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.

Proof of popularity: Today more people than ever use Bromo-Seltzer. *You* must be satisfied or your money back!

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug store fountain or counter today. It's a product of the Emerson Drug Co. since 1887.



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BUY **SIGHT SAVERS**

THE Silicone Treated TISSUES THAT KEEP YOUR EYEGLASSES Clean! YOU WILL SEE BETTER AND LOOK BETTER, TOO!



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TAN COMFORTABLY—with Skol. No skin-clinging sand to bother your basking. Skol contains no messy oil or grease—leaves no sticky film on your skin to clog the pores. Skol is also available in unbreakable plastic bottle.

Prevents painful sunburn—not oily—does not dry skin

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SEE YOUR DEALER FOR ORDER CARD

a soft drink made from *real* oranges

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A KING'S STORY

Sirs:

With tears streaming down my face I have just finished the final pages of "A King's Story" (LIFE, June 12). Nothing I have ever read has moved me so much.

BARBARA PETERSON

San Leandro, Calif.

Sirs:

As an example of rare courage and a sense of true values—with modesty and honesty—the Duke of Windsor's memoirs will find few equals in our times.

Thank you, LIFE, for a heartwarming narrative and a creditable presentation.

R. WHEELER

Lakefield, Ont., Canada

Sirs:

As a former Britisher, I read with no small amount of interest the Duke's side of the story of his abdication. I had hoped to discover facts that had not hitherto been brought to light that might have compelled me to modify the opinion I had formed in 1936 when I followed his abdication with breathless interest. I had once had a tremendous admiration for the Prince of Wales and thought that he had brought to the kingship all the qualities, and more, of his grandfather, Edward VII.

However, beyond completely exonerating his consort as having had no part in his decision to abdicate, the Duke seems to have revealed nothing new. In failing to heed the counsel of even his closest friends, the Duke of Windsor dashed the fondest hopes of many a loyal subject.

T. A. DALEY

Pine Bluff, Ark.

Sirs:

In view of the rather sinister portrait of Stanley Baldwin painted for us by the Duke, I think that Winston Churchill's comment in *The Gathering Storm* about Baldwin's handling of the abdication crisis is in order. "The Prime Minister proved himself to be a shrewd judge of British national feeling. Undoubtedly he perceived and expressed the profound will of the nation."

As Churchill himself was sympathetic to the king during the crisis, it is perhaps a much fairer appraisal of the motives which inspired Baldwin than those ascribed to him in the ex-king's story.

I. C. JOHNSTON

Windsor, Ont., Canada

Sirs:

. . . As far as Edward is concerned, he is better off away from all those stuffed shirts.

KATHLEEN DODSON

Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

Why all the fuss about the Duke's lapels (Letters to the Editor, LIFE, June 12) when earlier this year your cover was an exponent of the nonmatching lapel stripe. Take a look at Aileen Wood, the young horsewoman on the cover of LIFE, April 10 issue. Her lapels don't match either.

CONSTANCE JUSTER

New York, N.Y.



AILEEN WOOD

NATURE BOY

Sirs:

If Nature Boy Hughes's starling (Picture of the Week, LIFE, June 12) isn't a fledgling robin on a forced landing, I'll salt its tail.

H. EVEREST CLEMENTS

Rochester, N.Y.

● Save your salt; it is a robin.—ED.

INGRID'S "ROBERTINO"

Sirs:

Mr. and Mrs. Roberto Rossellini's baby ("Ingrid's 'Robertino,' " LIFE, June 12), is beautiful. Best wishes to them for a happy, normal life. If Ingrid makes another picture when all this blows over, I for one will see it, and I don't think I'll be alone.

SGT. CHARLES W. HUGHES

Tucson, Ariz.

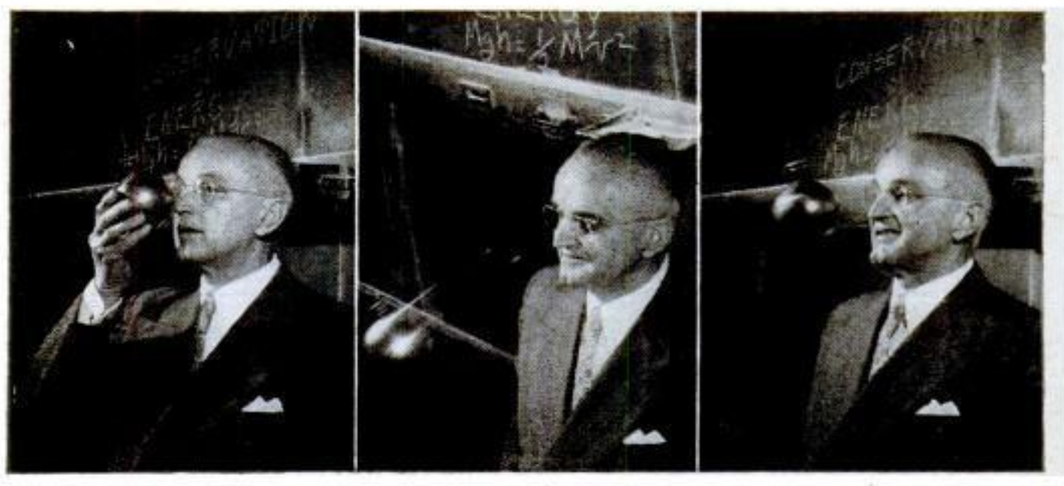
HISTRIONIC PROF

Sirs:

I read Mr. Barnett's amusing letter to the editors (LIFE, June 12) about histrionic Professor Grantham who, in order to demonstrate the law of the conservation of energy, holds a heavy ball up to his nose and lets it swing on a cord across the room and back again until it stops just a fraction of an inch from his face. Too bad you didn't have these shots I took of the experiment. They show how perilously close the professor comes to losing his choppers every time he proves that $Mgh=\frac{1}{2}Mv^2$.

SOL GOLDBERG

Cornell Photographic Science Laboratory
Ithaca, N.Y.



$Mgh=\frac{1}{2}Mv^2$

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

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Breakfast Quick is the trick

Raspberries in ice! Wash berries, drain almost dry. Sugar heavily. Chill overnight. Serve on *cool*, crunchy Rice Krispies. A luscious *breakfast main dish*—and pretty as a picture!

* * *



No extra charge for the fun of Rice Krispies—the rice cereal so crisp in milk it says, snap! crackle! pop! And—those sweet crackly pops are as rich in iron, niacin and vitamin B_1, as whole brown rice!

* * *



Morning at mountain resort. "Riding, golf, tennis, the baths—make our guests interested in good breakfasts," says Frank Gray, maitre d'hotel of the New Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs, West Va. "And Rice Krispies are a favorite. They are delicious—as crisp and fresh as our mountain mornings!"

* * *



• **16-word dessert tip—** from Louise Lueder, well-known home economist: *Scoop ice cream into serving dishes. Trickle on chocolate sauce. Top generously with crunchy Rice Krispies.* Adds Louise, "This gets youngsters voting for *Sundae-every-day!*"

* * *



"Be bright early, Miss Teen!" says Betty Betz, columnist for young Americans. "Skipping breakfast leads to *pre-noon sag.* Soon you'll be having morning dates for tennis, swims, hikes. Pre-date with your favorite Kellogg cereal—perform like *one sharp gal!*"

* * *



"A different cereal every morning gets my children eating good-sized bowls. That's why VARIETY PACKAGE goes on my weekly shopping list!" says Mrs. John H. Stout of Lewisburg, Pa. Yes, everybody falls for VARIETY'S 10 happy choices of seven different *favorites!*

* * *

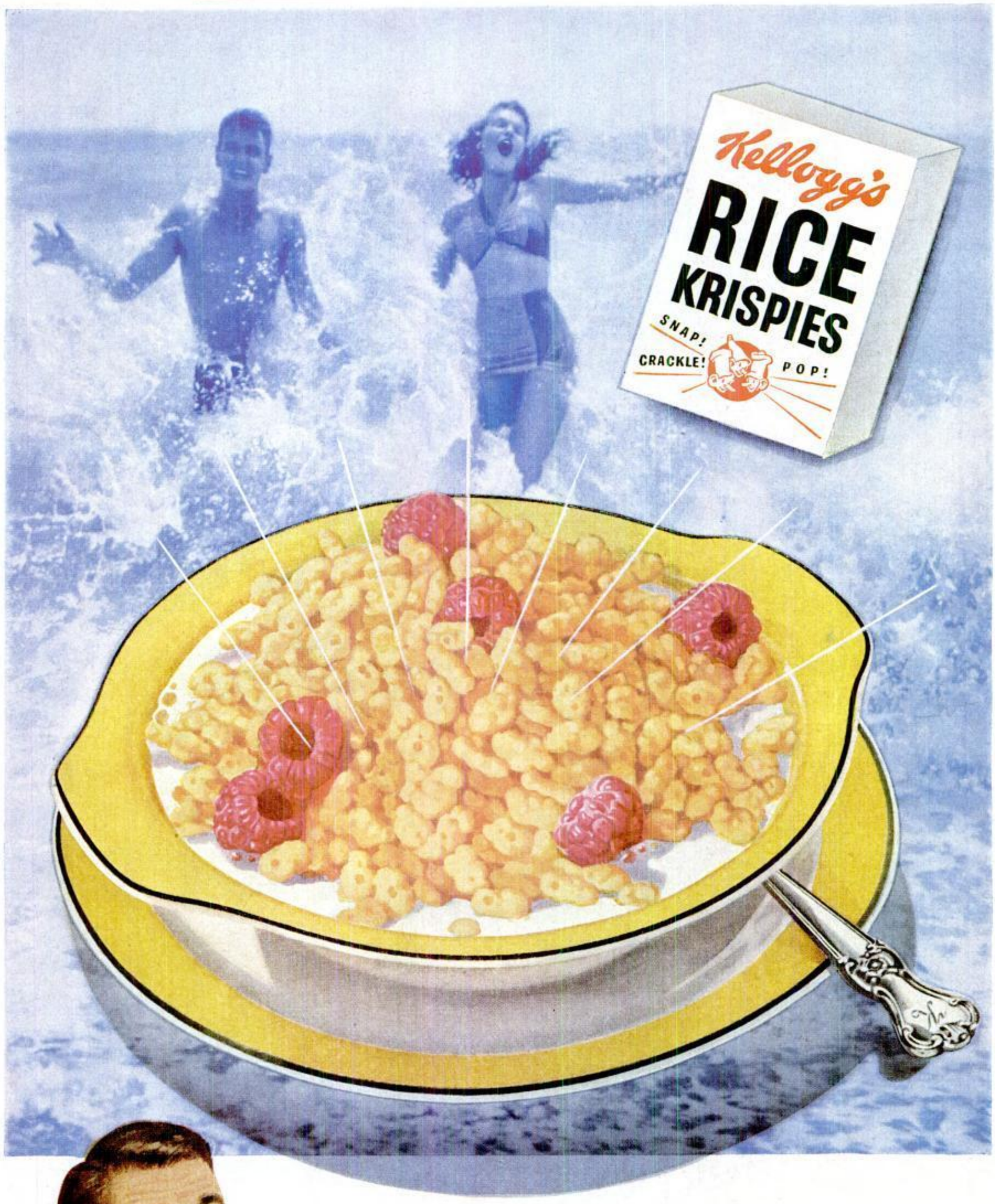


Bride pleased: "My *initialed* Kellogg's *Signature* teaspoons are stunning!" writes the new Mrs. H. E. Krauss of East Orange, N. J. See for yourself—the teaspoon shown in cereal bowl picture is *Signature* Pattern. Get 4—each with *your own initial*—for only 75¢ with white-star end from Kellogg's VARIETY. Full details on package. Old Company silver plate, made and guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co. of Meriden, Conn. With spoons, you get a wrapper illustrating the complete service and price list.

"Rice Krispies" is a trademark (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

WHY SIMMER THIS SUMMER?

A breakfast main dish of Kellogg's Rice Krispies—so cool, so crisp!



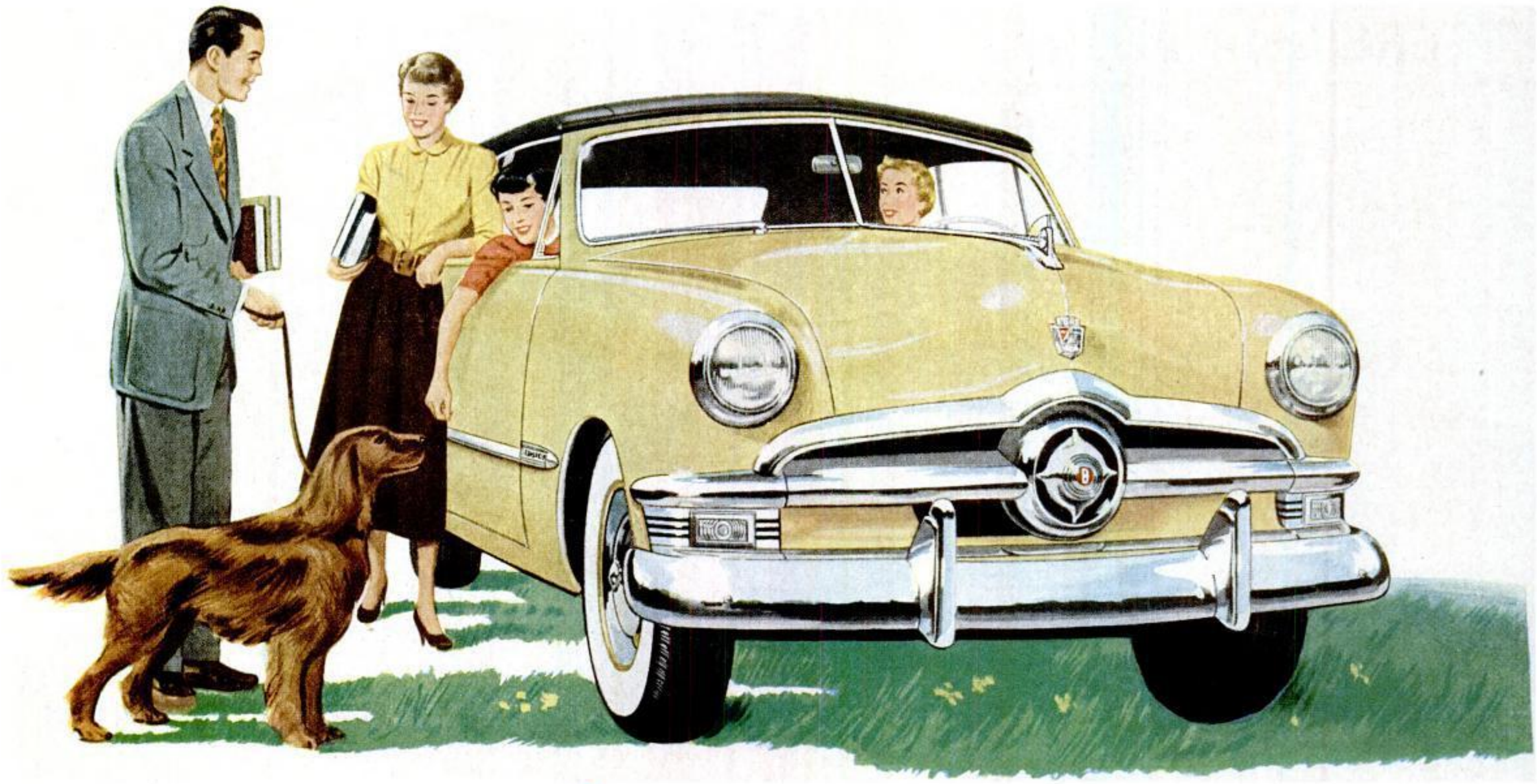


Man, how good!
Mom, how quick—
Cool Variety packs a
10-choice trick!

10-box choice of 7 cereal favorites

Kellogg's Mother Knows Best!

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When over a quarter-million families are two-Ford families, there must be a reason! And there are many! They are sold on the convenience of two cars in general and the economy of the Ford in particular!

With scientifically contoured Power Dome combustion chambers both the 100 h.p. V-8 and the 95 h.p. Six give high compression performance on regular gas—a saving that really adds up! And remember, for style the '50 Ford has been awarded the Fashion Academy's Gold Medal as "Fashion Car of the Year" for the second year in a row.

"Test Drive" a '50 Ford at your Dealer's today. The car you now own may well provide the down payment on two new '50 Fords!

Now thousands own two fine cars!

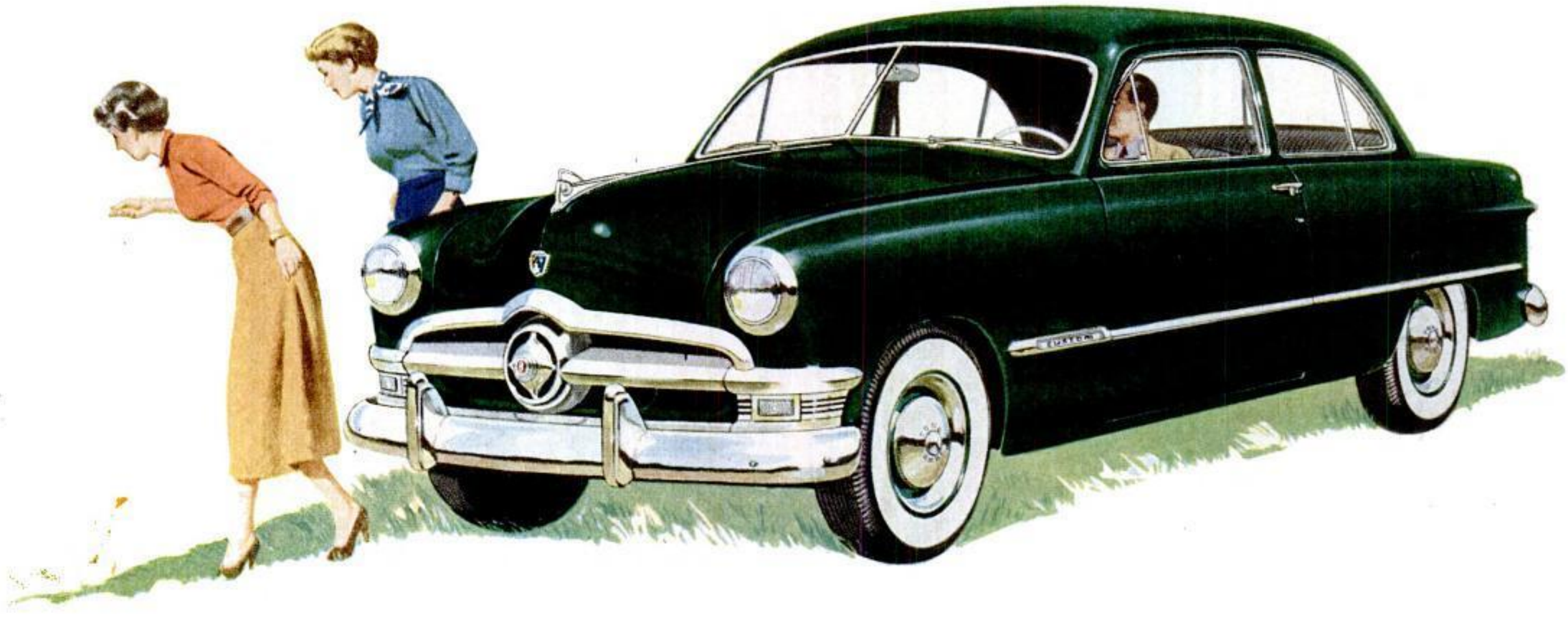
The '50 FORD Convertible

Nothing is smarter, nothing more fun to drive. Your choice of fabric-and-leather or all-leather upholstery and 11 different body colors. And the top goes up or down in seconds, automatically.

There's a Ford in your future...with a future built in

The '50 FORD Tudor Sedan

A "personal" car with all Ford quality features! Mid Ship Ride! Lifeguard Body! 35% easier-acting King-Size Brakes! And a Deep Deck Luggage Locker that holds all the bags and baggage!



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

PIGS IN POKES

Sirs:

In your article ("Celebrities' Pigs in Pokes," LIFE, June 12) you showed a picture of a package with the name Vivien Leigh on it. Could you please tell me what she sent?

BETTY GILES

Manhasset, N.Y.

● A striped scarf which was bought by Kathryn Mumford (*below, left*) for $5.—ED.

Sirs:

I noticed that you had a picture of a package sent by Margaret Truman. Could you please tell me what she sent?

PHYLLIS N. WEINER

New York, N.Y.

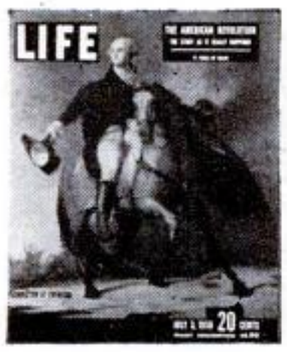
● A greeting card which had an etching of the White House and said, "Greetings from President and Mrs. Truman." It brought $7.50 from Mrs. Potter Shaw (*below, right*). —ED.



LEIGH GIFT

TRUMAN GIFT

Please send



to_____
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ADDRESS

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ONE YEAR AT $6.00
(1 year at the single copy price would cost you $10.40)

I enclose $_____.

Please Bill Me ☐

Canada: 1 yr., $6.50

Give to your newsdealer or to your local subscription representative

or mail to LIFE

540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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HOPALONG CASSIDY

Sirs:

Why do idols always have clay feet ("Hopalong Hits the Jackpot," LIFE, June 12)? I've loved Bill Boyd since 1931. Now I learn that he doesn't go to church and has had five wives. I feel sick all over.

JANE CAROUTHERS

Meadville, Pa.

Sirs:

Thanks for the wonderful story . . . I would like to correct the statement that I avoid church. Rather I avoid *discussing religion*. Were it not for the unfailing guidance God has given me, all that has happened would have been impossible.

WILLIAM BOYD

Beverly Hills, Calif.

● LIFE did not say that Mr. Boyd avoided religion but that he avoided church. He rarely goes to church, belongs to none.—ED.

Sirs:

Add to the list of Hoppy's endorsements Hopalong Cassidy vaccinations. They originated in our neighborhood a month ago when children were being vaccinated against smallpox.

GAYLE ANN THOMAS

McKees Rocks, Pa.

FISHING HOLES

Sirs:

Regret Hayward Lakes not included in "Nine of America's Best Fishing Holes" (LIFE, June 12). Four world record muskies caught here in last 10 years.

NELSON W. ROSS

Hayward, Wis.

Sirs:

Try the Straight River in Minnesota, "Land of 10,000 Lakes."

EDWIN D. HUGHES

Park Rapids, Minn.

Sirs:

Complete your list of fishing holes and add the Columbia River with its fish aristocrat—Chinook salmon.

BRUCE GRAHAM

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

Here's one reader who won't disagree with one fishing spot you picked. Thanks for naming Moosehead Lake.

JANE KNOWLTON

Greenville, Maine

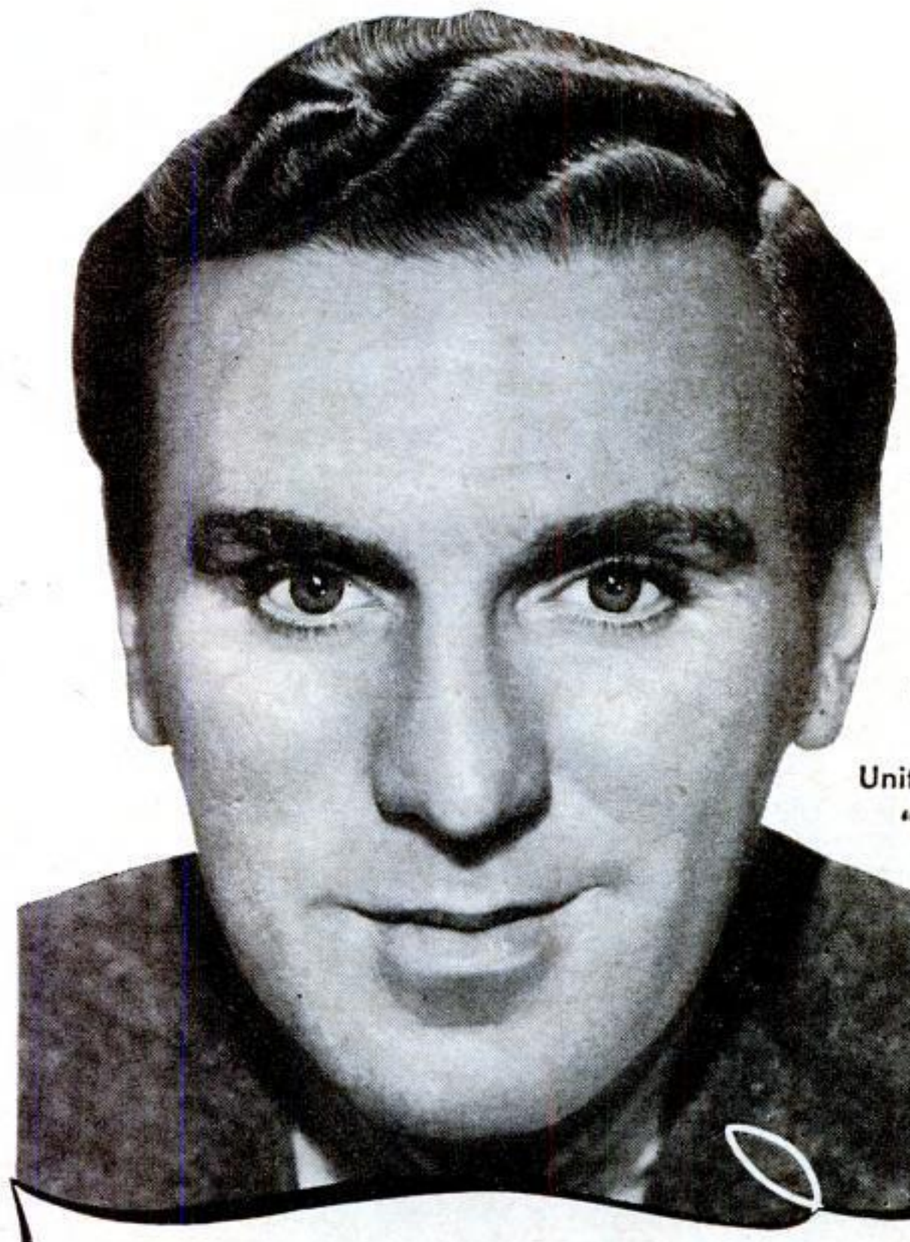
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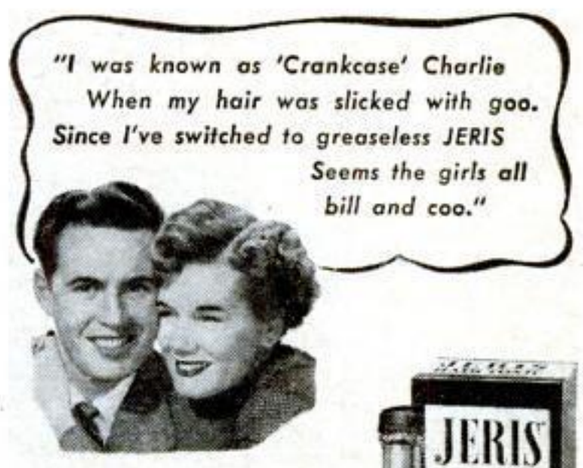


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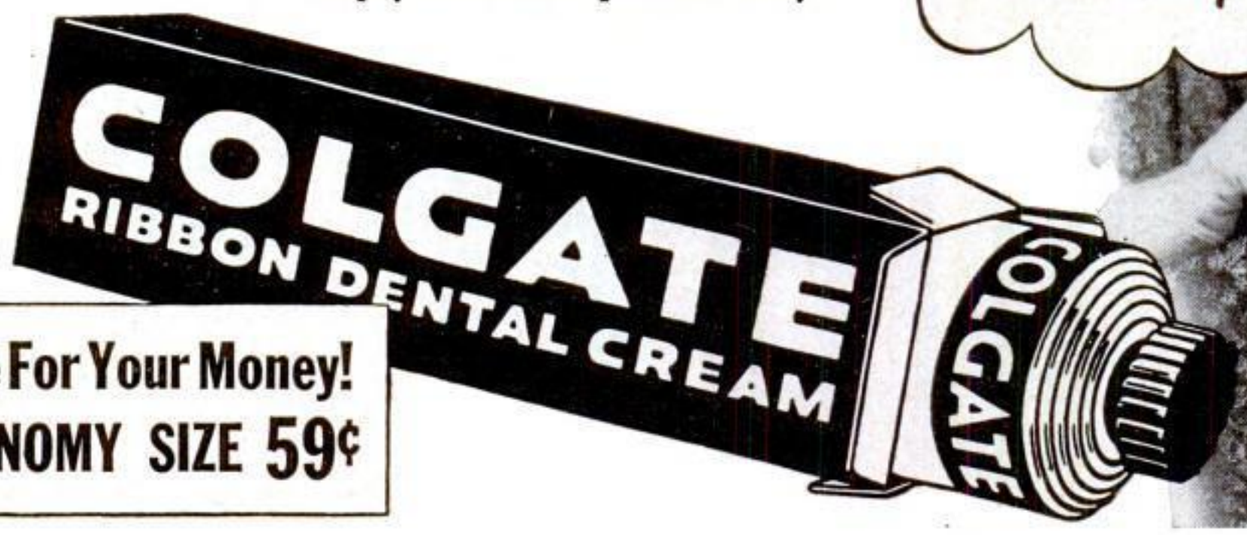
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LIFE'S COVER

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Reprints of the history of the American Revolution (*pp. 36-59*) may be obtained by writing to Dept. E, LIFE, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. The price is 25¢ per copy, 10¢ per copy in orders of 50 or more.

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ITS STREAMLINED, graceful design makes it easy to keep shining clean. You'll appreciate the cool, brown plastic handles, too.

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YOU CAN WIN... $10,000.00 CASH FIRST PRIZE!



OR ANY ONE OF 382 OTHER BIG CASH PRIZES

2ND PRIZE $2,500

3RD PRIZE $1,000

PLUS
- 10 . . . $100 PRIZES
- 50 $50 PRIZES
- 320 $25 PRIZES

TOTAL $25,000 IN CASH PRIZES!

Here's your chance to win $10,000, just for telling u why you like NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT! Easy? Sure because just the *mention* of this famous cereal brings a glean to 'most everyone's eye! Oldsters remember it as the famil favorite for over 50 years. Mothers know it contains th health-building goodness of 100% whole wheat, includin bran and wheat germ. Father might describe its hearty good ness when it's *cooked*. Junior will rave how *swell* these crisp golden biscuits taste with milk. Yes, you can say countles things about America's great body-building breakfast. Serv it tomorrow, and ideas will come thick and fast! Send in a many entries as you like. Just be sure you enclose NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT boxtop with each entry

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

FOLLOW THESE EASY CONTEST RULES

1 Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I like NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT because:_____"

2 Use the entry blank in this advertisement, get blank from your grocer, or any piece of plain paper. Print your name and address clearly.

3 Submit as many entries as you wish. With each entry submit a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT boxtop (or facsimile).

4 All entries must be the original work of the contestants, submitted in their own names. No more than one prize will be awarded in any one family. Mail your entries to:

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
'FAMILY' CONTEST
P. O. Box 192, New York 46, N. Y.

5 Contest closes midnight July 16, 1950. All entries must be postmarked on or before that date. Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

6 Contest is open to any person in the continental United States (Hawaii and Alaska) except employees of National Biscuit Company, subsidiary companies, their advertising agencies, and members of their families. Contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

7 Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, an independent judging organization, on the basis of sincerity, interest, and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. All entries and ideas therein become the property of National Biscuit Company and none will be returned.

8 Winners will be notified by mail approximately one month following the close of the contest. The complete list of winners will be sent to all contestants requesting one and sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT "FAMILY" CONTEST
P. O. Box 192, New York 46, N. Y.

"I like NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT because:.....

.....

.....

(Complete this statement in 25 words or less. Please Print)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

I enclose a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT boxtop with this entry.

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LIFE

Vol. 29, No. 1 July 3, 1950

POLITICIANS WITHOUT POLITICS

For four days at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. last week there was a rare and heartening gathering of politicians—the 42nd annual Governors' Conference. What was rare and heartening about it was that, instead of partisanship, politicking and partying, the conference was characterized by a genuine spirit of cooperation. Among the governors who came—five stayed home because of illness or work—it was hard to tell Democrat from Republican.

Like sober businessmen the governors sat at conference tables and swapped ideas on mutual problems. They talked over state government reorganization, water resources and truck regulation—"You get behind one of those things on the highway," said Browning of Tennessee, "and the only way you can pass it is on a parallel road in the next county." They admired Minnesota's mental hospital setup, chortled when J. Bracken Lee of Utah remarked, "We've got too many laws. Too much government has put a lot of those people in institutions."

On June 19 they heard an able report on the ECA by Administrator Paul Hoffman. On the 20th, Secretary of State Dean Acheson spoke on foreign policy and then, aware that he would not be poleaxed with loaded partisan questions, jovially went through a long quiz session.

When not working, the governors relaxed with flawless dignity—most had brought their families. They attended a round of luncheons, emerged from their state dinner as harmoniously as they had paraded in (*right*). After adjourning, the Democrats (but not Dixiecrats Thurmond of South Carolina and Wright of Mississippi) went off to lunch with the President. In the months before election many governors will be fighting for their political lives and peaceful understanding will be a scarce item. But for these four days there was plenty of it.

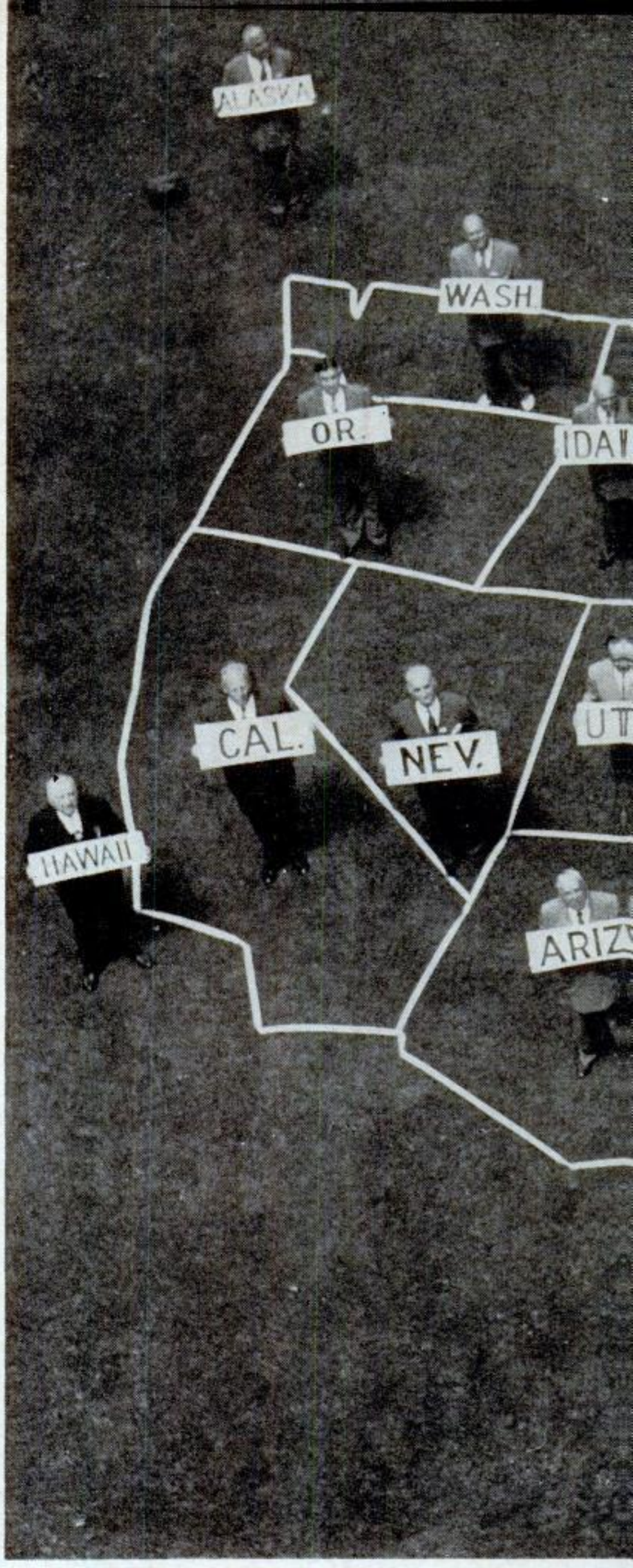


GOOD-HUMORED GOVERNORS march to the state dinner. The first seven shown here are Schricker, Ind.; Browning, Tenn.; Dewey, N.Y.; Pastore, R.I.; Adams, N.H.; Dever, Mass., and Driscoll, N.J.

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LAWN TALK in front of hotel occupies Conference Chairman Governor Lausche of Ohio (*center*) and Governors Warren, Calif., Gruening, Alaska and Stainback, Hawaii. The latter, plugging hard to get statehood for their territories, called Warren their "strongest and most effective supporter."



GOVERNORS pose on map of U.S., especially made of marking tape for LIFE on lawn by Greenbrier Hotel engineers. Despite giant size of map (36 by 60 feet), the

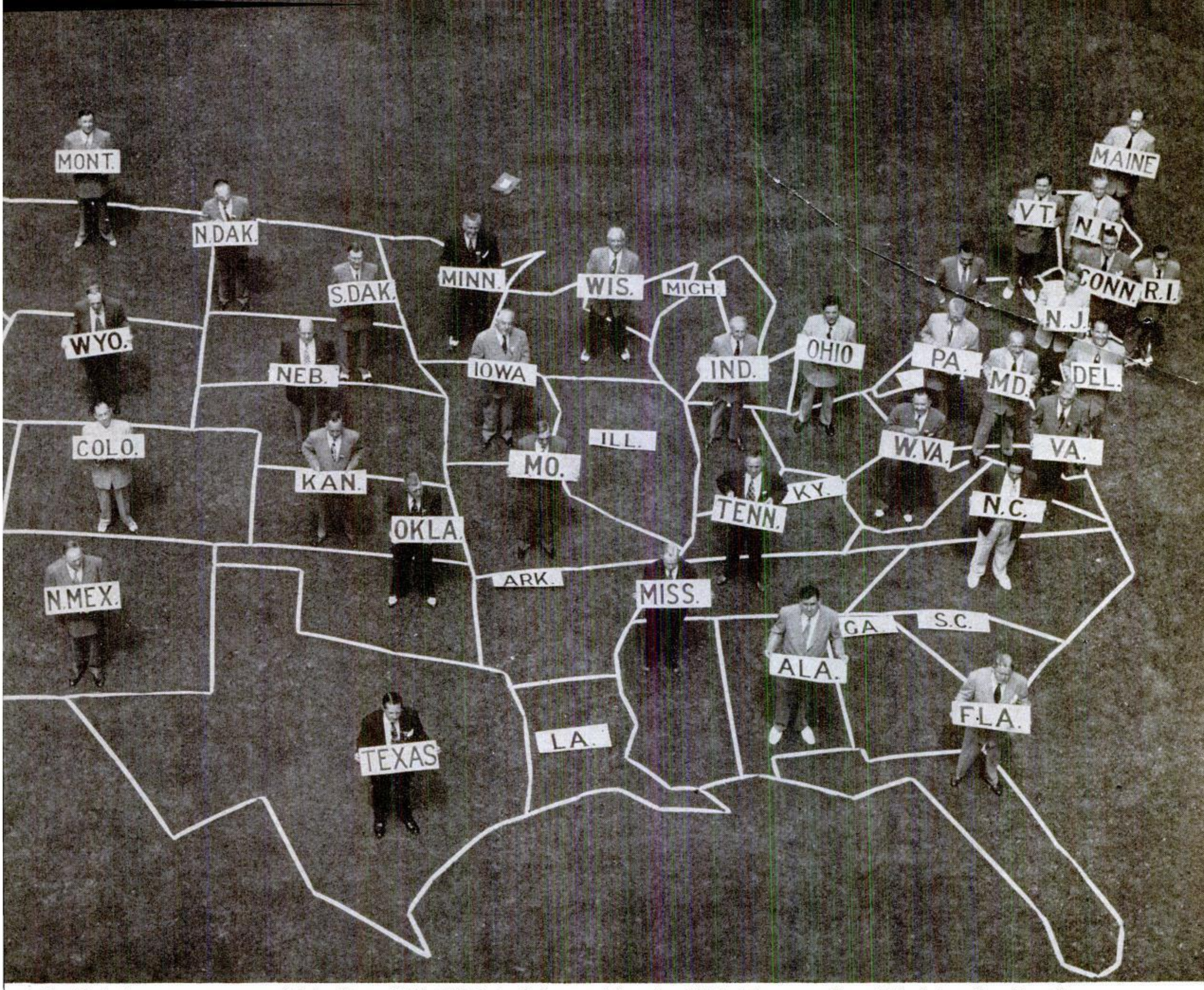


FORMAL TALK by Secretary of State Acheson is heard by governors seated at conference table. Acheson spoke publicly for 90 minutes, then answered questions in a closed session for two more hours. The governors were delighted with Acheson's frankness. Said one, "He swept them all."



SNUBBED GOVERNORS Wright and Thurmond were the only Democrats who were not invited to President Truman's luncheon for Democratic governors.

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New England governors were so crowded that Vermont's Harold J. Arthur had one foot in New York, and Rhode Island's John O. Pastore had one in the Atlantic Ocean. The two men standing in the Pacific are Governors Stainback of Hawaii and Gruening of Alaska. The man standing with hands in pockets (above Pennsylvania) is New York's Thomas E. Dewey, who refused to hold a sign. Explaining later, he declared emphatically, "Signs offend me. I'm not a sandwich man."



HOST GOVERNOR Okey L. Patteson of West Virginia sits with gifts given each guest governor. Oversize socks were made for Alabama's oversized Folsom.



CONFERENCE CARS were 60 brand-new Fords, equipped with license plates inscribed with governors' names and chauffeured by state troopers. More than a third of all West Virginia state police were assigned to the conference to drive governors and their families wherever they wanted to go.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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GOVERNOR DEWEY BELTS ONE 140 YARDS

GOLF, A FAMILY AIR AND NO FISH

While the governors worked hard, their wives and children took over the Greenbrier's recreational facilities and wandered about chatting in a relaxed family atmosphere. Much of the gossip was about New York's Tom Dewey, who had just announced that because of ill health (low blood pressure and bursitis) he would not run again for governor. Despite the bursitis, Dewey got in a good round of golf, though his cautious game inspired a reporter to make one of the week's unkindest remarks: "He plays golf like he plays politics—straight down the middle, and short." Pennsylvania's Jim Duff got up at daybreak to fish, caught nothing but seemed pleased anyway. "It's the exploratory phase of the thing I like," he said.

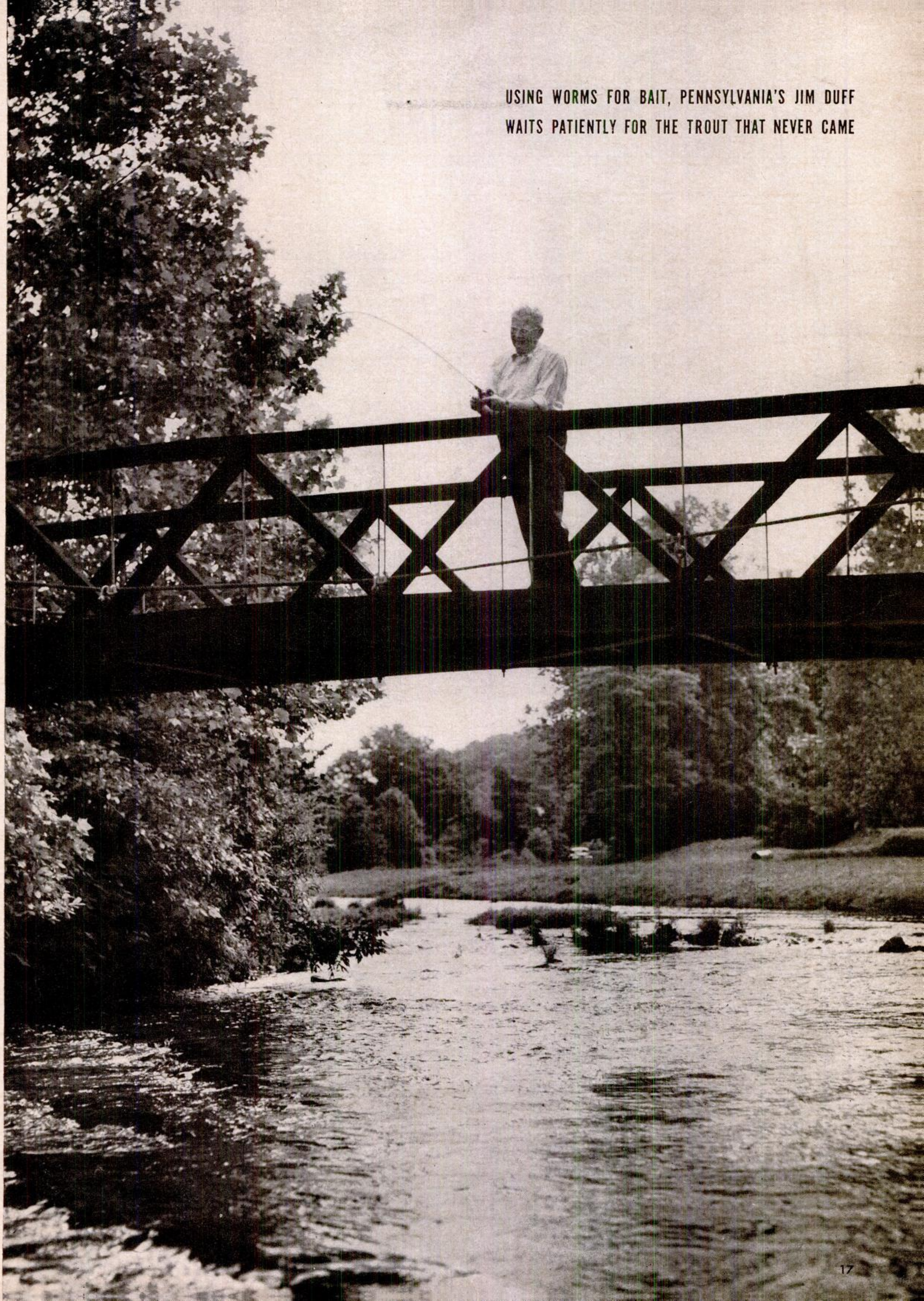


WARM RECEPTION is given governors' wives in presidential suite by Mrs. Okey L. Patteson, wife of the host governor. She gave three parties in three days.



GOVERNOR'S KIDS, the Youngdahl boys of Minnesota, Bill (*left*) and Dave, get acquainted with Warren girls of California, Dorothy (*left*) and Nina. Except for an occasional swim, these four conscientiously attended conference proceedings. Twenty other children who came played shuffleboard, tennis, rode or loafed.

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USING WORMS FOR BAIT, PENNSYLVANIA'S JIM DUFF
WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE TROUT THAT NEVER CAME

DRIVING ON THE FOURTH

The National Safety Council estimates that 385 people will perish from accidents on the highways this Fourth of July weekend. We know in advance that fast driving will be the cause of a majority of the accidents, but what about the incorrigibly slow driver, particularly the one who straddles the white line and acts like a dog in the manger when anyone honks a horn behind him? The dawdler who takes it as a personal affront when anyone tries to pass him is a chronic contributor to smashups. He usually goes scot free in court although one New Jersey judge did recently make news by fining a slow driver as an obstruction to traffic.

Truck drivers are almost never offenders in this matter of straddling the traffic lanes and dawdling along. When a truck driver goes slow he hugs the curb. When he has clear vision ahead and nothing is coming in the other direction, he waves a beckoning hand to those who are behind him. The truck driver is a professional, an "old pro," but like other old pros he has the true amateur (meaning loving) spirit about good driving. We recommend to pleasure drivers this weekend that they take lessons in road etiquette from the old truck driver pro.

SUMMER SOLSTICE

Last week the sun passed that point in the ecliptic at which it was farthest from the equator. At that precise moment summer began for the U.S. On the very same day (Wednesday, June 21) the New York *Times* passed a point in *its* ecliptic which was farthest away from its editors' wildest nightmares. The proud journalistic slogan which it has printed on its front page for 53 years appeared like this:

> That's Fit to Print"
> "All the News

Up to now the New York *Times* has made no printable explanation that fits the slip.

POLITICS ON THE FOURTH

A TREND IS RUNNING TOWARD AN ENLIGHTENED CONSERVATISM

Not so long ago the rebirth in the U.S. of a spirit of enlightened conservatism was noted and welcomed on this page (LIFE, May 15). As the year reaches the halfway point, it seems likely that we have correctly gauged the trend. With exceptions here and there, the growth of enlightened conservatism is the most obvious key to what is happening in U.S. politics. The trend is observable in both Republican and Democratic parties. It is also making trouble for both parties, though for different reasons. In the Democratic party it is raising hob because it runs counter to much of the Fair Deal program which Truman insists on pushing. In the Republican party it is causing a ruckus because it bucks the men whom Governor Jim Duff of Pennsylvania calls the "high-button-shoe reactionaries," who don't know that conservatism can be enlightened.

Just what all this will produce next November depends on how the two parties handle the trouble the new trend is making. At the moment the Republicans are doing a more skillful job of it: they seem to be coming together while the Democrats are flying apart. The Democrats are, of course, riding the crest of an economic boom, which means they can make a lot of mistakes and get away with them. But even so, the Republicans need not despair. Counted out for good in 1932, the party managed to come back in 1938 and again in 1946. It is coming back again today.

The recent primaries tell the story of renewed Republican vitality, which is essential if enlightened conservatism is to make a good fight this autumn. In Pennsylvania, Governor Duff routed the antique high-tariff conservatism of old Boss Grundy. In California, Republican Governor Earl Warren, Dewey's running mate in 1948, cross-filed for a renomination on both the Republican and the Democratic tickets, as is permissible under the curious California law. His main opponent, Democrat Jimmy Roosevelt, also cross-filed on both tickets. Warren's total in both primaries was 1.7 million; Jimmy Roosevelt's was slightly over a million.

In Iowa a great majority of the voters who went to the primary polls cast their ballots for incumbent Republican Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, who got more votes than the combined total cast for all the other senatorial candidates, whether Republican or Democratic. Hickenlooper's count was 190,000 as compared to the 38,000 which made ex-Under Secretary of Agriculture Albert Loveland, a Brannan Planner, the Democratic nominee. Since the Brannan Plan is unenlightened radicalism applied to farming, a Hickenlooper victory this fall is a conservative necessity.

By contrast with the Republicans, the Democrats have been making heavy weather. In Florida, New Dealer Senator Pepper was knocked off in the primaries by Representative George A. Smathers. In Ohio, Democratic Governor Frank J. Lausche gave a lot of Truman Democrats the heebie jeebies when he announced that he had not yet decided to support his party's senatorial candidate, Joe Ferguson, against Republican Robert A. Taft. In North Carolina, Senator Frank Graham, as personable a man as ever wore the New Deal colors, failed to win a clear majority of votes in the Democratic senatorial primaries and lost in the runoff to Willis Smith, a hard-shelled conservative.

The 81st Congress, Democratic as well as Republican, has correctly anticipated the voting trend toward enlightened conservatism by refusing to legislate most of the Truman Fair Deal program. And in one district in New York the enlightened conservatives of both parties have combined to endorse a Democrat, James G. Donovan, for Congress against Vito Marcantonio, who is at once the candidate of the American Labor party and the darling of the Communists. With enlightened conservatism on the march, it would seem that President Truman, as titular head of his party, might decide to ride the gathering wave to victory. But the President is a poker player who likes to double his stakes on a pat hand and ride it out. Such tactics worked in 1948 when Truman stayed in the pot and won. But they may lick his party in the congressional elections of 1950.

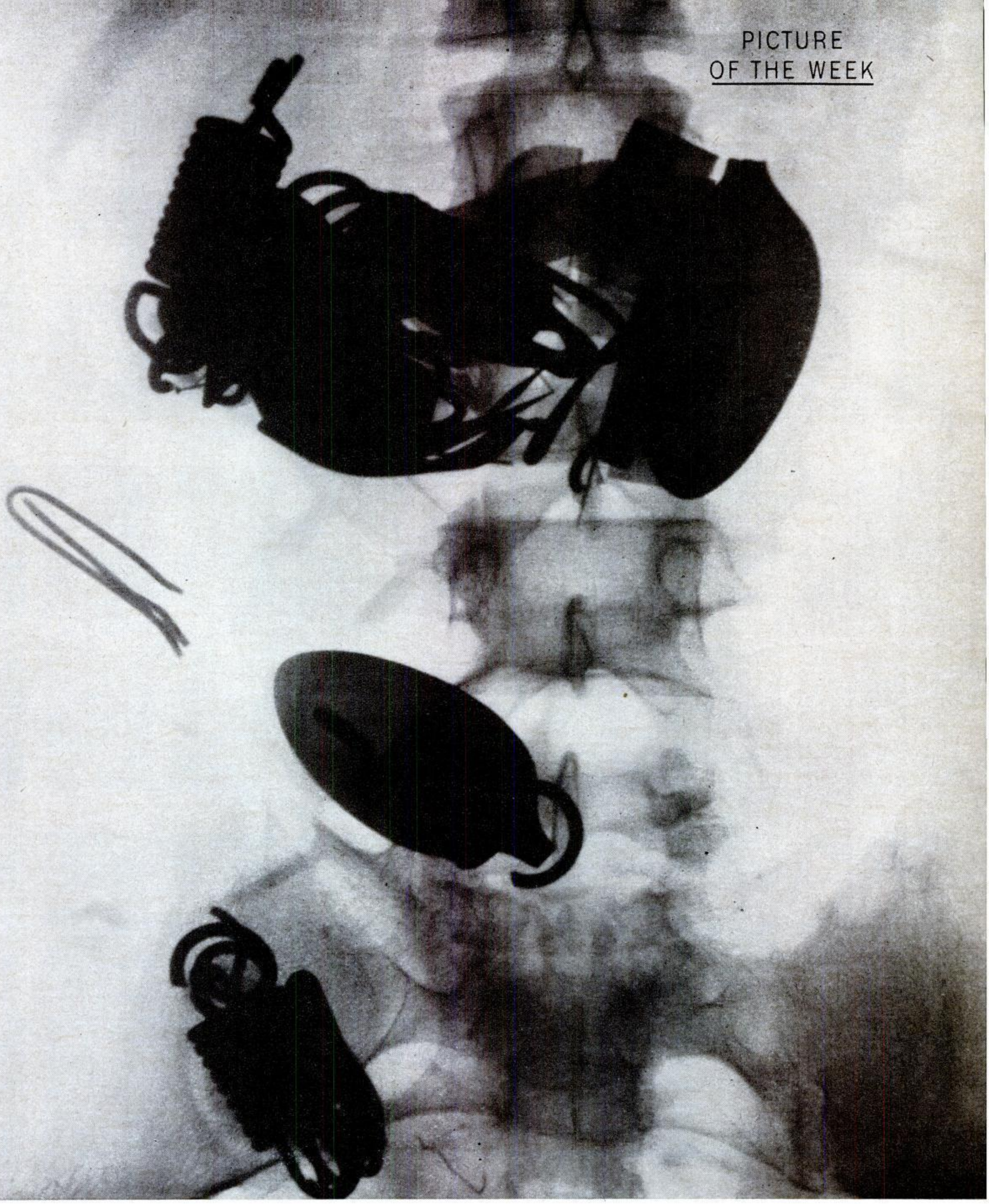
At the moment Truman holds in his hand a complete Fair Deal straight. The cards consist of the Brannan Plan for agriculture, extension of the Welfare State, the Political Action Committee line for labor, high deficit spending and, finally, a one-eyed jack that is anti-Communist when he looks abroad and anti-anti-Communist when he gazes around him at home. Truman has no choice but to stick with this hand. If he were to refuse to bet the limit on cards that have won for him before, it would let the P.A.C. down in Ohio, it would hurt Brannan Plan supporter Loveland in Iowa, it would strike a severe blow at F.D.R.'s son Jimmy in California, and it would almost certainly send Chester Bowles out of the governor's seat in Connecticut.

Because of the twin resurgence of enlightened conservatism and the Republican party, the popping of firecrackers across the land on this July 4 will be as nothing to the popping of two-party politicking. One hundred seventy-five years ago, when the American colonists, the "rabble in arms," were fighting and running away and fighting again to win a prolonged war against Britain (*pp. 36–59*), they knew most of the things they were fighting for. The "rabble in arms" wanted no king, no taxation without representation, no searches without a warrant, no soldiers arbitrarily quartered on reluctant householders. The men who fought the Revolution had a creative view of the institutions they intended to set up. What they had yet to embrace as the specific guarantee of the freedoms for which they were fighting was the American two-party political system, which came into being in spite of the doubts of the Founding Fathers, most of whom feared the "mischiefs of faction."

"Factional" or not, the two-party system, with its primaries, was one of the real fruits of our liberty. The U.S. would not have been possible without it. So let the politicking go on in 1950. It is giving enlightened conservatism its chance to come back.

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PICTURE
OF THE WEEK



X-RAY REVEALS A HUMAN JUNK PILE

When a Gary, Ind. steelworker complained of a bad stomach-ache, his doctor diagnosed it as appendicitis and began to operate. After running into some strange objects, he hurriedly sewed his patient back up and took the amazing X-ray shown above. The man's stomach (*top*) and intestines (*below*) were full of junk. The patient, who had been in jail, finally admitted that in trying to kill himself he had swallowed five bedsprings, six razor blades, three needles, three safety pins, eight straight pins, two spoon bowls, one aspirin box torn into bits, 10 pieces of steel ripped from his bed and crushed glass (which does not show) from two light bulbs and a salt shaker. Last week, after letting nature take its course, he was recovering and was left with only a razor blade which, like the others, he had gotten down by coating it with caramel.

Copyrighted material



TEITGEN
1,427 DAYS [8]



BIDAULT*
1,394 DAYS [7]



MOCH
1,391 DAYS [10]



LACOSTE
1,382 DAYS [8]



SCHUMAN*
1,307 DAYS [7]



DELBOS
964 DAYS [5]



TANGUY-PRIGENT
957 DAYS [6]



RAMADIER*
902 DAYS [5]



TILLON
756 DAYS [5]



BILLOUX
756 DAYS [5]



PRIGENT
740 DAYS [4]



MARIE*
728 DAYS [4]



BIONDI
728 DAYS [5]



MAYER, D.
687 DAYS [6]



NAEGELEN
685 DAYS [5]



LETOURNEAU
676 DAYS [3]



PLEVEN
620 DAYS [3]



DUPRAZ
592 DAYS [2]



MOUTET
576 DAYS [4]



PHILIP
440 DAYS [3]



GOUIN*
440 DAYS [4]



THOREZ
434 DAYS [4]



CROIZAT
434 DAYS [4]



COUDE DU FORESTO
427 DAYS [3]



BETOLAUD
391 DAYS [1]



BECHARD
382 DAYS [2]



TIXIER
381 DAYS [2]



DE GAULLE*
381 DAYS [2]



PAUL
331 DAYS [3]



MICHELET
331 DAYS (3)



GAY
331 DAYS [3]



PARODI
322 DAYS [1]



LAURENT
239 DAYS [1]



BACON
239 DAYS [1]



BOURGES-MAUNOURY
237 DAYS [3]



COTY
237 DAYS [3]



SOUSTELLE
235 DAYS [2]



VALAY
205 DAYS [1]



ABELIN
204 DAYS [2]



POINSO-CHAPUIS
201 DAYS [1]

VARENNE
136 DAYS [1]

LOUVELLE
136 DAYS [1]

LONGCHAMBON
136 DAYS [1]

FARGE
136 DAYS [1]

CHASTELLAIN
136 DAYS [1]

BURON
239 DAYS [1]

BRUNE
136 DAYS [1]

ARTHAUD
136 DAYS [1]

MEUNIER
100 DAYS [1]

BLUM*
64 DAYS [2]

LEPERCQ
61 DAYS [1]

MALRAUX
59 DAYS [1]

DAUTRY
59 DAYS [1]

AURIOL
59 DAYS [1]

REYNAUD
33 DAYS [1]

LECOURT
33 DAYS [1]

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PINEAU
901 DAYS [6]



MITTERAND
901 DAYS [5]



COSTE-FLORET
901 DAYS [5]



JACQUINOT
893 DAYS [4]



SCHNEITER
867 DAYS [5]



LEJEUNE
829 DAYS [4]



MAYER, R.
798 DAYS [5]



MAROSELLI
774 DAYS [4]



QUEUILLE*
666 DAYS [4]



PETSCHE
663 DAYS [3]



MORICE
663 DAYS [3]



COLIN
663 DAYS [3]



PFLIMLIN
661 DAYS [5]



FAURE
630 DAYS [2]



PETIT
630 DAYS [2]



DEPREUX
627 DAYS [4]



DE MENTHON
399 DAYS [2]



REVILLON
394 DAYS [2]



POHER
394 DAYS [2]



PINAY
391 DAYS [1]



MOREAU
391 DAYS [1]



JULES-JULIEN
391 DAYS [1]



GIACOBBI
391 DAYS [2]



DEVINAT
391 DAYS [1]



JEANNENEY
322 DAYS [1]



FRENAY
322 DAYS [1]



DIETHELM
322 DAYS [1]



CAPITANT
322 DAYS [1]



ROCLORE
301 DAYS [1]



LAURENT
291 DAYS [2]



BOURDAN
273 DAYS [1]



CASANOVA
272 DAYS [2]



LE TROCQUER
167 DAYS [2]



MENDES-FRANCE
171 DAYS [1]



CATOIRE
139 DAYS [2]



SEGELLE
131 DAYS [2]



CATROUX
112 DAYS [1]



MARANNE
103 DAYS [1]



LANIEL
33 DAYS [1]



MOLLET
31 DAYS [1]

GAZIER
31 DAYS [1]

ZUT—HERE WE GO AGAIN

For 11th time in six years, French have to form a new government

The French were at it again. While Robert Schuman, the French Foreign Minister, and Premier Georges Bidault were carefully promoting the internationally important Schuman Plan for the integration of Western Europe's various coal and steel industries, the French Assembly balked on a politically touchy domestic issue. With an eye toward national elections, the legislators refused Bidault's government a vote of confidence on a comparatively unimportant question of salary raises for government employes, and the cabinet had to resign. This meant that for the 10th time since the restoration of republican government in 1944 the varicolored French political parties would have to form another new government.

THOMAS

"New," however, is not exactly the word for it. There are just so many politicians in France to go around, and they go around so fast and so often that there are bound to be old, familiar faces in each cabinet. The 99 faces shown here are those of every man who has served as a minister in the past six years. Under each is noted his total days in office and, in parentheses, the number of cabinets in which he has served. Asterisks indicate men who have been premiers. Henri Queuille (second row *center*) held the premiership the longest and last week was the favored candidate to follow Bidault. The two men shown in insets on this page occupy special places of honor. One of them, Eugene Thomas, endurance champ, has been in office exactly 1,441 days in 9 cabinets; the other is Albert Forcinal, a flash-in-the-pan who hung on for only 28 days.

FORCINAL

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SPRAY OF FREEZING ETHYL CHLORIDE BRINGS SHRIEK FROM LADY, HAPPY LAUGHS FROM BYSTANDERS



POTENTATE'S GREETING is given new Shriner, Cowboy Roy Rogers (*left*), by Virgil Frizzell of Los

MYSTIC MUMMERY

The 100,000 Shriners who descended on Al Malaikah (Shriners' name for their Los Angeles Temple) for the 76th Imperial Council session of their Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine found the city tied up by strikes of bakers and transit workers. Unimpressed, they proceeded with their own ways of tying up the city. Dressed in red fezzes and brilliant costumes and masquerading under such exotic temple names as Salaam (Newark, N.J.), Zamora (Birmingham, Ala.) and Lu Lu



PLAYING DOCTOR, Al Clark from Sacramento, Calif. holds fake stethescope to amiable lady's heart.



PLAYING CONDUCTOR, Shriners remove Mrs. Hazel Snyder from train she was taking to San Diego.



WEARING SPECTACLES like the ones worn by Harold Lloyd, Shrine's retiring Imperial Potentate.

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Angeles. Next to Rogers: Actors Chill Wills, Wayne Morris. Second from right: city's Mayor Bowron.

IN AL MALAIKAH

(Philadelphia), Nobles molested defenseless ladies on street, trotted out their six camels and 273 fine horses for a parade, tore down street signs and boomed bass drums in hotel lobbies.

Not all of the five days were spent in mere merriment. The Shriners also dedicated a new Los Angeles hospital for crippled children, held three durbars (open house), moved Hubert M. Poteat, Wake Forest, N.C. Latin professor, to top place on their Imperial Divan to replace last year's Imperial Potentate, Harold Lloyd.



BUZZER STICKS BRING AN ANGUISHED HOWL FROM THEIR VICTIM, LEERS TO FACES OF A SHRINER TRIO



white Arabian horses from Abu-Bekr Temple (Sioux City, Iowa) prance along in equestrian show parade.



DANCING A HULA with Honolulu Shriners, ex-Police Chief Horrall tries to squat as low as partner.



SUFFERING A BROKEN LEG, Shriner Louis Lautrup, 75, hit by taxi. lies waiting for ambulance.

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AT CALGARY, CANADA, INFANTRYMEN OF PRINCESS PAT DIVISION MARCH OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF SOLDIER WHO HAS PASSED OUT FROM SUNSTROKE

WHAT WILL THE SERGEANT THINK?

Last week in Calgary, Canada a member of Princess Pat's Light Infantry fainted on parade. The picture (*above*) was much like three other contemporary photographs (*below*).

These pictures are arresting because they show people pointedly ignoring others in distress, and because a subhuman quality in them suggests that an H-bomb may not be needed to kill a military man—an insecticide will do.

Doubtless when these human beings keeled over, whether because of sunstroke, nervousness or some truly serious disease, those close to them thought, "I would like to help, but what will the sergeant think?" And doubtless the sergeant thought, "I would like to help, but what will the lieutenant think?" And the lieutenant considered the captain, and the captain the major, and the major the colonel, and so on until in at least one case (*below, center*) the idea may have got all the way to the princess, who must always ask herself, "What will the king think?" As for the king, there is no record of anyone ever having asked him what he would think, but it is most likely that he too would want to help but would be halted by the thought, "What will the men in the ranks think?"

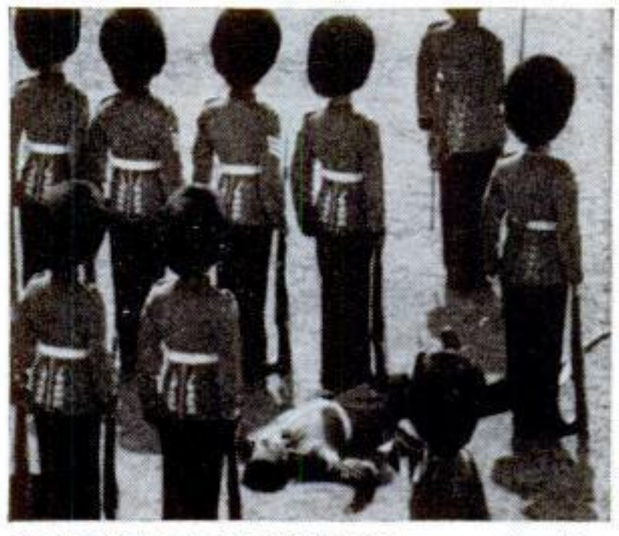
Fortunately none of the people in these pictures happened to die, but only because there was Someone watching over them who did not give one tiddlywink what anybody thought.



REVIEWERS in London ignore a standard-bearer stretched out on the parade ground.

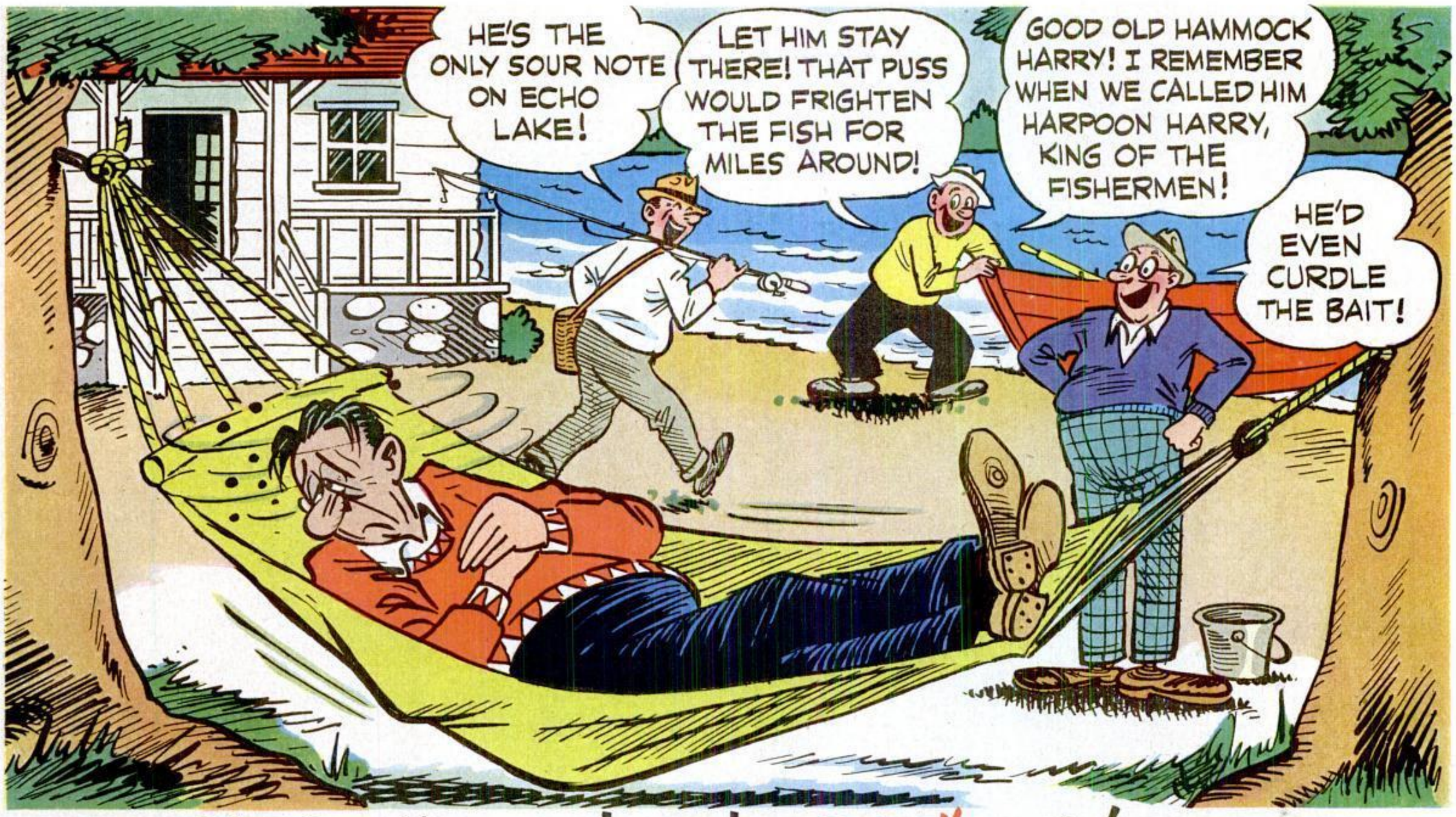


PRINCESS ELIZABETH, while reviewing a Women's Royal Army Corps battalion at Shrewsbury, walks past a fallen lady.



COLDSTREAM GUARDS pay no attention to supine comrade at king's birthday review.

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Maybe it's something he DIDN'T eat!

Rise and shine, Hank! You needn't have that logy, listless feeling if it comes from irregularity due to lack of bulk in your diet. Try the "ounce of prevention" in Post's 40% Bran Flakes . . . the cereal that gives you the three extra keep-fit benefits:

1. **bran to help prevent irregularity due to lack of bulk in the diet**
2. **whole-wheat values of these essential B vitamins: thiamine and niacin**
3. **good source of these important minerals: phosphorus and iron**

And good? Just wait till you taste Post's Bran Flakes. Folks all over eat 'em just because they're so delicious! Crisp, golden-toasted to a turn . . . once you try 'em you'll know why Post's 40% Bran Flakes are America's largest selling bran flakes.

LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL!



Post's 40% BRAN FLAKES

—One of the famous POST CEREALS—Try 'em all in POST-TENS!



7 CEREAL FAVORITES!

10 INDIVIDUAL PACKAGES

3 Post Toasties
2 Grape-Nuts Flakes
1 40% Bran Flakes
1 Grape-Nuts
1 Raisin Bran
1 Rice Toasties
1 Nabisco Shredded Wheat

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It's a Walt Disney year! Now, a great



The Greatest ADVENTURE of them all!



You'll mutiny with the crew of the Hispaniola . . . men so gold hungry and bloodthirsty that even their leader, Long John Silver, fears for his life at their hands...



Charge the stockade on that ghost-haunted isle, where Jim Hawkins and his friends make their desperate stand, fighting to keep not only the map, but their lives as well...



Witness the struggle-to-the-deat between Jim Hawkins and tough, treacherou knife-throwing Israel Hands—a grim battl for possession of the good ship Hispaniola.

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ACTION picture ALIVE with excitement!

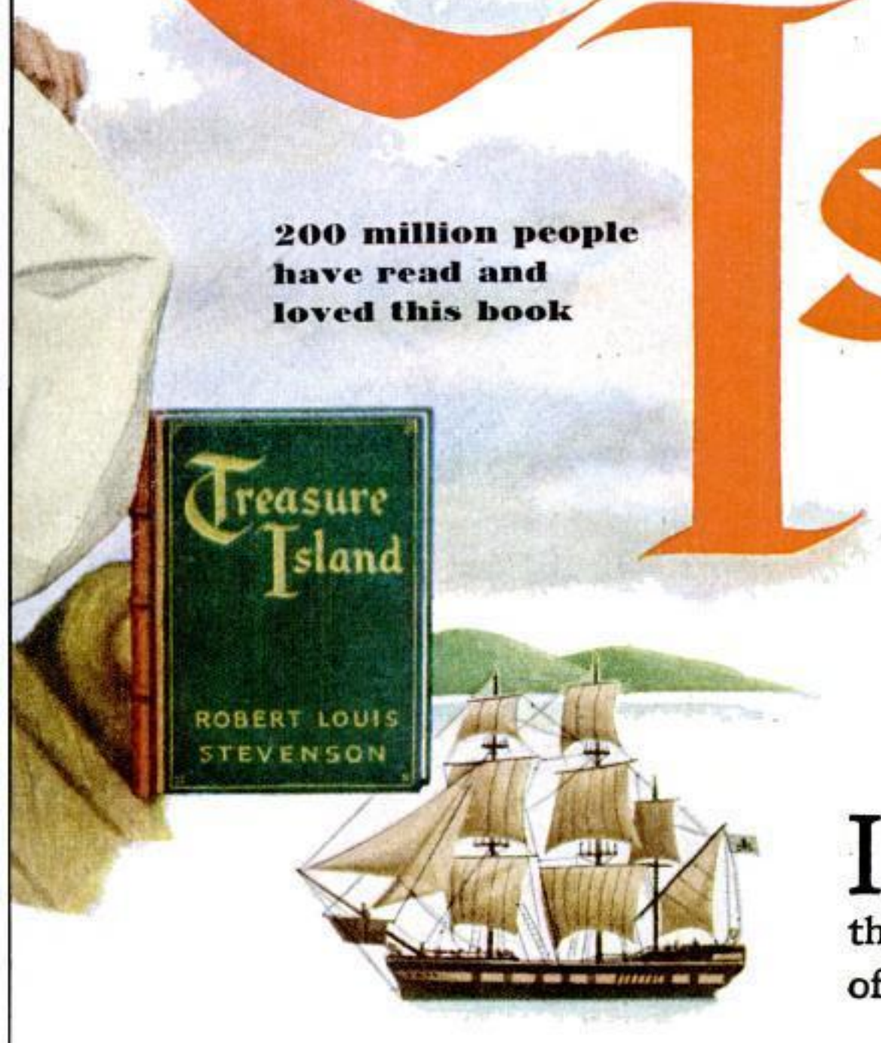
Walt Disney's

PRESENTATION OF

Robert Louis Stevenson's

Treasure Island

Color by TECHNICOLOR



IT HAD to be Walt Disney! Only America's master storyteller could capture *all* the white-hot excitement in this greatest of adventure yarns.

Soon his unforgettable cast of *flesh-and-blood stars* will sweep you into a world of sea-tossed excitement and embattled men...of pirates whose hearts are as black as their gunpowder...of a one-legged rogue who led them to plunder, only to have his own heart stolen by a boy's courage... of action so fast you won't dare to blink.

You'll never again be content with small change after fingering chestsful of gold pieces of eight. You'll get a stiff arm from wielding a cutlass. You'll get pistol smoke in your eyes.

And you'll feel you've *lived* the greatest adventure of them all!

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Byron Haskin
Screen Play by Lawrence E. Watkin



Discover gold... after a raging, no-quarter battle that all but wipes out the crew! Here is excitement, adventure, action ... with some of the greatest thrills ever screened!

STARRING FICTION'S MOST UNFORGETTABLE CAST!



LONG JOHN SILVER, the one-legged rogue who hoists the Jolly Roger as the ringleader of black-hearted pirates ... played by **Robert Newton.**



JIM HAWKINS, who lives every boy's dream of hunting and *finding* treasure... played by the Academy Award winning boy actor of 1949, **Bobby Driscoll.**



CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, skipper of the good ship Hispaniola, who sails for pirate plunder with a crew of mutinous buccaneers... played by **Basil Sydney.**



BLIND PEW... the hair-raising blind man who gives Captain Billy Bones the dread Black Spot of death at the Admiral Benbow Inn.

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Direct color photograph of actual cake of ice with fresh roses frozen inside.

Cooling Idea

On a hot summer's day a cooling whiskey-ice-and-soda is at its very best when made with Four Roses. Here's why:

1. Four Roses is a whiskey of the very finest flavor and quality.
2. Its reputation is unsurpassed by any other brand on the market—even brands costing considerably more than Four Roses.

• • •

No wonder Four Roses outsells every other whiskey at or above its price—and most other whiskies at any price.

Wouldn't you rather drink

FOUR ROSES

Blended Whiskey

90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York



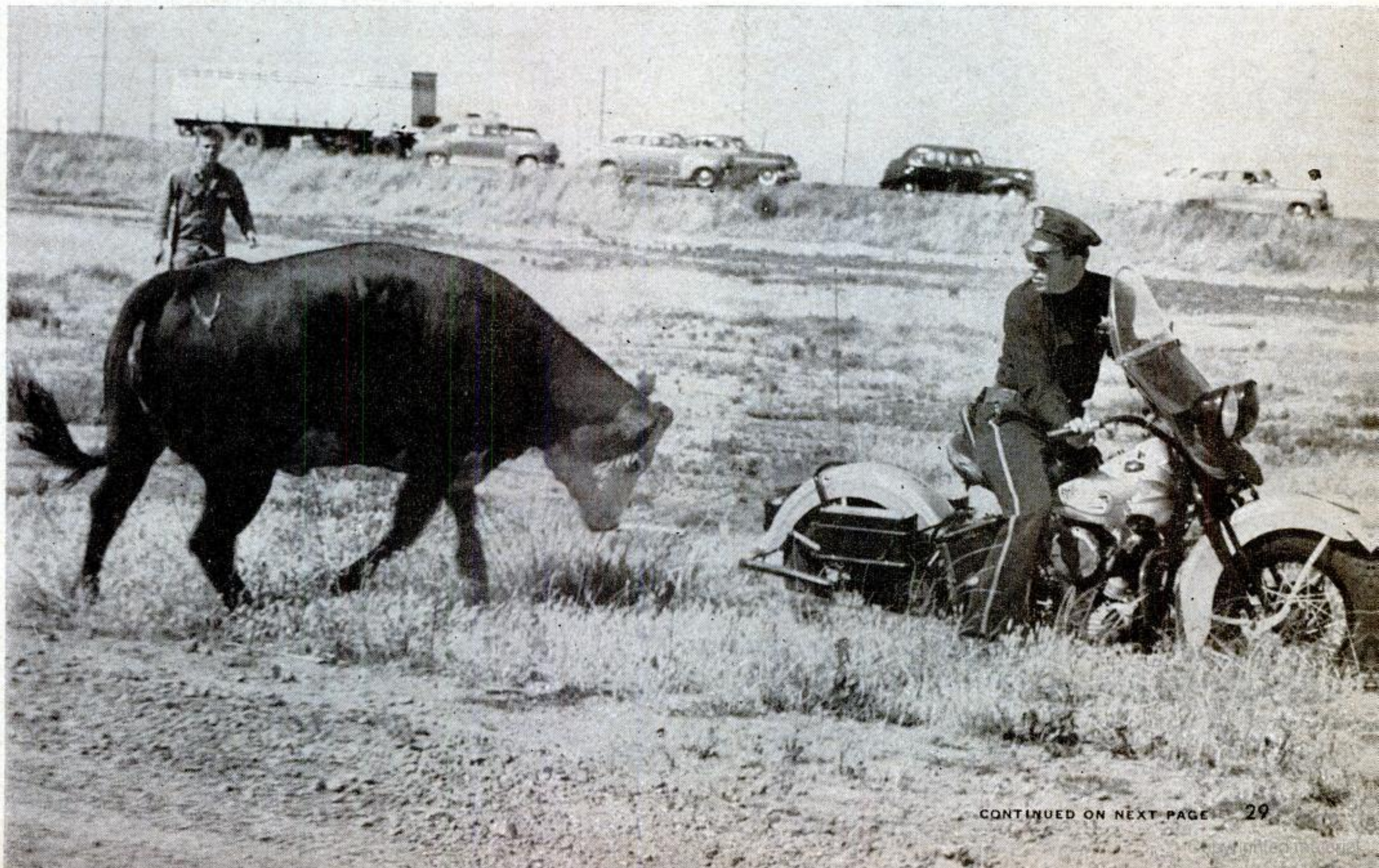
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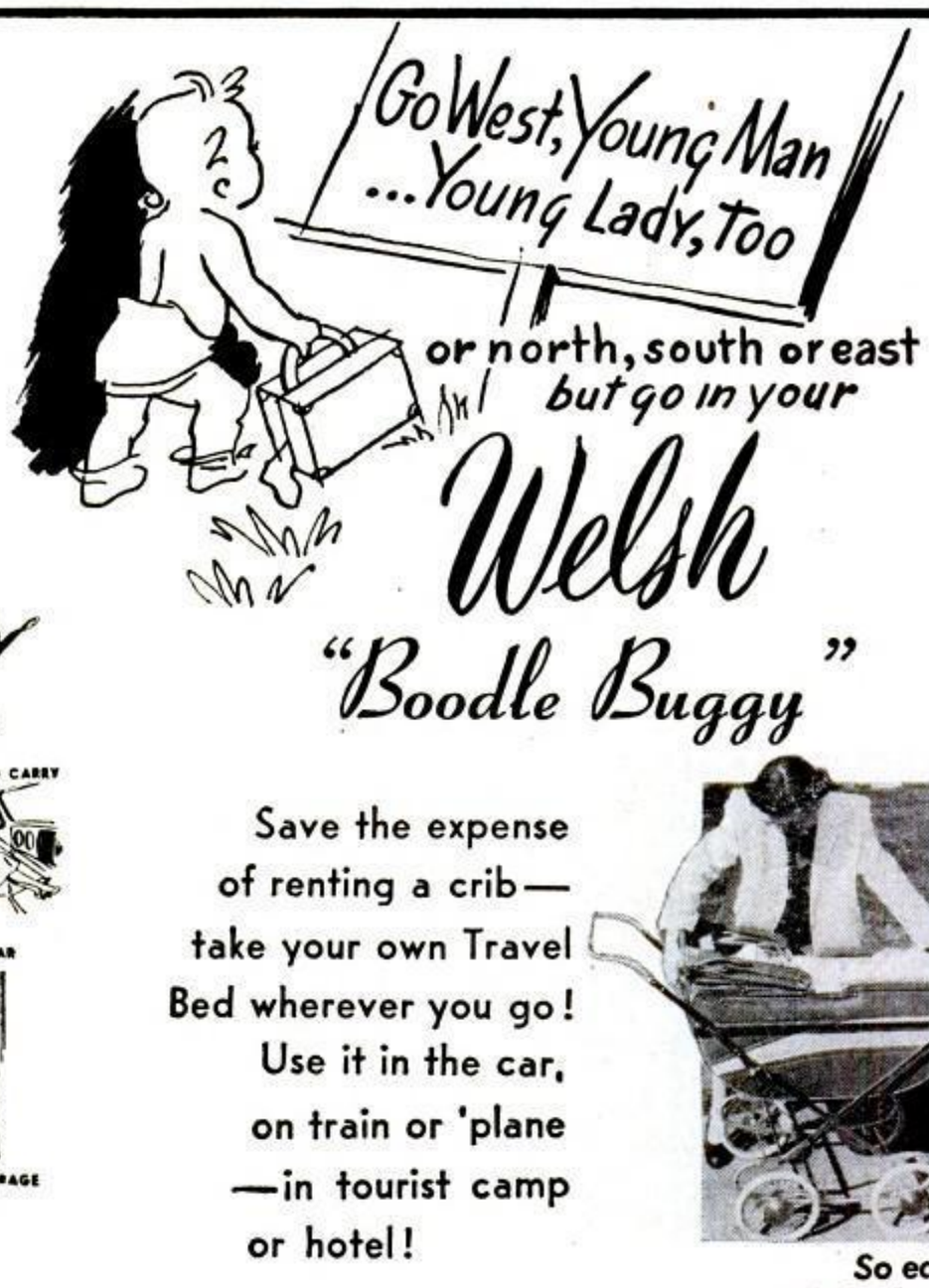
PLANE VS. CHURCH A great many U.S. residents, with their animals and machines, seemed to be in bizarre involvements last week. On a Sunday spin in his plane, Winifred ("Wimpy") Holloway had motor failure over Crossnore, N.C., just missed a church, crashed on a car as services ended. Wimpy was only bruised: "I prayed all the way down." The car belonged to his foster father, who said, "Wimpy was a little late for church."

NO FIT WEEK FOR MAN OR BEAST

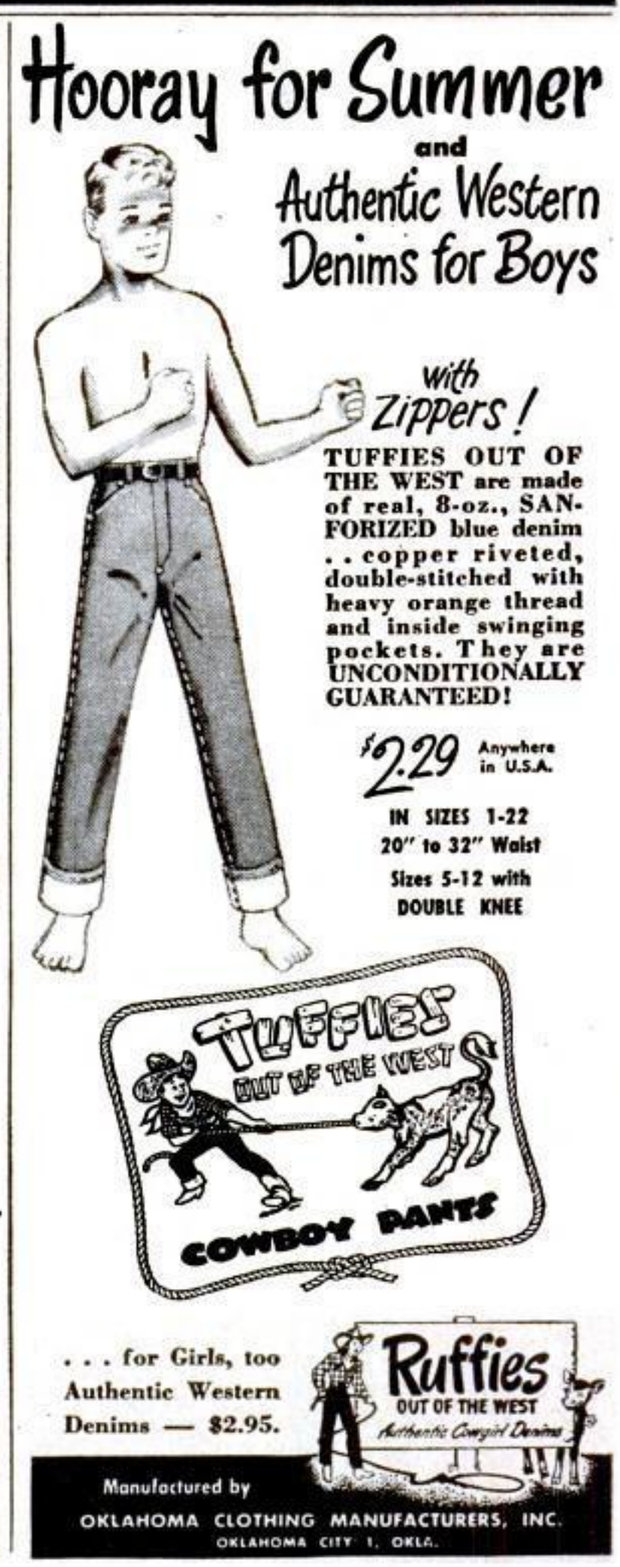
COW VS. COP In Redwood City, Calif. a cattle-carrying truck overturned and 15 head of cattle immediately scattered all over the neighborhood. Sixteen peace officers were mobilized to round them up, but the animals showed no respect for the law. While one defiant cow stopped automobile traffic on the highway (*background*), another chased Motorcycle Officer Herb Elvander through a mud flat. It took all day for the 16 officers to capture the 15 cattle.

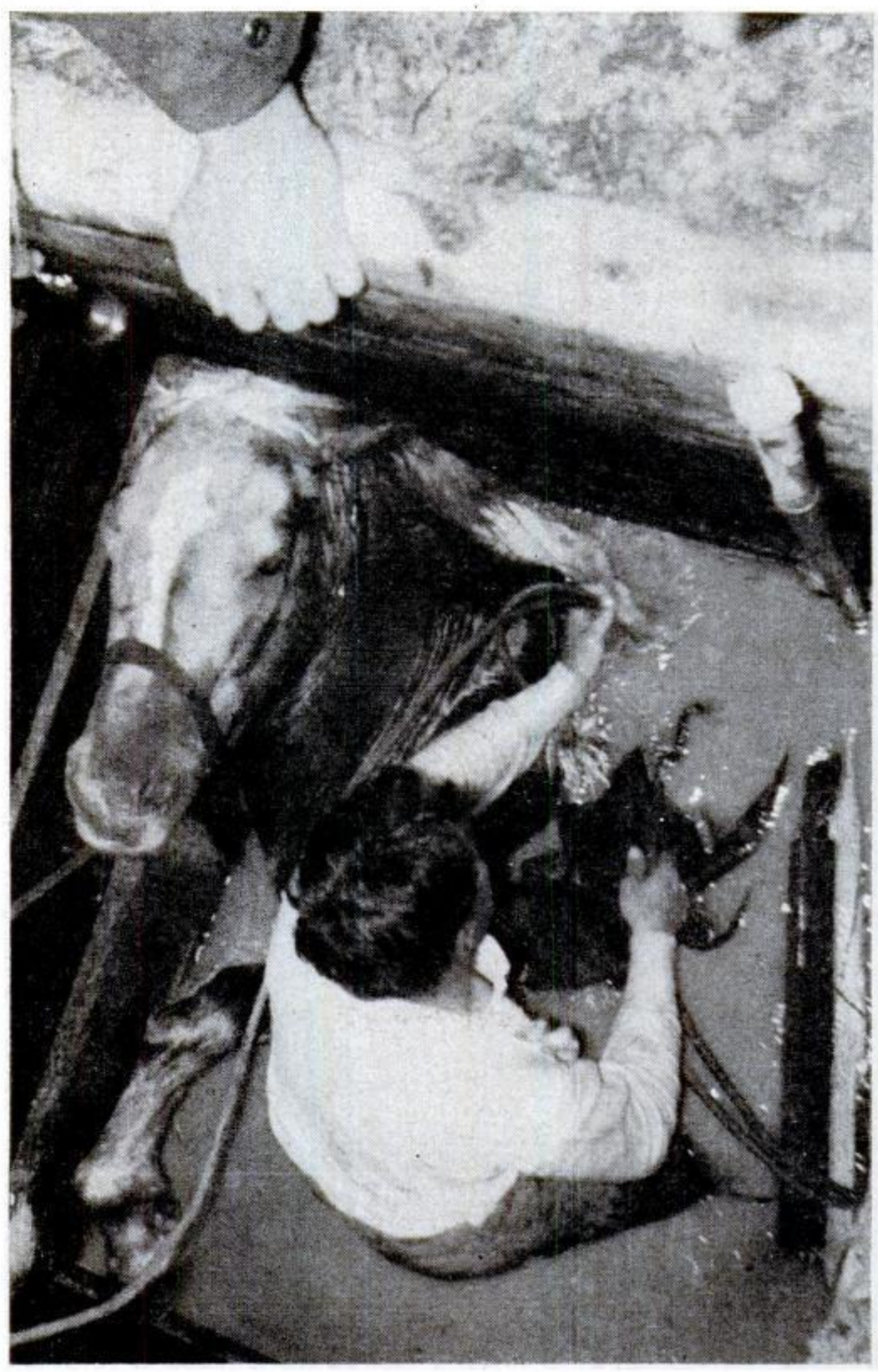


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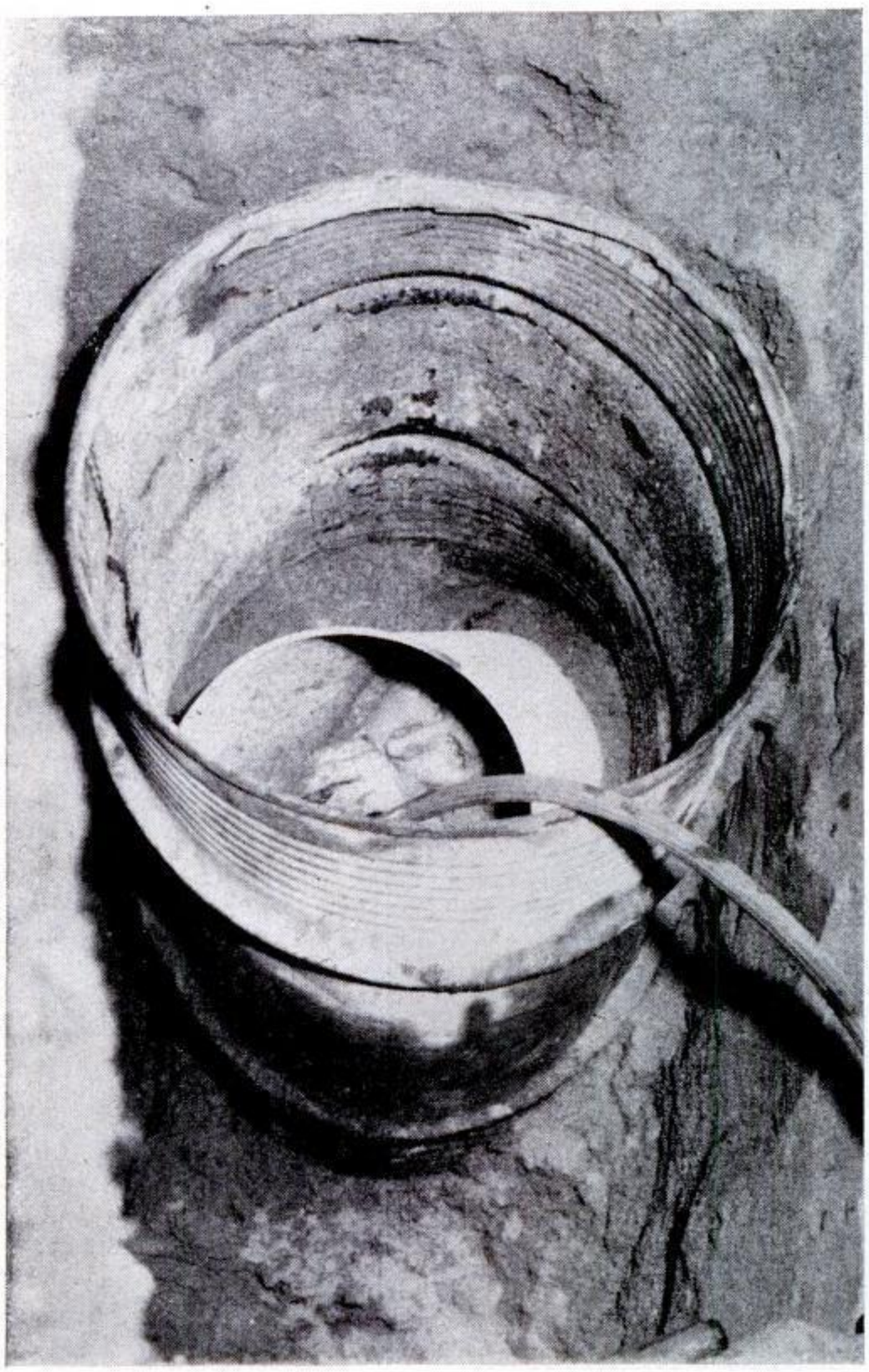


HORSE IN WELL Near Renton, Wash. a $1,400 show horse named Captain Kidd stepped on some rotten boards which covered a well in his tethering ground and fell into the water. His fall checked by the well braces, Captain Kidd thrashed around for 35 minutes until Owner Curtis Warner and the neighbors fished him out of the well with the aid of an auto wrecker. Then Warner, who had been getting his drinking water from the well, pumped it dry.

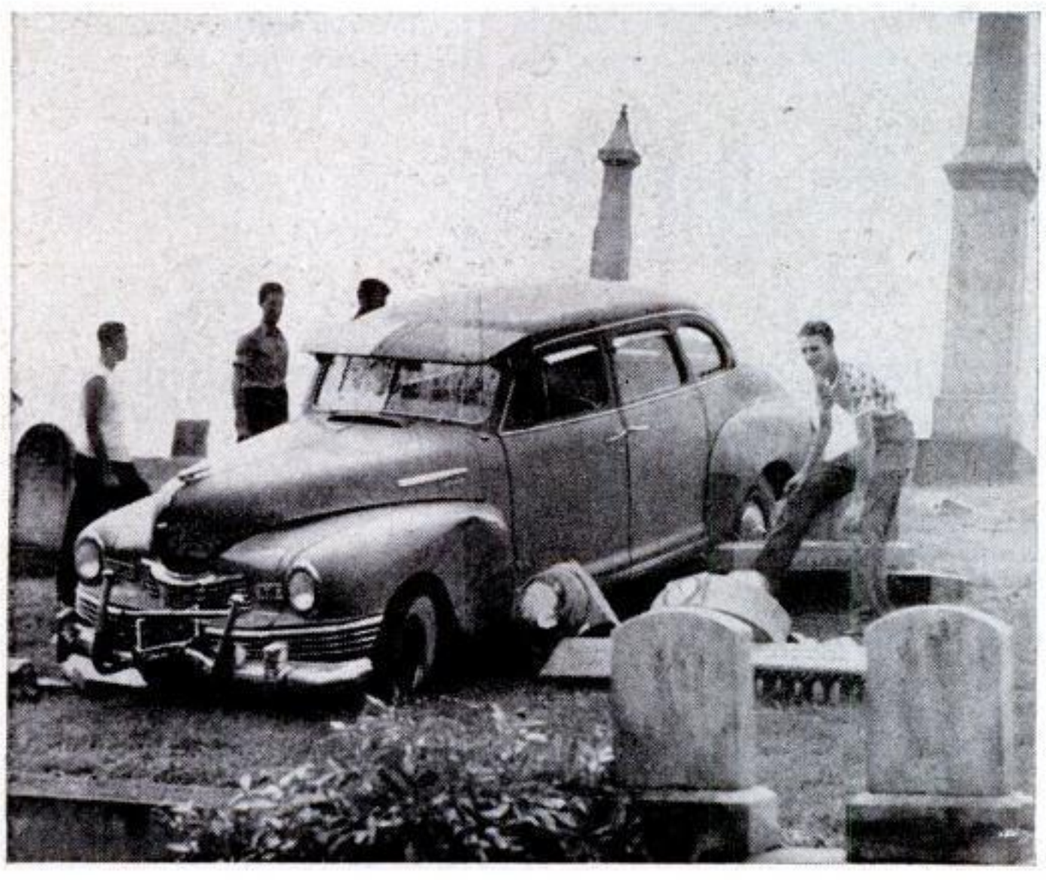


TRUCK IN CEMETERY In Ithaca, N.Y. the brakes of a 10-wheel dump truck failed on a downgrade. The driver swerved off the road and jumped clear. The truck plowed through a stone wall (other side of parked car) and into a cemetery, tearing off its front wheels and shifting the load of dirt forward. The truck's rear rose in the air, pivoted on the wall and came crashing down on the car, the front end of which was not scratched.

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MAN IN WELL In Elkhart, Ind., Farmer Henry Randall was digging a well when a cave-in trapped him 14 feet beneath the ground level. As rescuers cleared the dirt from around his legs and body, another cave-in threatened to smother Randall. Improvising crude bulkheads on the spot, the rescuers put a barrel and a garbage can around his head and dropped him a garden hose to breathe through. After two hours Randall was hauled out unhurt.



CAR IN CEMETERY In Louisville, Jewell E. Bybee, chased by a man who said that Bybee tried to ram his car, sought escape by turning into a cemetery. As cemetery workers hid behind trees, Bybee bowled through the graveyard, hit a tombstone, blew a tire, knocked over 15 more grave markers, ran over a duck's nest, broke one of the eight eggs in it, finally stopped. Bybee was charged with drunkenness and destroying private property.

5-day pads

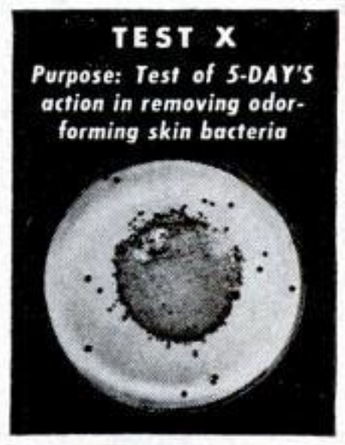
new miracle pad deodorant WIPES AWAY ODOR-FORMING BACTERIA—does not leave them under your arms!

Contains twice as much active anti-perspirant . . . yet milder*

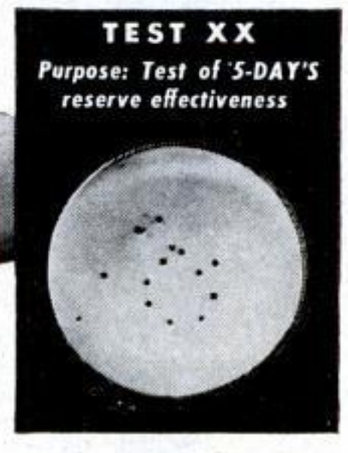
8 times more effective in killing odor-forming bacteria*



Laboratory Proof



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of bacteria that are the main cause of perspiration odor. Does not leave them under your arms!



This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

5-day deodorant pads

No other deodorant tested is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

The miracle is in the pad! Far cleaner. Far more convenient. No fuss. No muss. No mess. The perfect way to apply a deodorant.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap tested can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

Easier! Each pad contains right amount. No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.

Faster! Goes into action instantly. Dries in seconds.

Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy, sticky feeling. Cooling, refreshing sensation.



DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants. Name of independent laboratory available on request.

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PAL
HOLLOW GROUND

Your Best Blade Buy!

Lasts longer
Shaves better · Costs less

PROVE IT YOURSELF AT OUR EXPENSE

PAL—Hollow Ground like a barber's razor

Usual Blade—ground like a jackknife

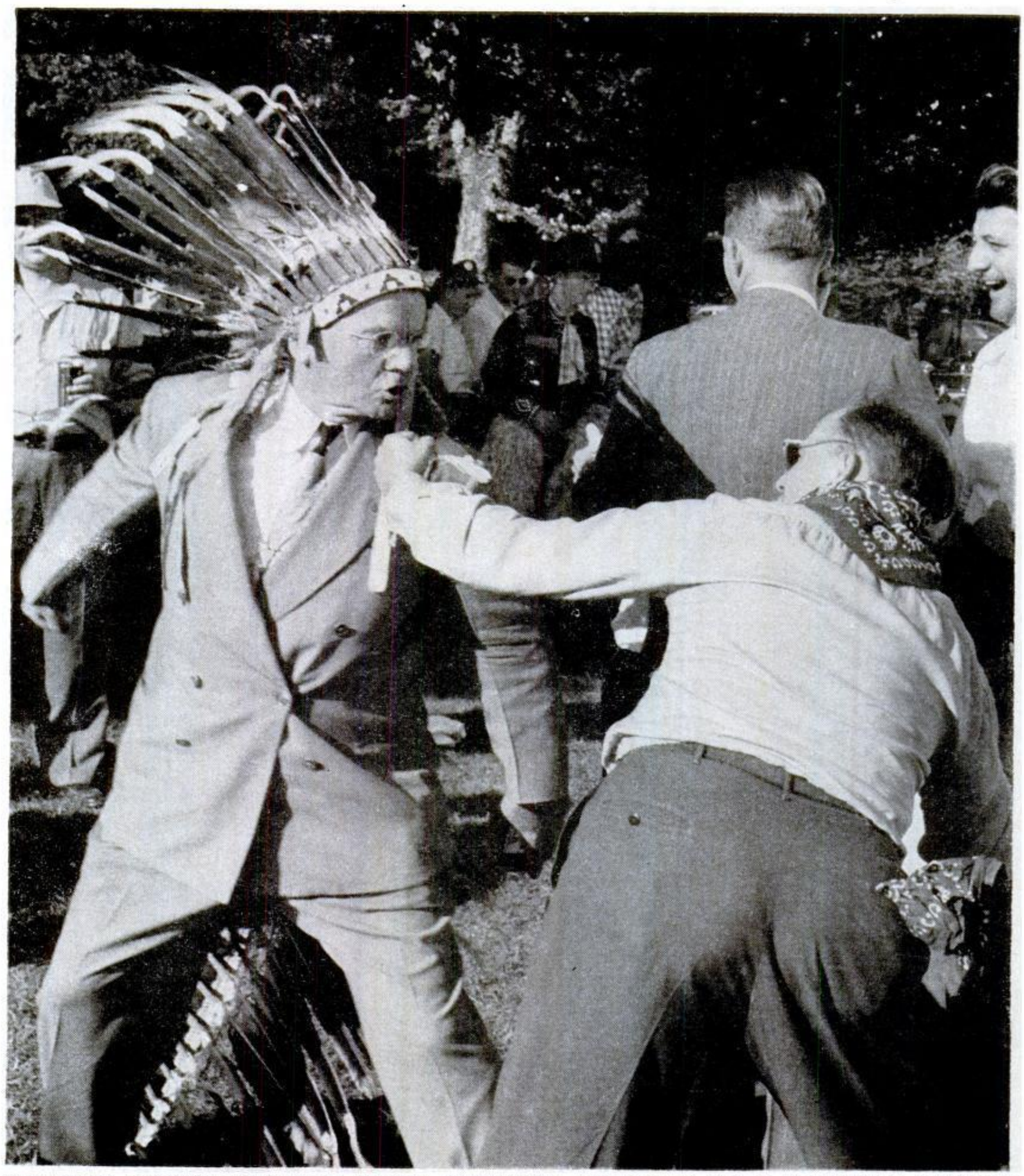
Make this test. Don't risk a penny. Buy a package of PALS. Use as many as you wish. Then if you don't agree they're your best blade buy ... more shaves, better shaves, at lowest cost ... return the dispenser to us for refund of full purchase price. (If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name and address. Order the type of blade you want and enclose payment. We'll reimburse your dealer.)

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A CAREFREE EXCHANGE TAKES PLACE BETWEEN CONGRESSMAN CROOK (LEFT) AND AN UNIDENTIFIED JOURNALIST

NO NEWS, BOSS

Washington journalists take the afternoon off for some nice uneventful fun



HOWARD ACTON manfully supports a sun helmet billed as the world's largest.

On June 17 at a military reservation near Alexandria, Va. the National Press Club, composed of journalists who represent the nation's publications and wire services in Washington, threw a quiet little party for 3,000.

Among other events there was a baseball game between journalists and congressmen which the latter won. The score, reported by newspapermen weary of the tyrannical exactitude of their trade, was either 3 to 0, 10 to 0 or 11 to 0. Then there was a debate between Democratic Senator Tom Connally of Texas and Republican Representative Clarence Brown of Ohio, one of whom pointed with pride while the other viewed with alarm. No score was announced for this. Howard Acton (*left*), a public relations man, wore a 40-pound helmet which came from a Stetson factory in Old Delhi, India, and which naturally gave him a terrible headache next day. There was also a strange example of the fact that pictures do lie. The photograph above seems to indicate that an unidentified journalist and Representative Thurman Crook of Indiana, who is wearing an Indian bonnet, were having some sort of argument. This, however, could not have happened because it was never reported in any paper. Besides, who could possibly want to take a swing at a congressman wearing an Indian bonnet?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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Old Gold cures
just one thing
The World's Best Tobacco!



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better breads are baked with

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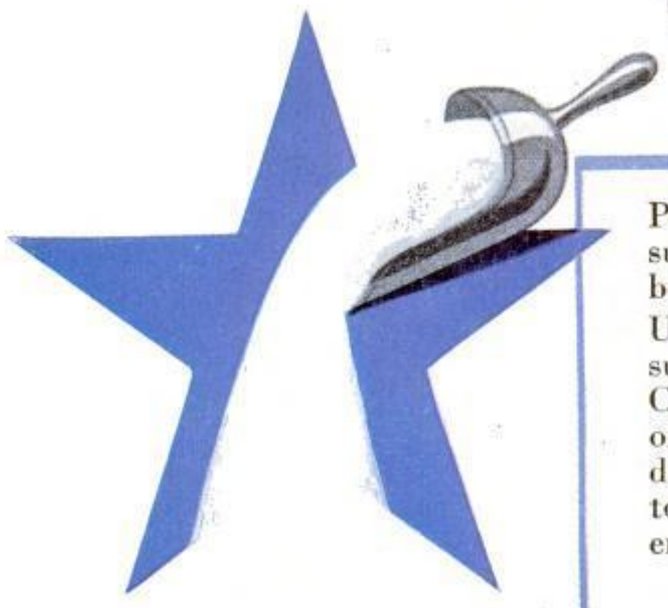
food-energy **sugar**



THE FRESH, fragrant loaves your baker bakes are rich in flavor and food energy.

In bread baking, dextrose, food-energy sugar, helps to produce golden crust, appetizing color and fine texture.

That's why so many leading bakers use dextrose . . . it's *perfect* sugar for bread baking.



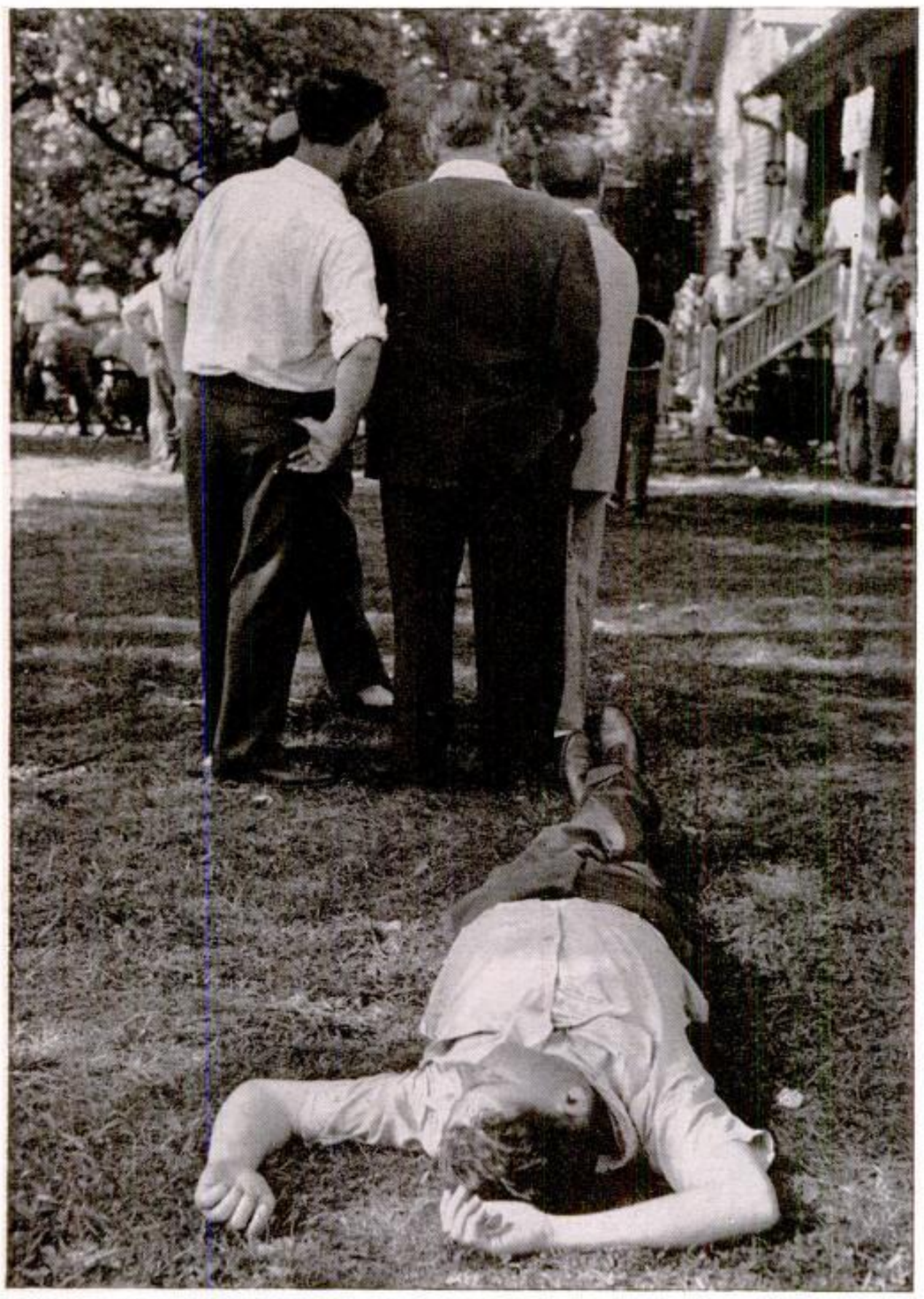
Pure white, sparkling dextrose is a crystalline sugar, mildly sweet and cooling to taste. Your body uses dextrose *directly* for energy.

Under the brand name of CERELOSE, dextrose sugar is produced for food manufacturers by Corn Products Refining Company, originators of the processes by which this great sugar is derived from golden American corn. It is used to sweeten . . . to protect flavor . . . to add food-energy value to many foods and beverages.

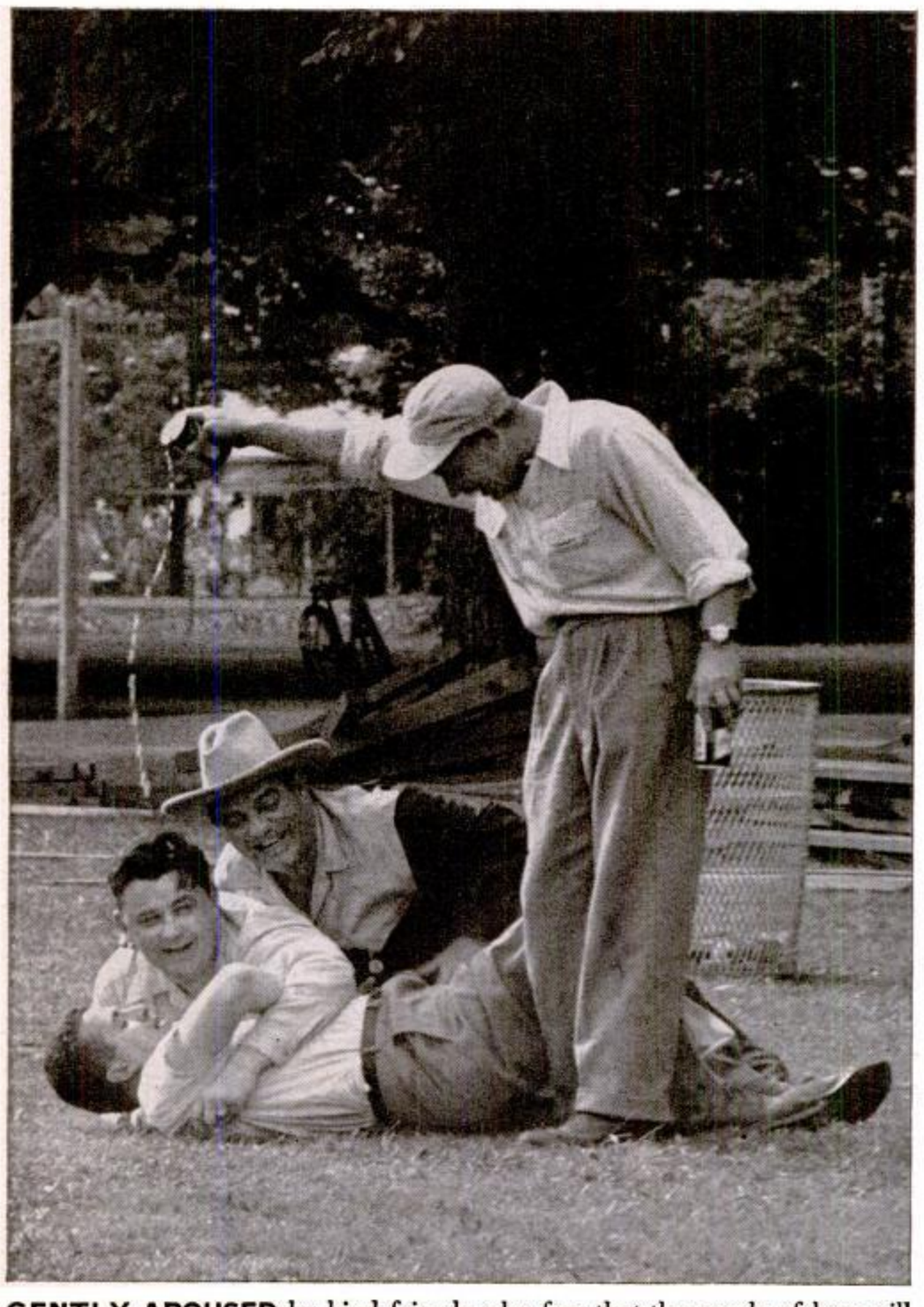
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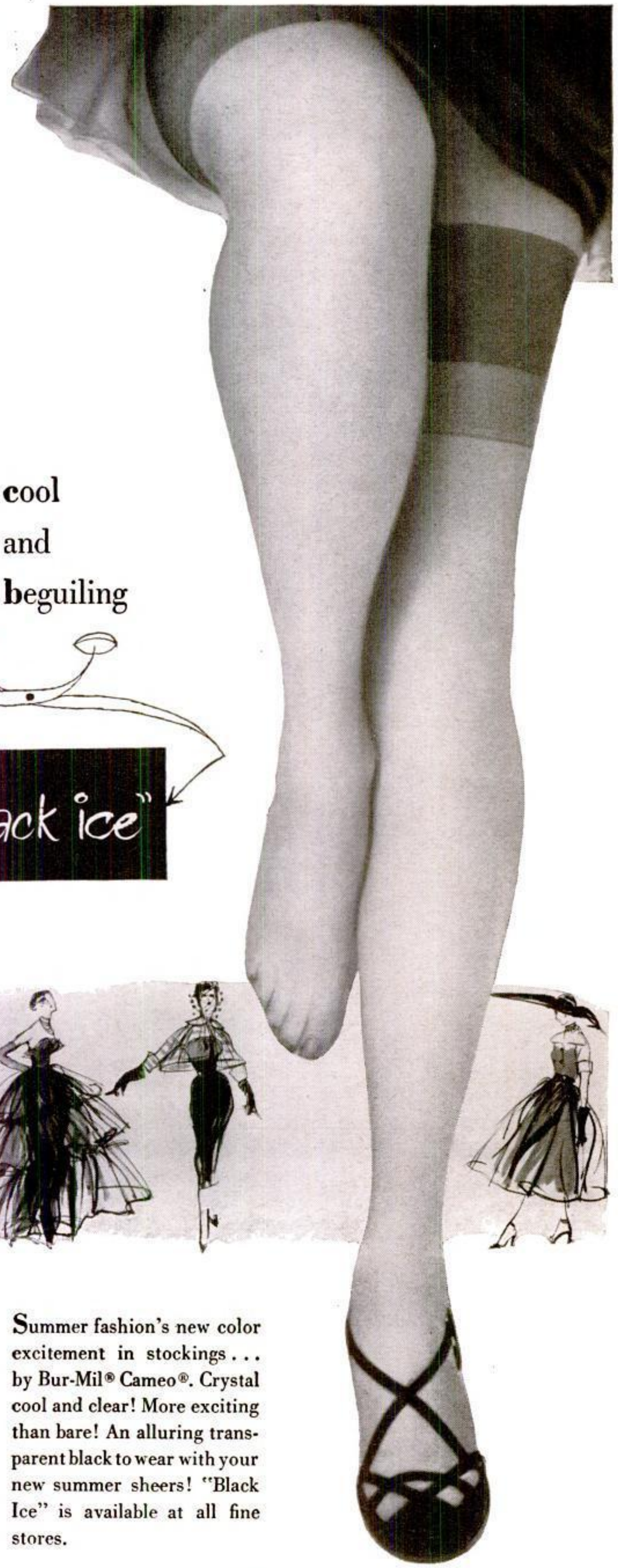
Press Club Party CONTINUED



INNOCENTLY ASLEEP at the height of the party, during which a modest 7,200 cans of beer were consumed, a gentleman stretches out in the cool shade.



GENTLY AROUSED by kind friends who fear that the supply of beer will be exhausted before he gets any, another gentleman is solicitously served.



Summer fashion's new color excitement in stockings . . . by Bur-Mil® Cameo®. Crystal cool and clear! More exciting than bare! An alluring transparent black to wear with your new summer sheers! "Black Ice" is available at all fine stores.

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stockings

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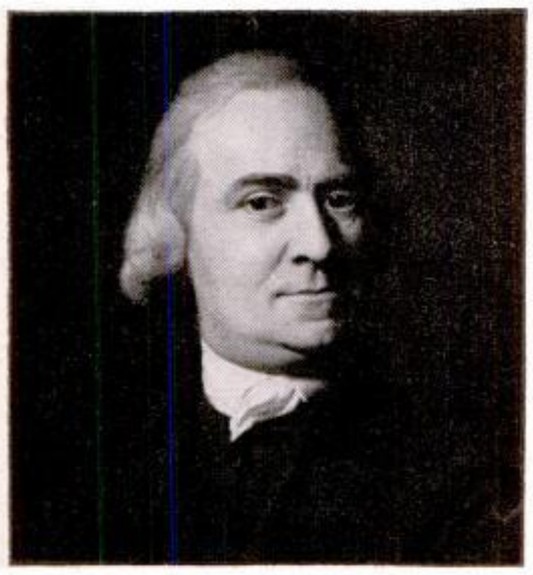
"PAYING THE EXCISEMAN," a contemporary cartoon by a pro-American Englishman, shows Yankees forcing tea down the throat of a tarred-and-feathered Crown agent while other patriots dump tea into Boston Harbor. It ridicules both the Stamp Act (nailed upside down on the tree) and the monopolistic Tea Act.

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AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Feeble and divided but weary of oppression, the Thirteen Colonies challenge Britain. Here is the battle-by-battle story of the war



SAM ADAMS

BOSTON, July 3, 1775—The siege of the city is going slowly. The British garrison makes no move to escape. Sometimes they fire artillery into our lines, and the spent round shot roll along as slowly as bowling balls. The men run after them, catch them and sell them to the peddlers for rum, who sell them back to the British so they may be fired over again, and nothing wasted. We seldom reply because we have only a little powder. Few are getting hurt. Today a big man named George Washington, who is supposed to have had some experience in war but whose big political virtue is that he comes from Virginia, the largest Colony, arrived and took command of the Army. It is rumored he has a foul temper.

So a newspaperman of the time might have reported the situation in Boston just 175 years ago. After years of agitation and threats, the 13 Colonies were in open revolt against Britain, and had been for almost seven weeks. No man was sure where it would lead, but many thought they could see the end as a zero made of rope.

Why had the Colonies done it? Britain was the greatest power on earth, rich with shipping and crammed with factories, boasting a full 9 million inhabitants. The Colonies had but 2.5 million, living in an economy that was 90% agricultural. They could not begin to supply themselves with manufactured goods in peacetime, let alone in war. Moreover they were hopelessly disunited. One third of the people were pro-British Tories, one third were neutral, and only one third were patriots, called Whigs. Numerically alone the odds were worse than 10 to 1. In terms of war potential they were 100 to 1.

The answer was oppression. Next year the Declaration of Independence would tick off reasons, from taxation without representation to downright rapacity, but the sum of them all was oppression. The Colonists—a touchy, freedom-loving lot, as men had to be to come to America—had been too long abused by absentee government. And the symbol of this abuse had come to be a little stamp (*above*), which royal stamp masters placed on legal documents and newspapers as a sign that Americans, as second-class citizens, had paid the king for the privilege of making news and reading about it. That the seal pinched the purse could be borne, but that it pinched the spirit, too, could not.

Who was responsible for the oppression? Not King George III, who was a plump, thickheaded man far too busy with family affairs—he had 15 children eventually—to be genuinely mean. George did contrive to keep the Tories, the war party, in power, and he thought very little of the Colonies ("They are a sad nest," he said), but he was more bumbling than vicious. Nor was it Prime Minister Lord North, who trafficked in corruption in the Parliament but was incorrupt himself, and who said of his generals Clinton, Burgoyne and Howe, "I do not know whether our generals will frighten Americans, but they certainly frighten me." North was an able politician, but he did not want to hurt anyone.



LORD GEORGE GERMAIN

The real villains of the war were the Chancellor of the Exchequer, George Grenville, who pushed the Stamp Act, and Colonial Secretary Lord George Germain (*above, right*). Germain was a scheming braggart who had been kicked out of the British army but who had changed his name and made a successful career in politics. He would run the war.

Germain was exactly the sort of man Sam Adams of Boston (*above, left*) could not abide. Adams was tough, no fancy gentleman, an able agitator and politician. Adams thought of outright independence long before most men dared to. Others followed him when he stirred up the Boston Massacre (1770) and the Tea Party (1773), thinking only to show defiance, but Adams was thinking of a final liberty toward which the world had been groping for centuries. It was he who would be the goad to the Continental Congress and stiffen the idealism of men like Jefferson, Hancock, Morris and Henry.

How would the war be fought? At the very outset Britain had only 9,000 soldiers in America as military police. But as the fighting went on, she brought in a maximum of 50,000 troops, of whom 30,000 all told were Germans hired from the princes of Hesse-Cassel, Anspach and Bayreuth and Anhalt-Zerbst. In addition she had an estimated 30,000 Tories and unnumbered Indians. These, except for guerrillas, operated

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in armies of 3,000 to 10,000, armed with a 14-pound musket called the brown Bess, dismally inaccurate but handy for carrying Britain's favorite weapon, the awful, quiet bayonet. They also had plenty of mortars and cannon, which fired round shot, grapeshot, chains, rocks and broken glass, but which seldom hit anybody.

The Americans would have ample supplies of nothing, and they would have two kinds of troops—regulars (Continentals) and militia. The Continentals, sometimes in blue and buff but more often in rags, signed up at the outset for a year. Most of them, having had a bellyful, then went home. For the first half of the war they brought their own guns, ammunition, shoes and blankets. There were 231,771 enlistments (over half from New England), but these bore no relation to the number of men who actually fought. Sometimes the Army contained no more than 3,000 regulars. However, the Continental soldiers were the backbone of the Revolution, and the few who fought through the entire war are rated as highly as any troops who ever bore arms.

The militia were state troops, who fought or did not fight at whim. "They come in you cannot tell how," said Washington, "and leave you at last at a critical moment." They were unruly, mutinous, frequently ran home without firing a shot, and were reluctant to cross their own state borders to go to the aid of other states. They were indeed a "rabble in arms." But that was their one virtue. By running away and living to fight another day, they completely confounded the enemy. The British could never come to grips with them and destroy them. They were always a menace, capable of rising when least expected and disappearing into civil anonymity in an instant.

BOTH regulars and militia were armed haphazardly. At first they captured their cannon from the British, but later got both cannon and muskets from France. Hillbillies from the west (*i.e.* Pennsylvania) fought with accurate rifles, New Englanders with smoothbore guns, and both on occasion with rocks, tomahawks and axes.

But the Americans had one weapon which the British did not have. Sometimes this weapon was mislaid, sometimes it broke, but it was always found again and repaired. The weapon was conviction—a wonderful, majestic belief in a cause, so strong that other men throughout the world could feel it too. As the war went on, France, Spain and then Holland took up arms against England and provided the extra weight without which the Colonies could not have won, primarily because they saw a chance to cripple their ancient enemy, but also because they were moved by the new belief that radiated from the young country across the Atlantic. It was a rising of the spirit, a clean wind lifting just before the dawn, brushing away the night and crying that men somewhere might be free.

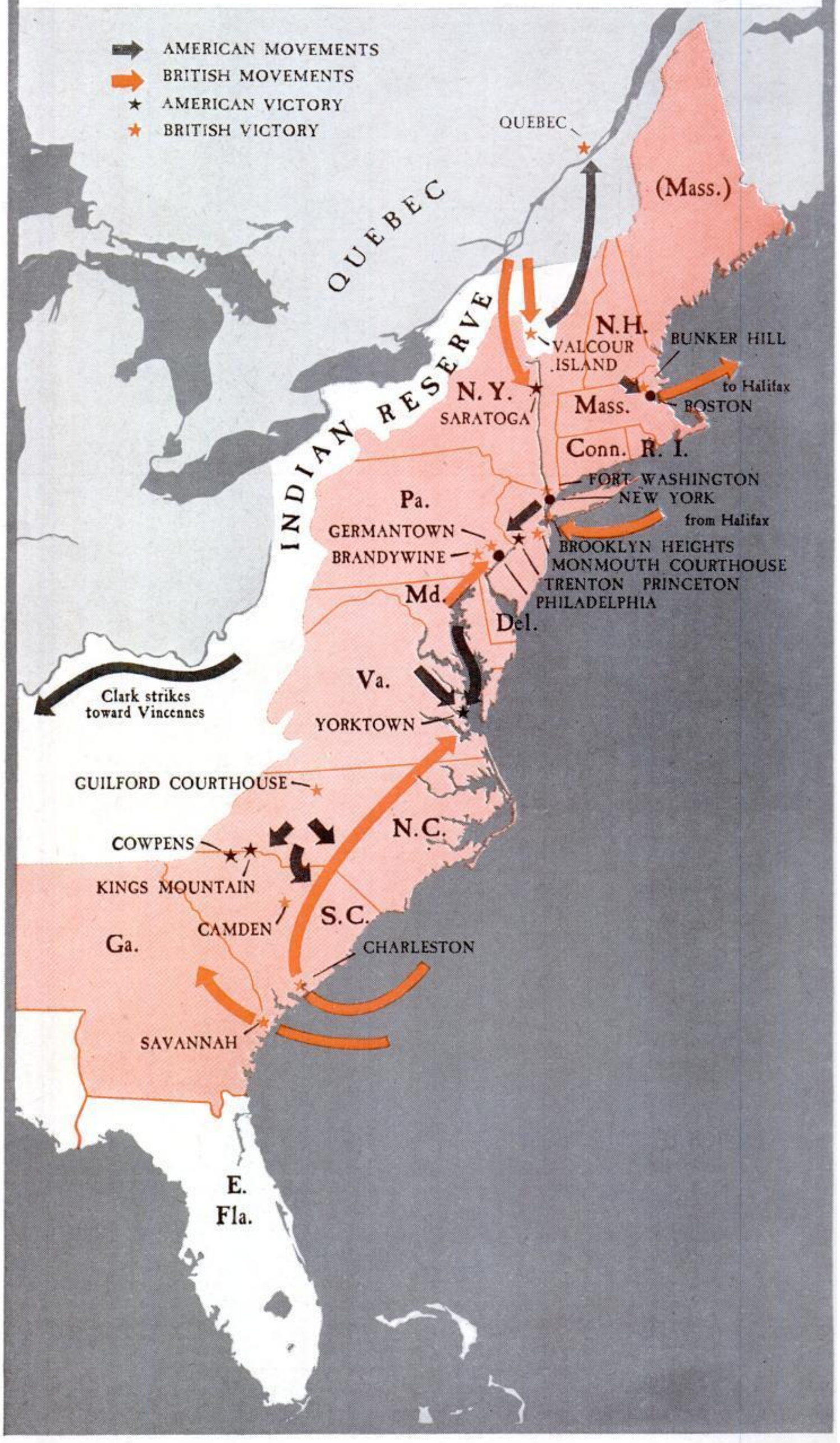
THE PAINTINGS AND MAPS

Many of the pictures in this story were made by men who saw or fought in the battles, and the others, except for a few 19th Century "reconstructions," by contemporary artists who collected eyewitness accounts. The maps have been brought up to date by modern artists, and all, with the exception of the over-all map at the right, have the same key: red for British advances and retreats, blue for American and green for French.

EACH SIDE HAD THREE OFFENSIVES

There was no over-all strategic plan on either side during the eight-year war. The Americans were almost constantly on the defensive, except for three widely separated attacks (gray arrows below): the drive into Canada in 1775-76; the westward sweep of George Rogers Clark in 1778-79, during which he knocked off three British forts; and the final, sudden lunge at Yorktown. The British also attacked (red arrows) in three theaters: on the Lake Champlain waterway, where they twice tried to isolate New England: in the New York-Philadelphia area, where they tried to break Washington's army; and in the South, where Cornwallis made a bold, futile diversionary thrust.

The major battles of the war are mapped on the following pages. Below they are indicated by stars—red for British victories, gray for American. Contrary to their proud tradition, the British did not lose the minor battles and win the big ones: red stars outnumber gray ones: but the three gray stars at Saratoga, Trenton-Princeton and Yorktown are the ones that count.



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PAUL REVERE'S VERSION of the Massacre is a fine piece of Whig propaganda. He shows evil-faced troops firing on nonbelligerent citizens and places on the Custom House a sign, "Butcher's Hall," which was not there. The incident took place on a snowy night, not in broad daylight, and only five men died, not seven.

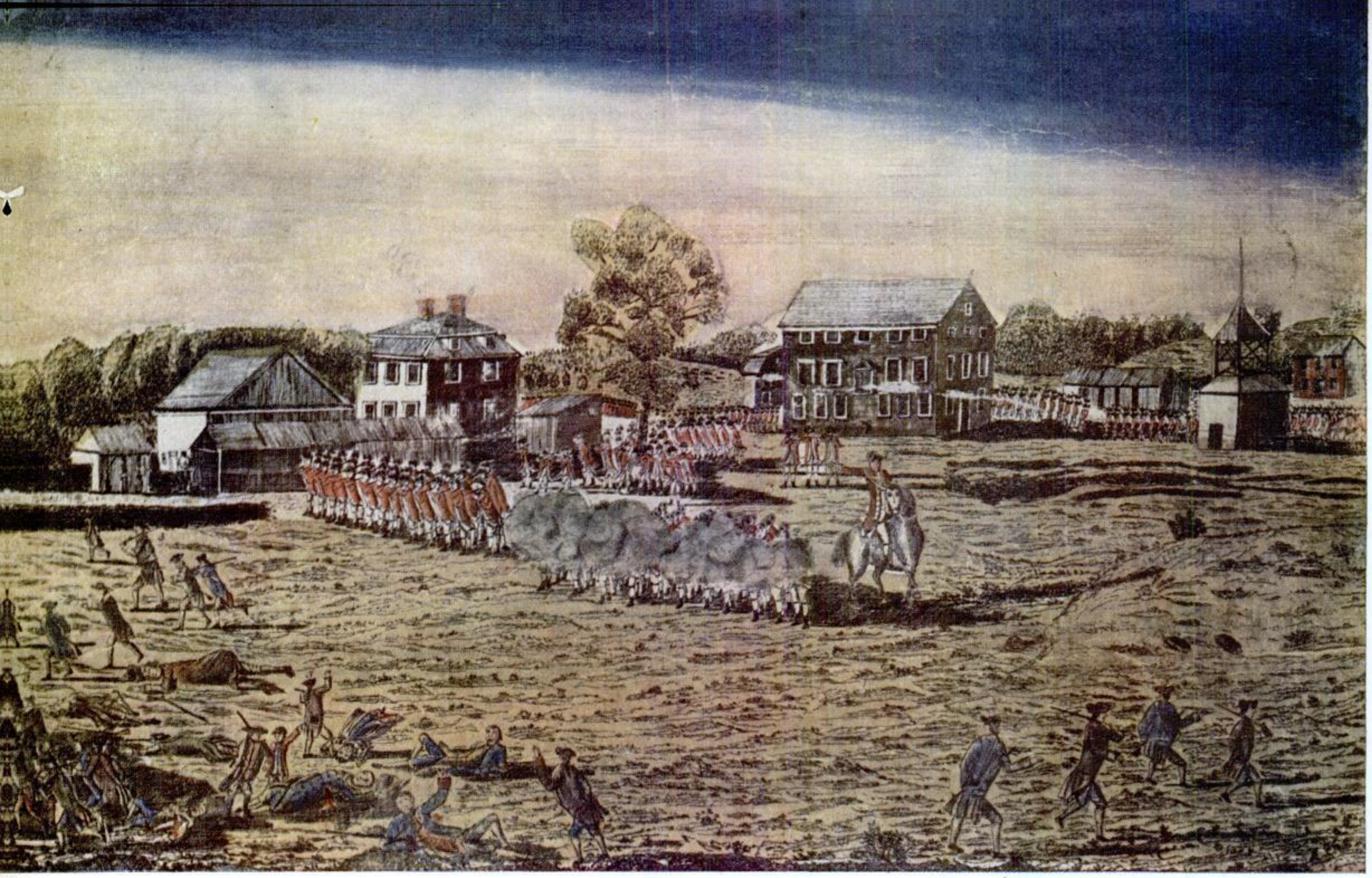
British Fire on Boston Crowd

AT 9 p.m. on March 5, 1770 a crowd collected in front of the Boston Custom House and began to taunt the redcoat sentry. He called for the guard—seven men and Captain Preston. Preston tried to outface the mob without bloodshed, but there was a fight. Three Bostonians were killed, and two took mortal wounds. Among the dead was Crispus Attucks, a slave, first Negro to die for his country. Among the troops was one who could have scratched on the cobbles, "Kilroy was here,"—that was his name.

The trouble at the Custom House was the result of the agitation of Radical Sam Adams and fellow Whigs who thought that if the 600 British troops were forced out, the king's government would collapse. But there was no uprising, the redcoats remained in Boston, and Kilroy got branded on the hand for manslaughter. That was the great Boston Massacre.

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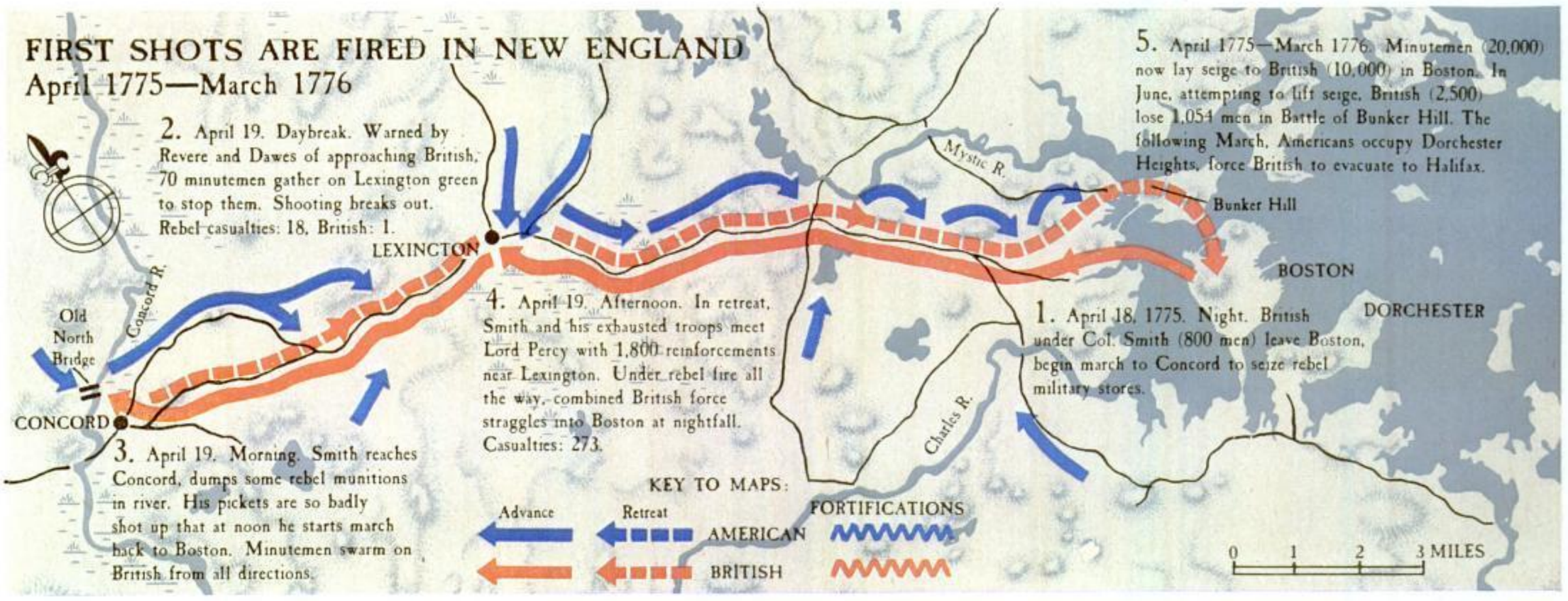
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ON LEXINGTON GREEN, British regulars crush 70 "minutemen" who, having supposedly assembled in that time, ran away almost as soon. But at the lower left stands a lonely man who shakes his fist at the volley. There were others like him, and in time they became the troops of the small, tough Continental Army.

Fighting Starts at Lexington

On the night of April 18, 1775 the British set out from Boston for Concord to destroy arms the Americans had collected there. But they were marching into a trap. Paul Revere and William Dawes had warned the Americans; snipers were gathering in the woods on the line of march; 70 armed men were on Lexington green. The redcoats broke them with a volley —the event (*above*) was, like many subsequent battles, quickly recorded by contemporary artists. Then they went on to Concord, where they arrived too late to do much damage. As they marched back in their tidy red ranks, the British were riddled by the snipers. Two months later they again formed their tidy red ranks at Bunker Hill. This battle too they won, but a fact about their enemies began to dawn on them. "Damn the rebels," cried a British officer, "that they would not flinch!" It was to be a long, rough war.



BRITISH ROUTE covered 35 miles from Boston to Concord and return. They met little opposition until they reached Lexington but thereafter were constantly harassed by Americans firing from behind trees, houses and walls—tactics which the British considered highly ungentlemanly. Lord Percy with 1,800 men came from Boston to support them, and together the columns got home with some 273 casualties. Then the Americans closed in on Boston and set up siege lines. The key in this diagrammatic map is used throughout all the maps on these pages: red for British, blue for Americans; solid lines for advance, dotted lines for retreat.

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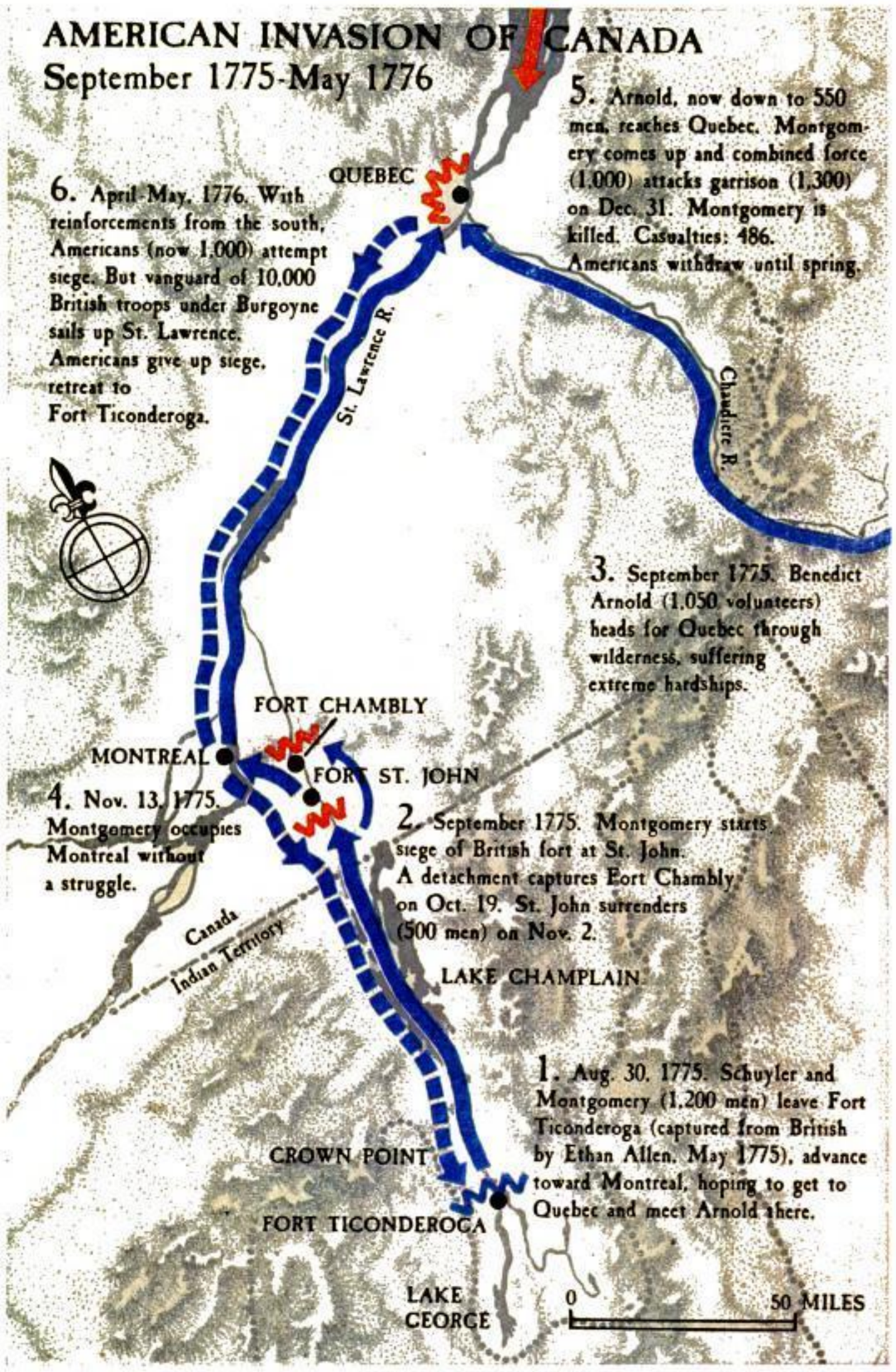
MARCHING INTO CONCORD to destroy an American arms cache—most of which had already been removed—the British maintain awesome precision while their officers scout the rebels from a hilltop cemetery. On the right stands Major Pitcairn, who earlier said, "If I drew my sword but half out of the scabbard, the whole banditti of Massachusetts Bay would flee before me." Unfortunately for the major, some inconsiderate bandit shot him dead at the Battle of Bunker Hill two months later. This engraving and that at the top of the opposite page were made shortly after the battle by Amos Doolittle, a soldier in the Connecticut militia.



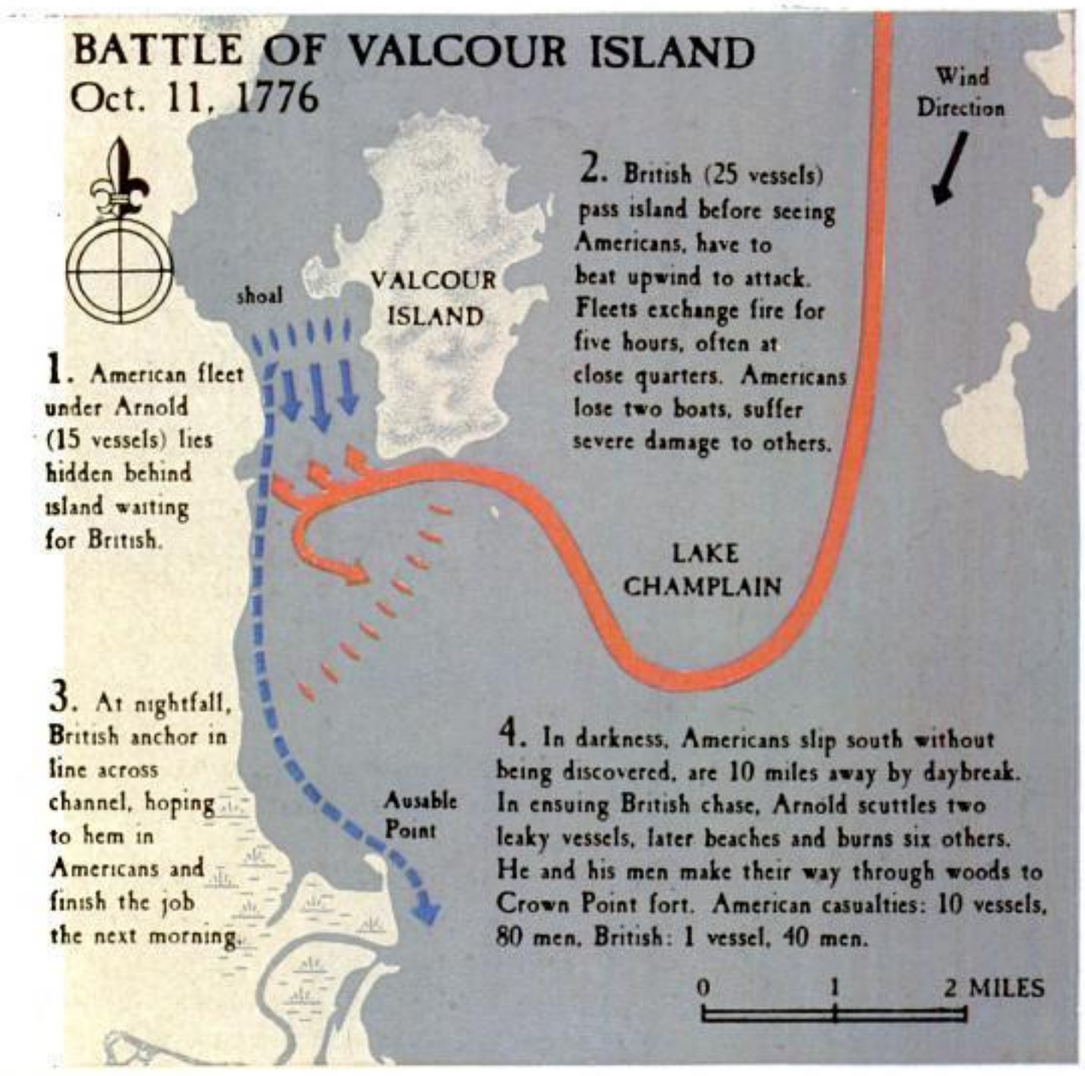
BUNKER HILL (actually, Breed's Hill), defended by some 1,500 Americans (*left*), is attacked on June 17, 1775 by 2,500 redcoats marching in military order. They first set fire to the suburb of Charlestown (burning in center) to clear it of rebel snipers, then, to show their contempt for the rebels, marched directly up the hill instead of flanking it as they could easily have done. They were twice repulsed but finally won with a bayonet charge after American powder was gone. In this "victory" almost half the British force was killed or wounded. The American loss was 440. This engraving was made by an American eyewitness, Bernard Romans.

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ATTACK ON CANADA was made by two American armies. Arnold faced great hardships in Maine (his men had to eat roasted moccasins and shot pouches). Montgomery made a tragic mistake in letting British General Carleton escape after St. John-Montreal because Carleton, a fine soldier, later beat him at Quebec.



FIRST BRITISH INVASION was stopped here although they won the battle. Arnold took a defensive position between Valcour Island and mainland, compelling the British to carry the fight to him. Much of the battle was fought at musket range. Indians, accompanying the British, sniped at American ships from shore.



DEATH OF MONTGOMERY at Quebec was painted by John Trumbull, briefly one of Washington's aides, the official photographer of his day. At Montgomery's feet lie two American majors who were also killed. Theirs and Montgomery's are the only likenesses in the painting. All figures represent men on American side.

We Invade Canada but Drive Stalls

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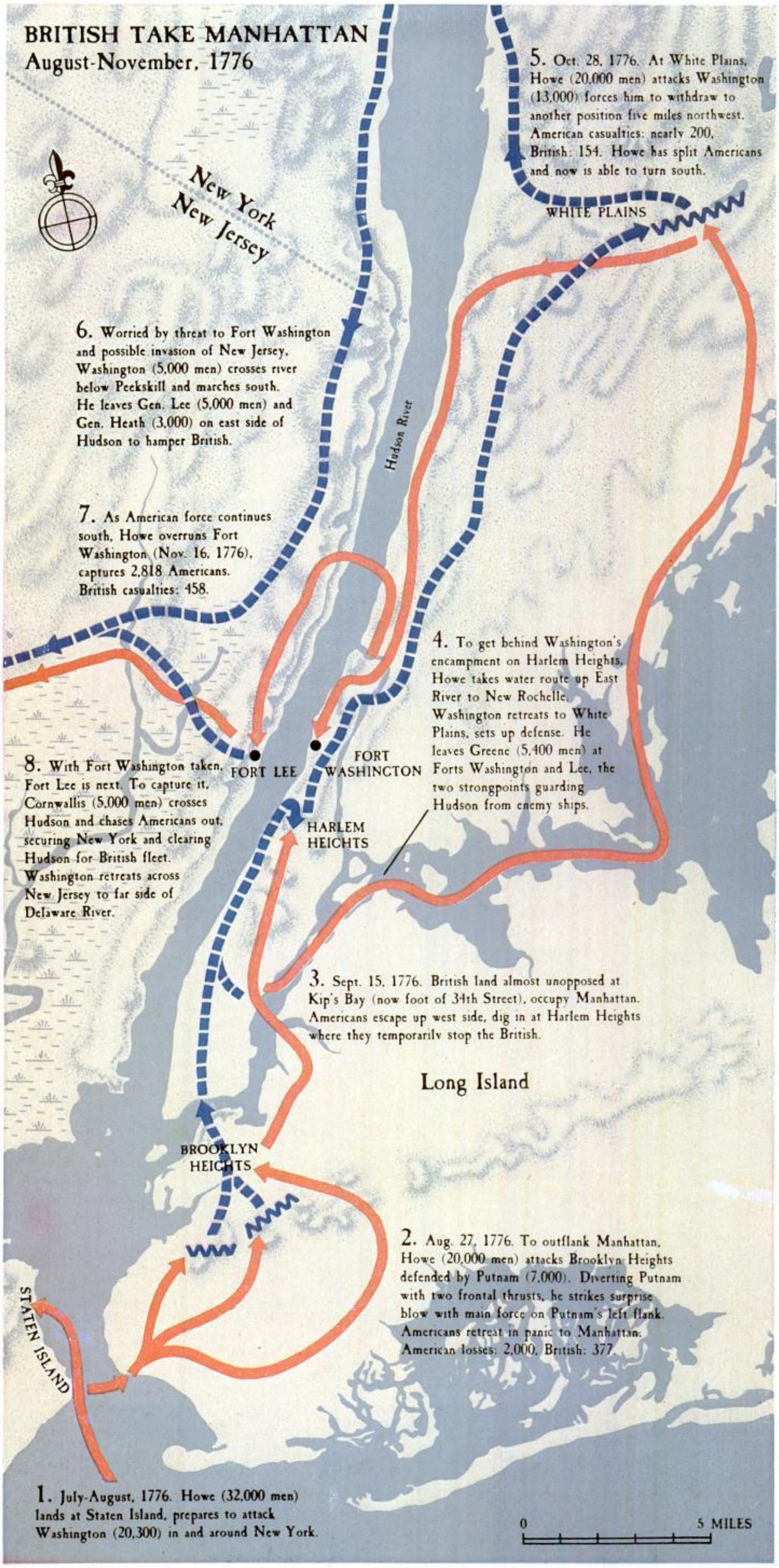
IN July 1775, made commander in chief by the Second Continental Congress, George Washington went north to supervise the siege of Boston. But this settled into a nine-month affair, and the war blazed elsewhere.

Two other generals, Benedict Arnold and Richard Montgomery, were ordered to assault Canada. They set out (*map, top of opposite page*) in the fall of 1775, Montgomery on the Champlain waterway to Montreal and Arnold through the Maine wilderness to Quebec. Montgomery took Montreal and pushed on to Quebec to join Arnold, who had got there after incredible hardships which cost him almost half his men in the swamps. On New Year's Eve the Americans waded through four-foot snowdrifts to attack the city. They were beaten off in a nip-and-tuck battle, Montgomery was killed, and the invasion was stopped just short of success. Arnold's men vainly besieged Quebec until late spring, then withdrew.

Now the Lake Champlain waterway became an open passage through which the British could sweep south to New York and thus isolate New England. This they soon attempted to do. During the summer General Carleton sailed into Lake Champlain. Seemingly there was little to stop him. But suddenly across his path sailed Benedict Arnold, now a general-admiral in command of a handful of galleys and gunboats built in frantic haste of green wood. Arnold was beaten again at Valcour Island (*bottom, opposite page*), but his delaying action had a great strategic effect—Carleton decided to go back to Canada. This took some of the pressure off General Washington, who was being trounced at New York (*next page*), whither the British had gone via Halifax after being squeezed out of Boston.

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British Beat Washington at New York

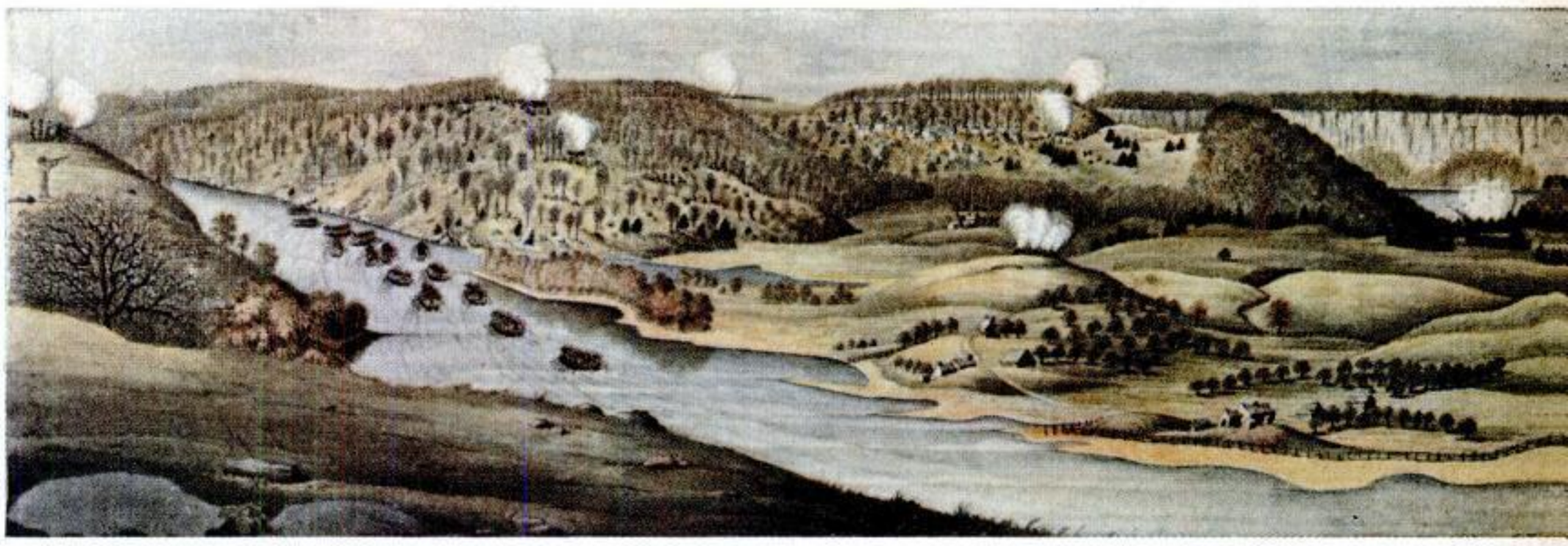
CAPTURE OF NEW YORK was effected in a series of flanking actions which drove Americans north from their first positions on Long Island. Kip's Bay is at 34th Street, Harlem Heights at 125th Street, Fort Washington close to the present George Washington Bridge. Americans had hoped that the twin forts Lee and Washington would close the Hudson, but the British ran the gantlet with almost no damage.

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CAPTURE OF FORT LEE followed the taking of Fort Washington (*below*), the British climbing the Palisades on Jersey shore. By this time Washington's army had been split—part of it was in Westchester, part in New Jersey. After they had completed their crossing, the British chased the latter part all the way to Pennsylvania. This watercolor was made on the spot by Captain Davies of the British artillery.

HAVING been forced out of Boston in the spring of 1776, Sir William Howe struck at New York. In July he landed on Staten Island (*map at left*) and proceeded in the next five months to give Washington a thorough pasting. By now Howe realized it cost too much to take American fortifications by assault; consequently he outflanked them. Long Island, Kip's Bay and Fort Washington were shameful routs for the Americans. Washington rose in his stirrups and beat his troops with his cane, trying to make them stand their ground. But they would not, and he rode wrathfully along the front lines "so vexed," said the American general, Nathanael Greene, "that he sought death."

By the end of November the British held all of New York—the lower part had been burned—and Washington was in flight across New Jersey. His army had dwindled to 3,000 and was as likely to die of embarrassment as of defeat.



CAPTURE OF FORT WASHINGTON on Manhattan Island was a semiamphibious operation. British rowed over the Harlem River (*foreground*), then marched across the island to the fort which, since they had obtained its plan from a deserter, they took easily. This watercolor was also made by Davies, standing on what is now the campus of N.Y.U. In distance at far right are the Hudson and the Palisades.

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WASHINGTON AT THE DELAWARE, preparing to cross, was painted circa 1834 by an American primitive artist named Edward Hicks. He made two copies, which for some years hung as signs at both ends of a covered bridge which was erected on the spot. Although other painters have romanticized the scene—notably the German-born Leutze, whose famous picture shows the jut-jawed general in a boat in mid-river—few have caught the real drama of it. It was a snowy night with piercing wind, after a day of rain and hail, with blocks of ice floating downstream. Only a general in the depths of desperation would have tried the crossing.



BATTLE OF PRINCETON was painted some years after it occurred by William Mercer, deaf-mute son of the American general Hugh Mercer, who was killed in the action. Most of the fighting took place in the open fields south of the town. Here there was occasion for the formal, volley-against-volley sort of combat typical of the 18th Century, at which the well-disciplined British excelled and which the Americans avoided whenever they could. The British were also besieged in Princeton college's Nassau Hall (*extreme right*). A few managed to cut their way through the American lines and escape to the nearby town of Maidenhead.

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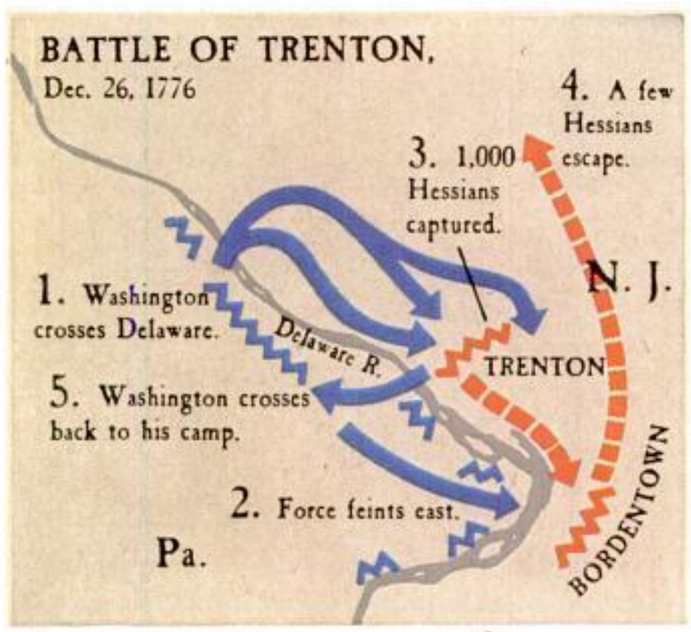
THE OLD PRINT SHOP, INC.

BATTLE OF TRENTON was not so organized as this old print presents it. The Hessian soldiers (*left*) had been drinking most of the night and were in poor condition for a morning battle. There was a good deal of house-to-house fighting with the American artillery (*right*) blasting away down the main street of the town.

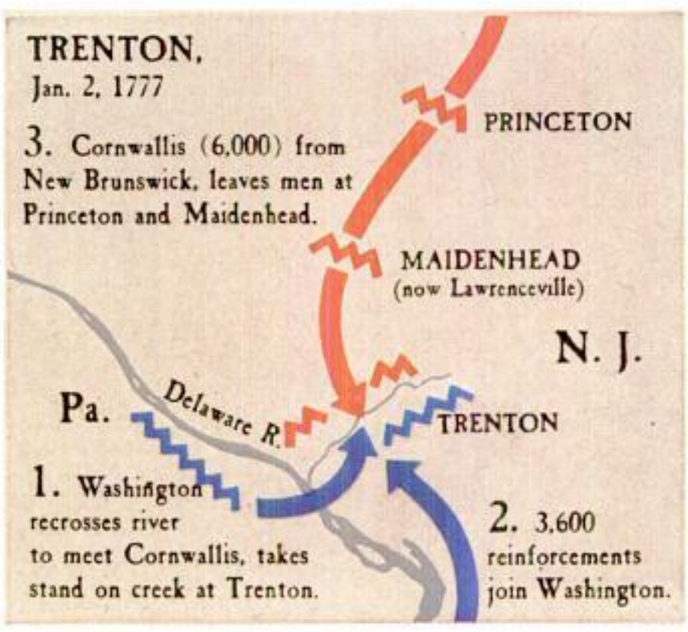
Washington Rallies and Wins at Trenton

THE shameful retreat across New Jersey ran all the fat off the coon. When Washington pulled up on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, his men were exhausted, barefoot, retching, dying by the dozen. But they were at last soldiers. Their bodies and souls were worn to bedrock; one could laugh at them no more. On Christmas night, 1776, they recrossed the Delaware to Trenton and fell upon 1,500 Hessians commanded by the brave and drunken Colonel Rall. In 45 minutes the Hessians were through.

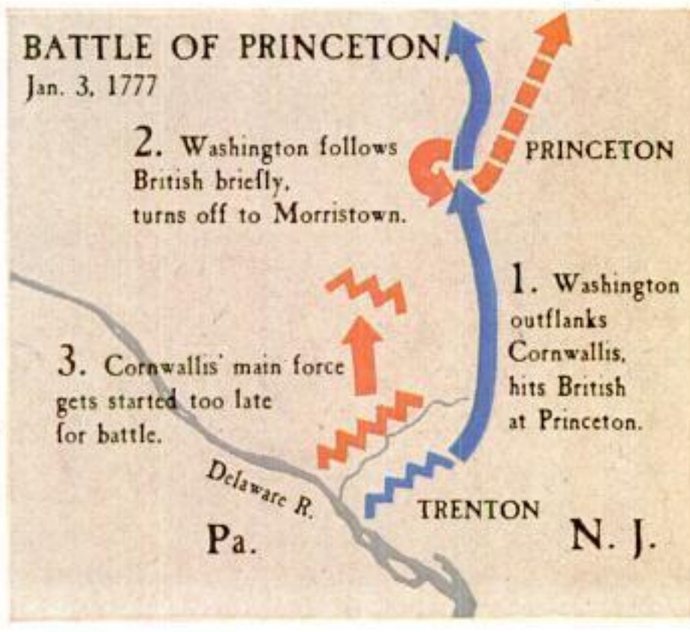
Then came Cornwallis, tearing down from New Brunswick to see what had happened. Washington dodged him and raced to Princeton, mauled another British force and then saucily took up winter quarters at Morristown. Cornwallis retired to New Brunswick, convinced that the Americans were an odd lot but crusty. The Revolution would live a little longer.



EASTWARD FEINT by part of the army confused Hessians but also upset Washington's plans. Feinting force was supposed to cross river but could not, and thus some Hessians escaped from Bordentown.



ON THE DEFENSE Washington lines up behind Assunpink Creek with left flank protected by river. Ever since Bunker Hill, Americans had favored this strategy—inviting attack while in a strong position.



ON THE OFFENSE Washington suddenly wheels to his right and leaves Cornwallis holding the bag. Americans left campfires burning to make British think they were still holding their defensive position.

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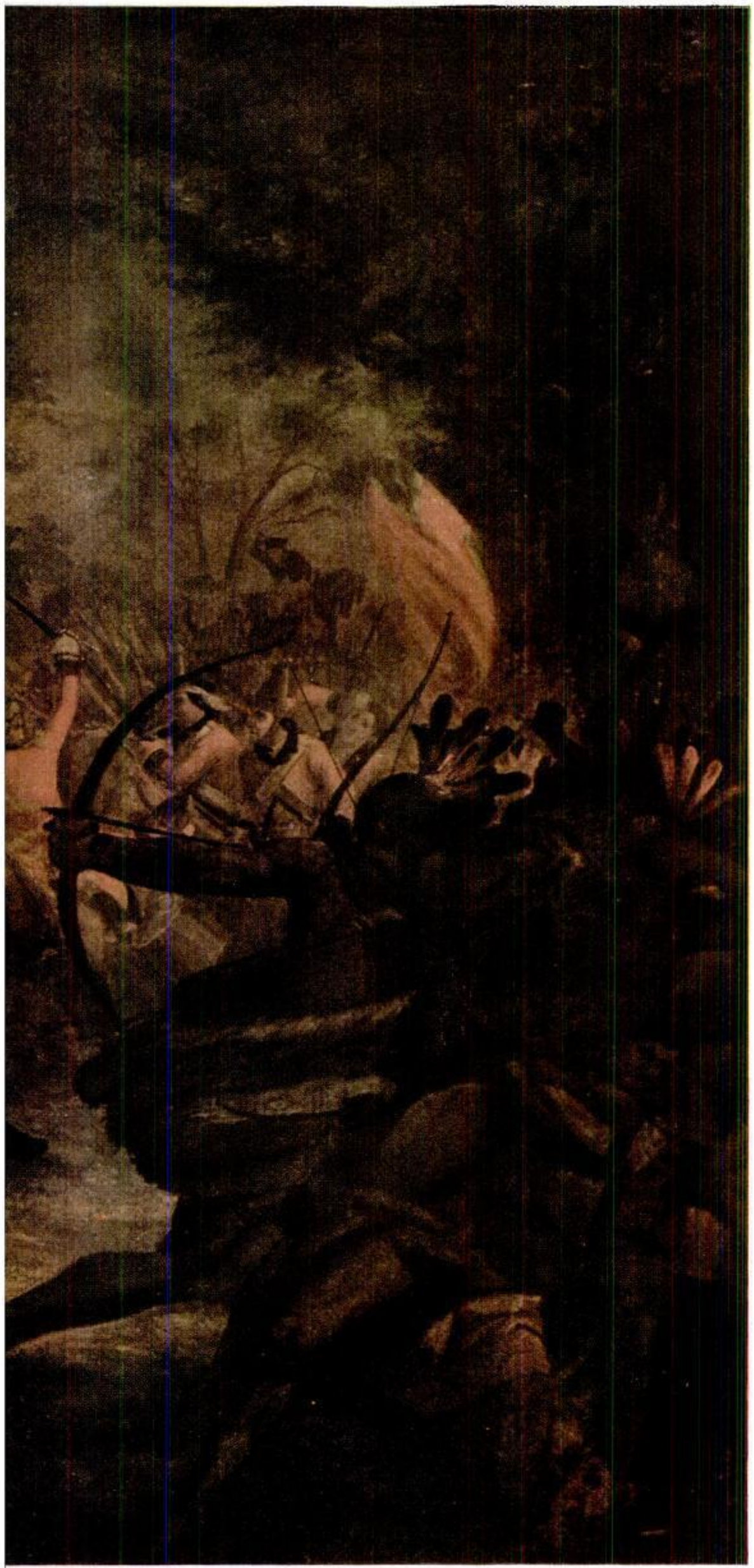
BENEDICT ARNOLD'S CHARGE, painted by an unknown artist, shows the American general astride a rearing white horse in the thick of battle. In the right foreground two Indians carry off the dying British general Simon Fraser, who was picked off by a rifleman named Tim Murphy shown in the tree at upper left.

Burgoyne's Army Is Taken at Saratoga

DESPITE his setbacks at Princeton and Trenton, Sir William Howe thought to end the war in 1777. His ambitious plans called for attacks on Boston and Philadelphia and a second attempt to pinch off New England by sweeping down from Canada.

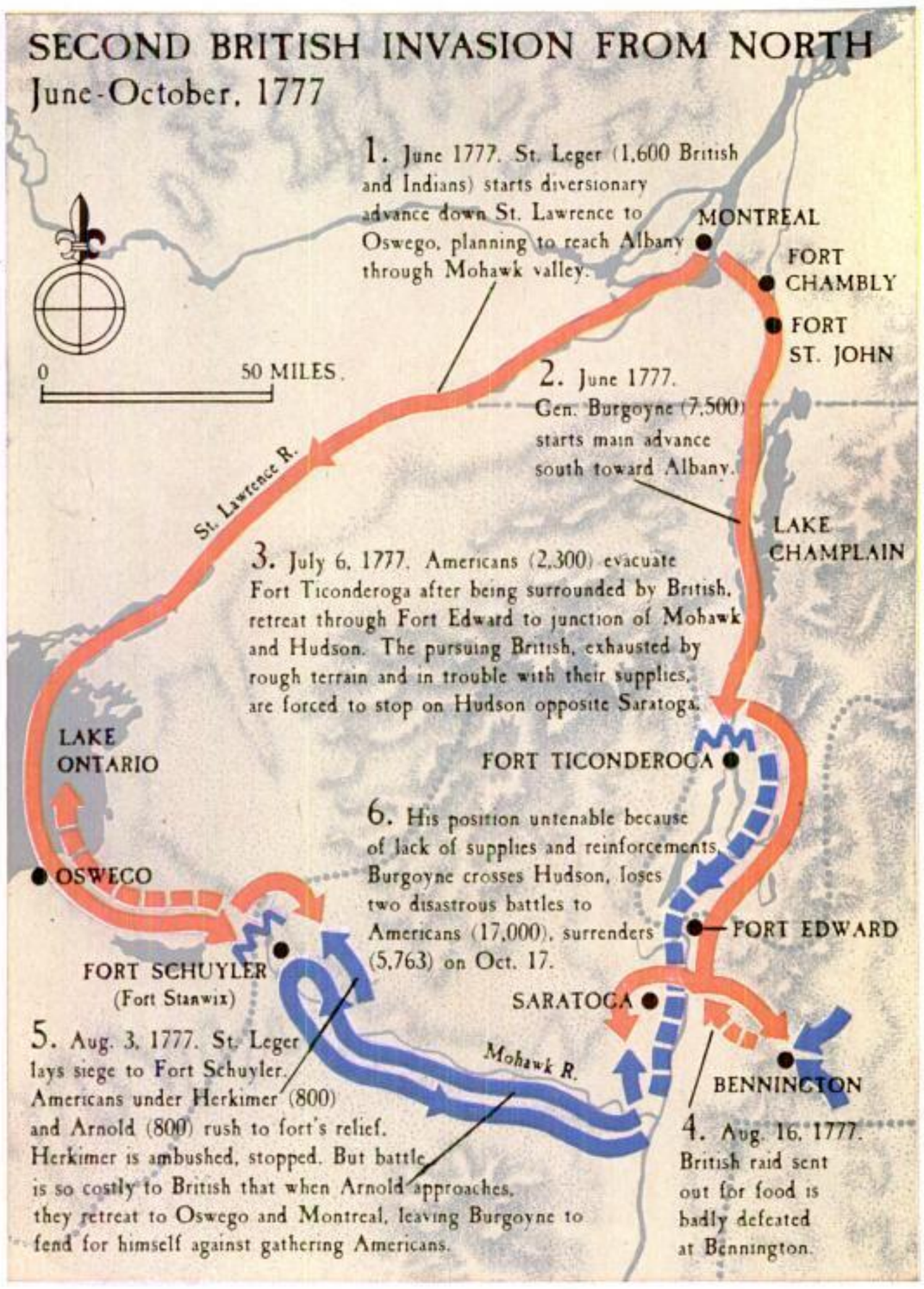
In June, "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne advanced down the Lake Champlain waterway (*map at right*). At the same time Colonel Barry St. Leger took off up the St. Lawrence, intending to join him near Albany. But neither got there. Burgoyne took Ticonderoga, pushed on to win another battle, then stopped. He now had two choices—he could backtrack briefly to Ticonderoga, then continue easily down the waterway, or he could march straight ahead through wild country. Backtracking was unseemly. "The army," he said, "must not retreat." So he ordered his men

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into the woods. When he reached Saratoga his army was in poor shape to fight, while the Americans, under Horatio Gates, felt just fine. The British lost two battles. In the final engagement temperamental Benedict Arnold, serving under Gates but without command of any troops, rallied some men, began an impromptu charge. Eventually the whole American Army took off after him, including a messenger from Gates, sent to tell Arnold to stop that nonsense. The messenger arrived after the British defeat.

Gentleman Johnny and Gates sat down to talk surrender, a mistake for the easily bamboozled Gates. Smooth-talking Burgoyne got the thing called a "convention," not a surrender. The British were paroled, and Gates wound up toasting the king. However, it was a great victory. The French took note of it and decided to ally themselves with the Americans.



BRITISH PINCER MOVEMENT, while well-conceived, failed completely. Burgoyne might have been saved from the consequences of his foolish march (3) if St. Leger had been able to take Fort Schuyler and join him, but Fort Schuyler held out and the Americans were able to deal separately with each invading army.



INDIAN ATROCITIES were common on the frontiers—the British hired the savages to terrorize Americans, then professed shock when they scalped people. This is the killing of Jane McCrea near Fort Edward. Miss McCrea was actually pro-British, but the Indians, sometimes paid on a bounty basis, killed her anyway.

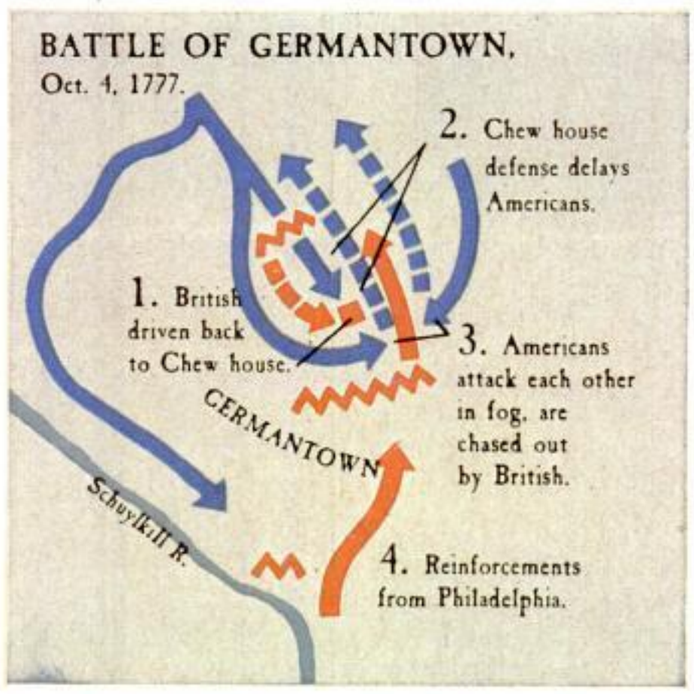
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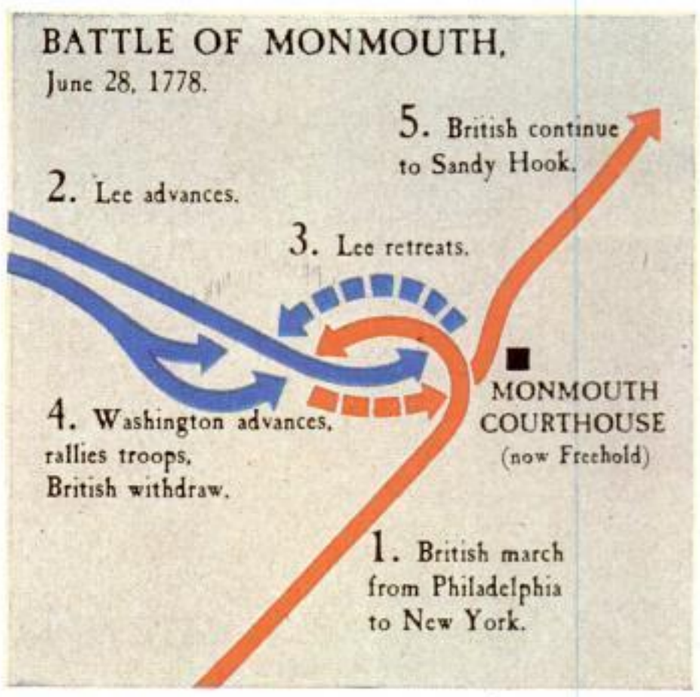
THE CHEW HOUSE, owned by an American judge but occupied by the British during the battle of Germantown, is bombarded at point-blank range. The Americans brought up heavy guns to smash the building but failed, and when they demanded its surrender the British shot the messenger. Because the American commanders, including Washington, foolishly decided to assault this pocket of resistance instead of by-passing it, what had started out as a victory ended in retreat. At Germantown too some soldiers showed up badly. Officers had to point out that it took only one man to help a wounded friend off the field, not four or five.



TO PROTECT PHILADELPHIA, Washington makes a stand on Brandywine Creek but is flanked by the British. However he managed to rally his troops quickly and was able to retreat in good order.



AMERICANS ARE STOPPED by pocket of resistance when on their way to victory. Driving along the Schuylkill, they were supposed to envelop British rear, but militia became frightened and never did so.



NEXT YEAR (*opposite page*) Lee's retreat costs Washington a victory. Instead of having to settle for a drawn battle, Americans might have cut the British army in half and captured a large part of it.

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Philadelphia Battles End in Stalemate

WHEN Burgoyne began to sweep toward disaster at Saratoga, Sir William Howe was in New Jersey with the main British army. Howe might—and according to plan, should—have gone to meet Burgoyne. Had he done so, Saratoga might have been an American defeat. But Howe chose instead to attack Philadelphia, seat of the Continental Congress. He took the sea route, sailing south from New York up Chesapeake Bay. When he landed near Elkton, Md., Washington was waiting for him.

Washington made his first stand on Brandywine Creek. Howe feinted (*map, bottom opposite page*), outflanked him, but darkness prevented a serious loss. Washington's army remained intact. Ten days later the British pounced on a detachment under "Mad" Anthony Wayne at Paoli, Pa. and killed several hundred men without firing a shot—all of the slaughter was done with the bayonet.

This was too much for the jittery congressmen in Philadelphia. They ran away without adjourning, and Howe marched in on Sept. 25. However, he foolishly split his army, sending much of it to nearby Germantown. Washington promptly fell upon this group and cut it up. But the British held out at the Chew house (*opposite page*) and were saved when reinforcements came. Winter arrived, and with it the midnight of the Revolution.

The American capital had fallen. Worse, Philadelphia seemed happier because of it. Society turned out to entertain the British. Collaborationists appeared everywhere. Nothing was too good for the redcoats, no scorn too bitter for Washington, who was camped 20 miles away at Valley Forge. The British ate good beef, Americans drank soup "full of burnt leaves and dirt." Americans froze to death, the British perspired genteelly at balls. But the Americans held out and grew tough. Lafayette came from France to join them, and Baron von Steuben from Prussia to drill the scarecrows in the snow.

In the early spring of 1778 came news of the French alliance. This profoundly shocked the British, who feared that a French fleet could come up the Delaware and cut them off. In mid-June they set out overland for New York, the Americans following. On the 28th General Charles Lee, Washington's deputy commander, caught them at Monmouth Courthouse, N.J. Somehow he became fuddled and ordered a retreat before the battle had really begun. The Americans fell back and were on the verge of being routed. But suddenly Washington rode up, gave Lee a tongue-lashing that wilted the crops for miles around, and stopped the retreat. Monmouth became a drawn battle, and the British made good their withdrawal to New York. The war came to an indecisive end in the North, with the British holding only that major city.



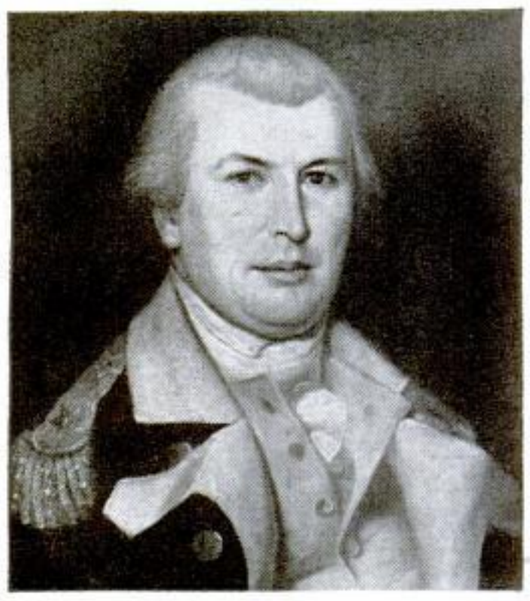
"MOLLY PITCHER," so called because she carried water to the troops, takes her wounded husband's place at a gun during the battle of Monmouth. It was common practice for women to follow their husbands from camp to camp, although they rarely went into combat. According to legend, Molly (she was really Mrs. John Hayes, a barber's wife) was complimented by Washington himself after the fighting.



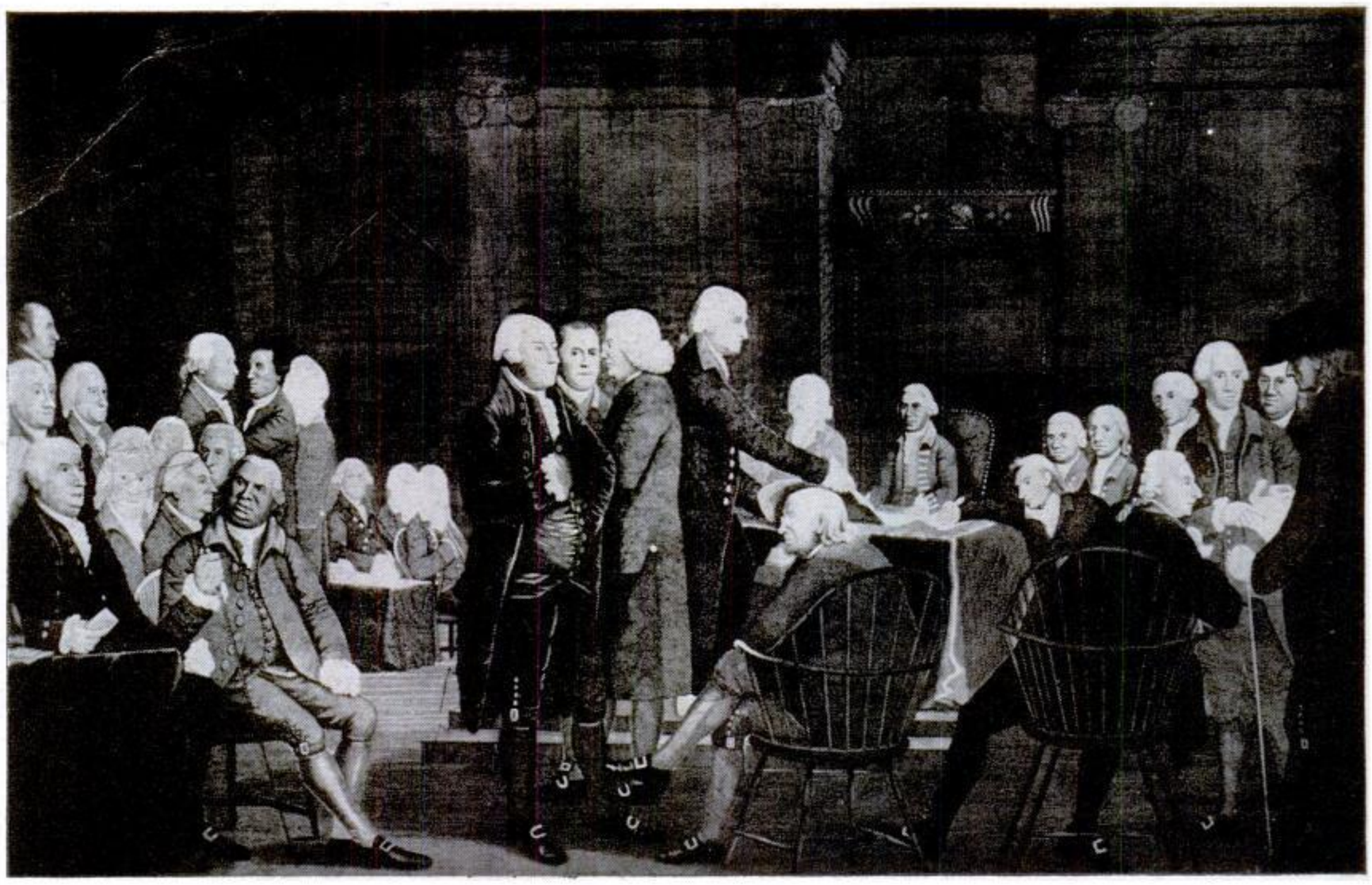
"YOU DAMNED POLTROON!" cries Washington at Monmouth to General Charles Lee, who sits potbellied in the saddle with his arms at his sides. Washington, before stopping the retreat, turned on Lee and, according to a spectator, "fired away a volley of oaths such as neither I nor any other human being ever heard before." Lee was courtmartialed, suspended from the Army and never fought again.

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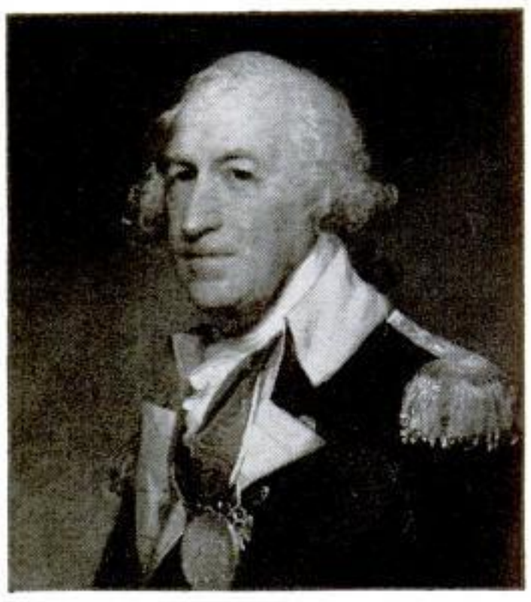
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NATHANAEL GREENE, who was a rough customer if there ever was one, never won a major battle but organized an army in the South, staged a masterful retreat through the Carolinas. Cornwallis wore himself out chasing Greene.



"CONGRESS VOTING INDEPENDENCE" on July 2, 1776 was painted by Robert Pine and Edward Savage. Jefferson stands in right center, handing document to seated John Hancock. Franklin is seated in center.

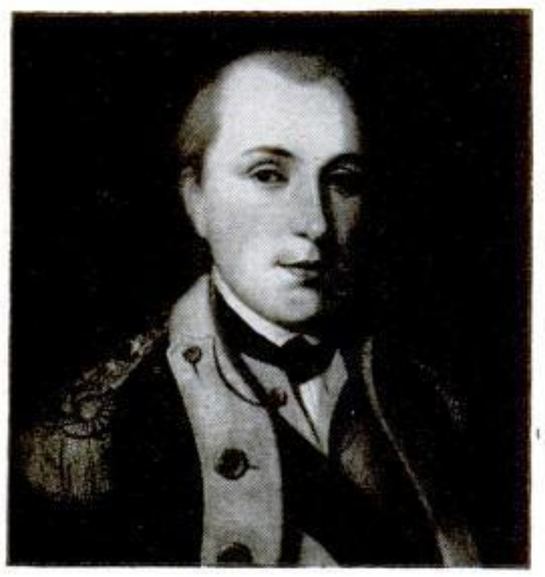


HORATIO GATES, who won at Saratoga and ran off disgracefully at Camden, was advanced as the candidate to supersede Washington by a congressional group (the Conway Cabal) in 1778. Fortunately nothing came of it.

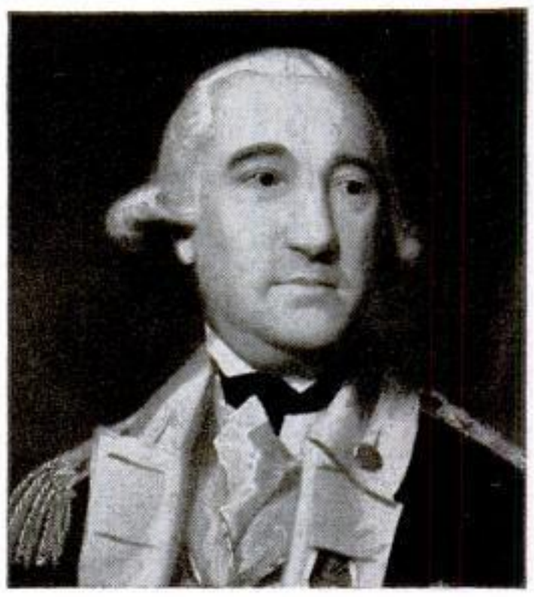
Brilliance Assembles in America

ONE of the miraculous things about the Revolution was the quality of American leadership, both civil and military. Suddenly in one small nation, roughly the size of present-day Chile, there assembled such a swarm of brilliant men as the world has rarely seen. Some, like Lafayette, von Steuben and Pulaski, came from overseas, driven by their ideals to fight for the new country. But most were home-grown—Washington, the towering leader, Franklin the diplomat, Robert Morris the financier—and the legislators who served in the Continental Congress (*above*) and later wrote one of the loftiest documents in all history, the U.S. Constitution.

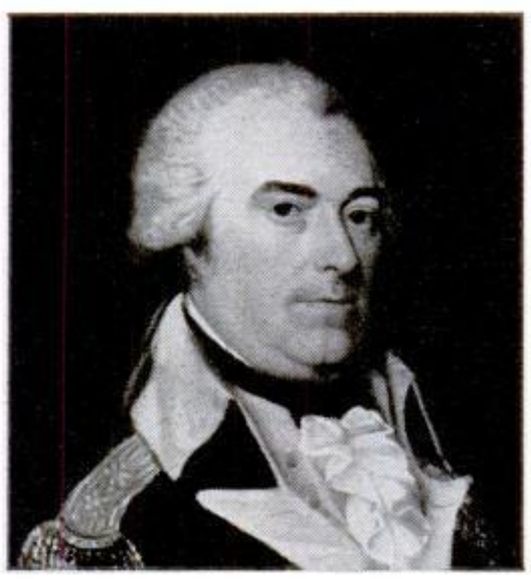
Some of the native generals had had previous battle experience—Washington fought alongside the British General Braddock in the French and Indian War and Lee had also served with the redcoats. Others, like Marion and Sumter, were amateurs of the deadliest sort—deadly because their minds were uncluttered with useless military formalities and hence devastatingly effective.



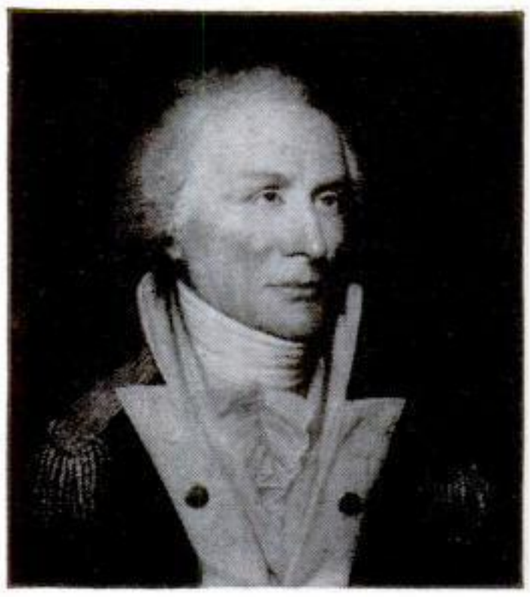
MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE came to America from France when only 20, got a commission as major general. He worshiped Washington and did good service in smoothing relations between Washington and other French leaders.



BARON VON STEUBEN, a Prussian, was the drillmaster of the Continental Army. During winter at Valley Forge, he whipped the starving Americans into shape by the sheer force of his personality, later fought well at Monmouth.

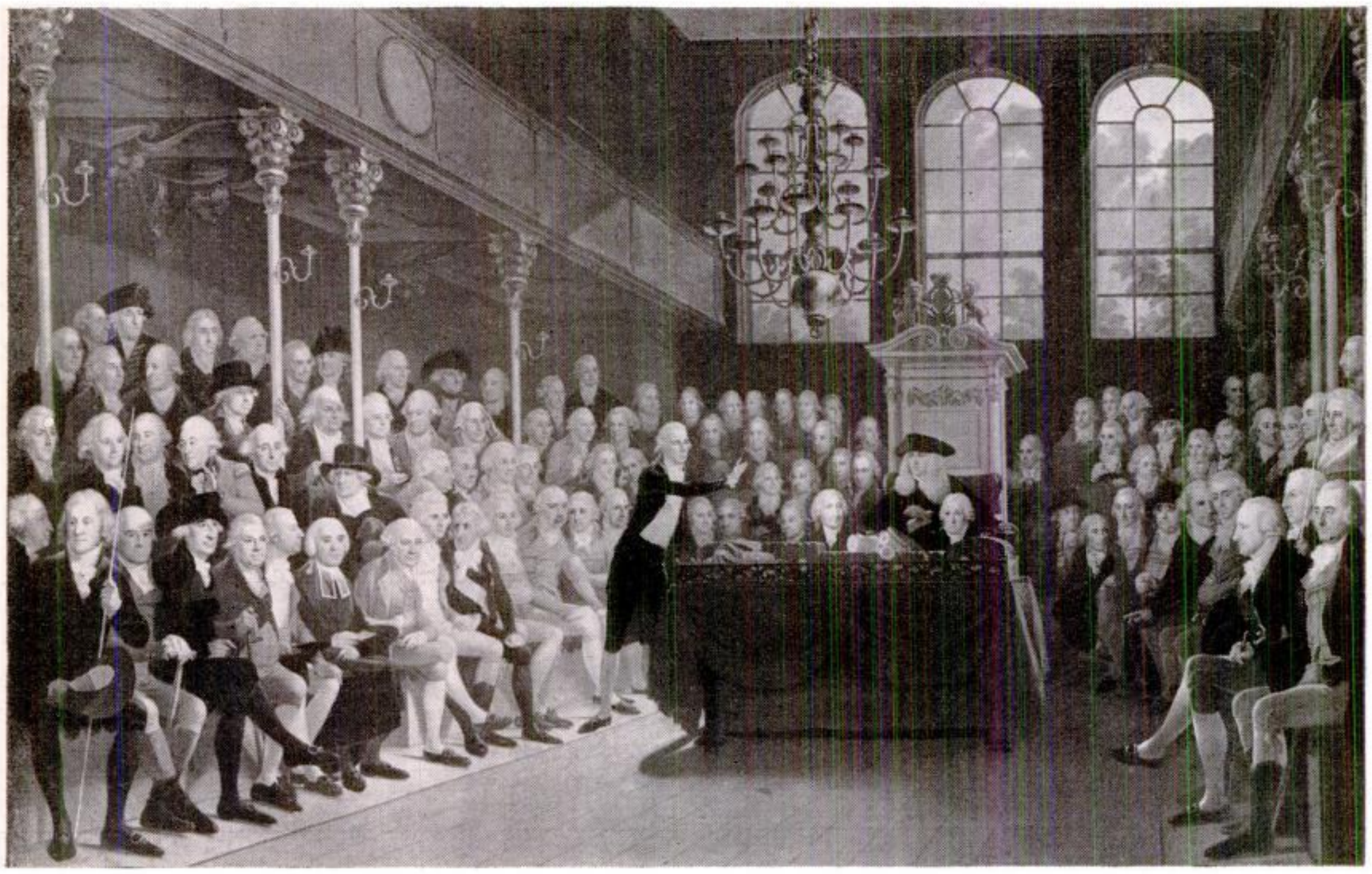


ANTHONY WAYNE, called "Mad Anthony" because of his daring, fought at Germantown and Brandywine, later crushed the Indians along the Southern frontier (1782–83). Wayne also served through the ordeal at Valley Forge.



THOMAS SUMTER, like "Swamp Fox" Marion, was a Southern guerrilla who made life miserable for Cornwallis. He was called "The Gamecock of the Revolution." Fort Sumter, where the Civil War began, was named for him.

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, in which Whigs and Tories sat facing each other, debating, sometimes throwing things or eating oranges, was painted by Karl Hickel. The speaker, standing at left, is William Pitt the Younger.

Disunity Takes Over in Britain

LIKE the Americans, the British were divided into groups of Tories and Whigs, but in England the Tories under Lord North were in power throughout the war. The Whigs constituted what could scarcely be called a "loyal" opposition. They sided with the Colonies, deplored the hiring of "German boors and vassals" to fight Americans and were sunk in gloom at news of American defeats. Edmund Burke, author of the famed "speech on conciliation," cried that "nothing but the success of Burgoyne's army could be more deplorable than its capture." The House of Commons (*above*) constantly rang with insults and accusations.

Even the generals were divided. Sir William Howe, British commander in chief in America, was a Whig. So was Cornwallis. It irked them to fight in the Tory cause. But it was not this division that undid them, since they were career soldiers who fought without asking why. What hurt them most was overconfidence and slowness to adapt to a new kind of fighting in a new kind of world.



WILLIAM HOWE never quite seized victory. Some claimed that he was too fond of an American mistress ("Awake, arouse, Sir Billy," wrote one Briton. "There's forage in the plain. Leave your little filly, and open the campaign").



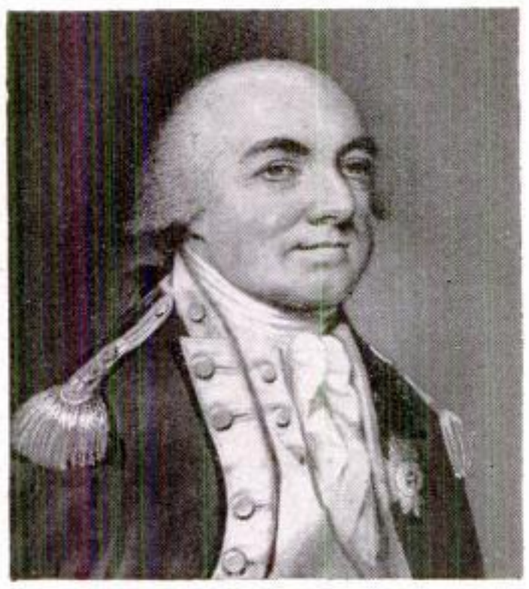
CHARLES CORNWALLIS, no fool, fought well at Brandywine, suffered little from his surrender at Yorktown. He later campaigned in India, where he employed the knowledge he had gained in America, and became justly famous.



BANASTRE TARLETON, a young hell-for-leather cavalryman, served under Cornwallis in the South, almost captured Gov. Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, spread terror with the surprise raids of his light "Green Horse" legion.



GUY CARLETON, who beat Arnold at Quebec early in war, last British commander in chief, took over (1782) when the war was lost. He negotiated a treaty —not the final one—in New York in 1783, also served as governor of Quebec.



HENRY CLINTON, Howe's successor as commander in chief, fought only one battle (Monmouth) against George Washington, never quite lived down the charges that he could have saved Lord Cornwallis from the Yorktown debacle.



JOHN BURGOYNE, a dandy gentleman, playwright and member of Parliament, was fatally sure of himself. After defeat at Saratoga he went home, became commander in chief in Ireland, then retired to a genteel literary career.

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Arnold Plot Is Revealed, André Hangs



BENEDICT ARNOLD, engraved at 36, 3 years before his treachery, was a proud, handsome man, quick to resent slights on his accomplishments.



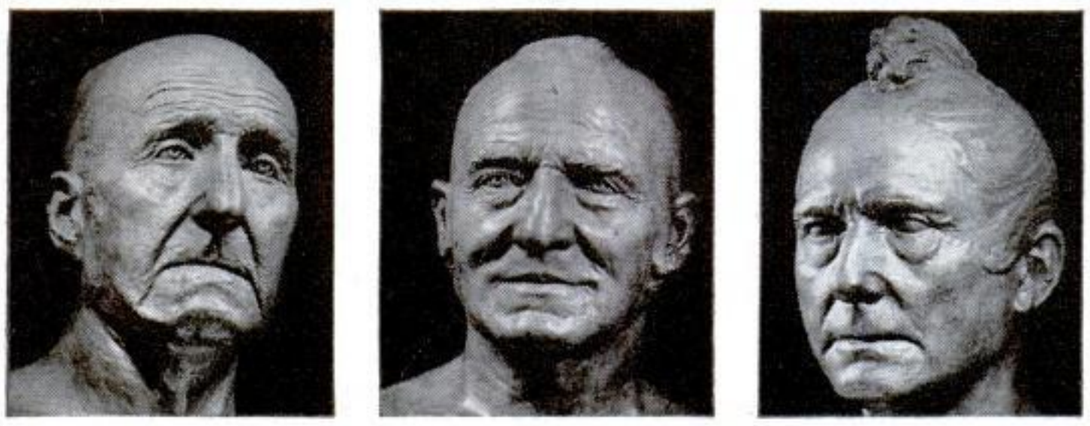
HIS WIFE, Peggy Shippen of Philadelphia, was a frivolous belle. This sketch was made by André who, according to rumor, was fond of her too.



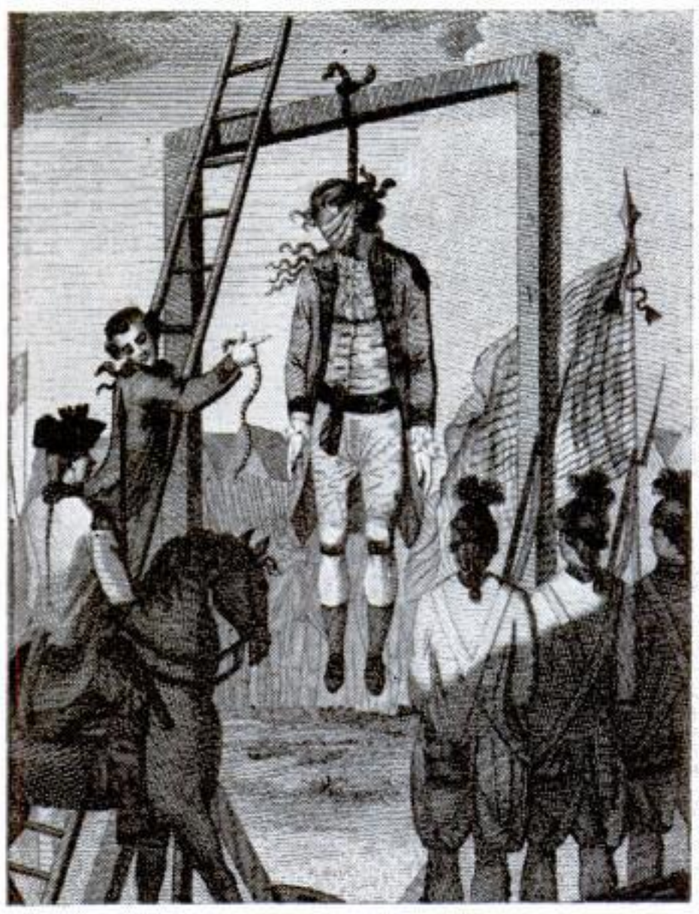
SECRET MEETING between Arnold and André was held on the banks of the Hudson after midnight on Sept. 21, 1780 near Haverstraw, N.Y. André had come upriver from New York in a British warship.



MAJOR JOHN ANDRE, 29, drew this self-portrait on the day before he was hanged to show posterity what he looked like. He was a thorough gentleman and soldier but, as a spy, he had to be put to death.



ANDRE'S CAPTORS were Militiamen David Williams, Isaac van Wart and John Paulding. They all lived to become famous, and when they were old men in the early 1800s these life masks were made of them by a man named John Browere for his gallery of famous Americans. Browere also did Jefferson and John Adams.



ANDRE'S HANGING on Oct. 2, 1780 was no triumph. He adjusted the rope himself, took a courteous farewell, and showed the Americans, who regretted their duty, "that an Englishman knows how to die."



ARNOLD'S BOOT is carved on an unmarked monument at Saratoga. The odd memorial indicates that Arnold's leg, in which he was twice wounded in battle, was the only part of him worth calling American.

THERE were honest differences of opinion. Some people thought Lee (*p. 51*) a better commander than Washington. It was honorable to be either a Tory or a patriot—indeed, the Tories had a right to the word "loyalist." Tories who fought on the British side, unless they committed atrocities like the Indian massacres staged by John and Walter Butler, were honorable men. But there were some dishonorable men too. The name of one of them still stands in America as a synonym for traitor—Benedict Arnold.

On September 23, 1780 three American volunteer militiamen near Tarrytown, N.Y. surprised a young man in civilian clothes trying to get through their lines toward New York. They searched him, found some strange papers and turned them over to officers nearby. Those papers were among the most explosive documents in history and told a story that was to make Arnold the most hated man in the nation.

The young man was Major John André, aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, British commander in chief. He had slipped up the Hudson to meet Arnold, who had offered to turn over the fortress at West Point for £10,000. The fortress was the key to the Hudson Valley. Its loss might have cost the Americans the war. As it was, the plot cost the British one life—André's—and gained them one general—Arnold—who escaped capture, fought the rest of the war with the redcoats and later retired to live in England.

There were two reasons for Arnold's treachery. First, having fought brilliantly for the Americans in Canada and at Saratoga, he had got sparse credit. Second, while serving as military commander of Philadelphia (1779–80), he had married a party-loving wife and had run up huge debts. To his mind there was no way out but to wangle command of West Point, which he did, and then to sell out to the enemy. Even though the deal was spiked, Arnold collected more than £6,000—equivalent to $100,000 in modern money.

Although Arnold was the famous villain of the Revolution, he was by no means alone. Edward Bancroft of Massachusetts, secretary to Benjamin Franklin while the latter was engaged in the crucial work of representing the Americans in Paris, regularly sold information to the British and labored hard to undo the trusting Franklin's work. Dr. Benjamin Church, Director of Hospitals of the Army, gave the British information on the disposition of troops. Adjutant William Demont sold the plans to Fort Washington (*p. 45*). Thomas Hickey, of Washington's guard, conspired with 700 men to join the British. Hickey was caught passing counterfeit money, when the Continental dollar was already becoming worthless because of inflation, and when each new fake bill (the British printed them too) made the situation worse.

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"BONHOMME RICHARD" AND "SERAPIS" battle by moonlight in the North Sea. *Richard*, commanded by John Paul Jones, was in such bad shape that the British captain called to Jones and asked him to surrender. Jones then said either "I have not yet begun to fight" or "We have had but a small fight as yet." *Serapis* finally was forced to strike her flag; *Richard* went down two days later.

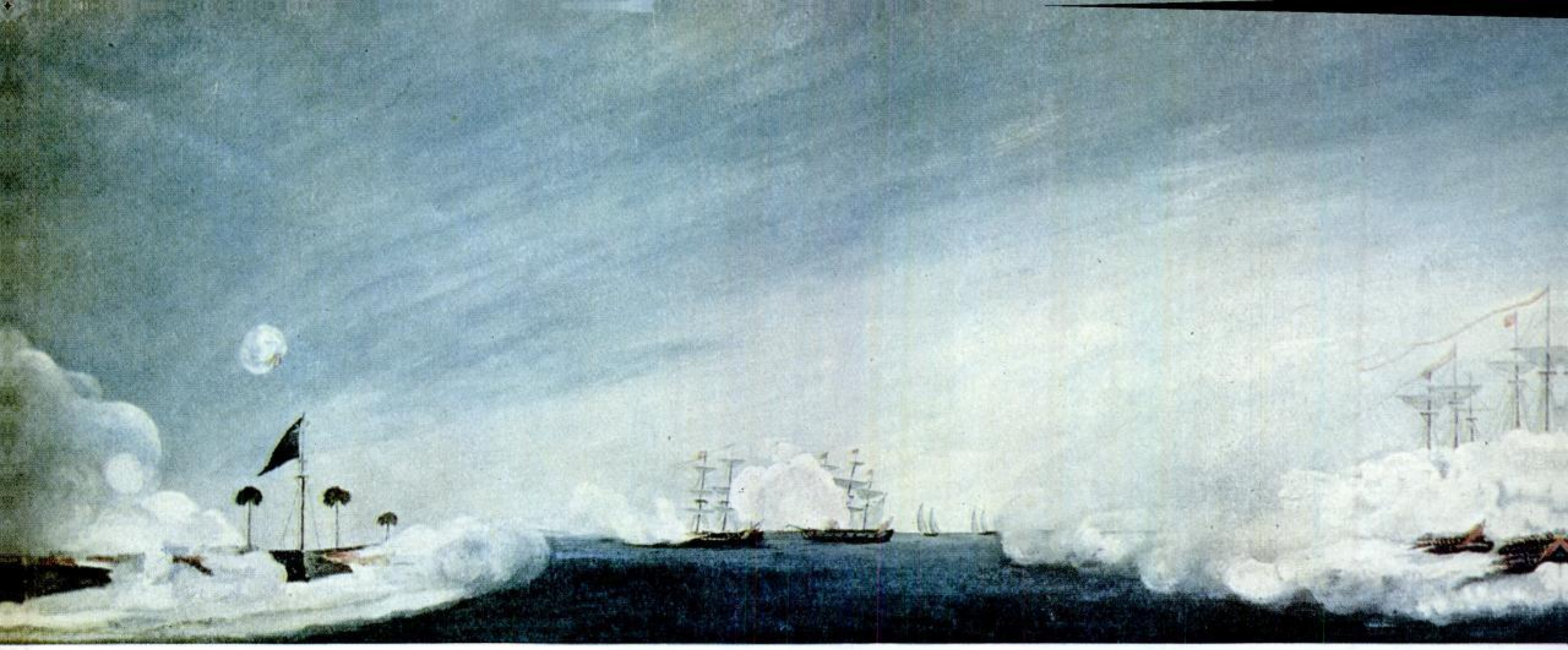
Jones Whips "Serapis" in the North Sea

THE American Navy was created by Congress in 1775 and first commanded by old Esek Hopkins, who looked much like "an angel, only he swore now and then." As navies went, it was not much: a few frigates, some obtained from France, supplemented by a swarm of privateers commanded by pious New Englanders with piratical leanings. But the king's navy was not much either. Shot with graft, it had rotted both figuratively and literally under Lord Sandwich of the Admiralty. It was not strong enough to win the war by blockading the Colonies and it had all it could do to keep its oversea army supplied and reinforced.

Both sides attacked each other's commerce. At this Scotch-American John Paul Jones had no equal. He stormed along the British coast, burned ships in port, once rudely stole the Earl of Selkirk's silverware. But the American war at sea, while colorful, had no great strategic importance.

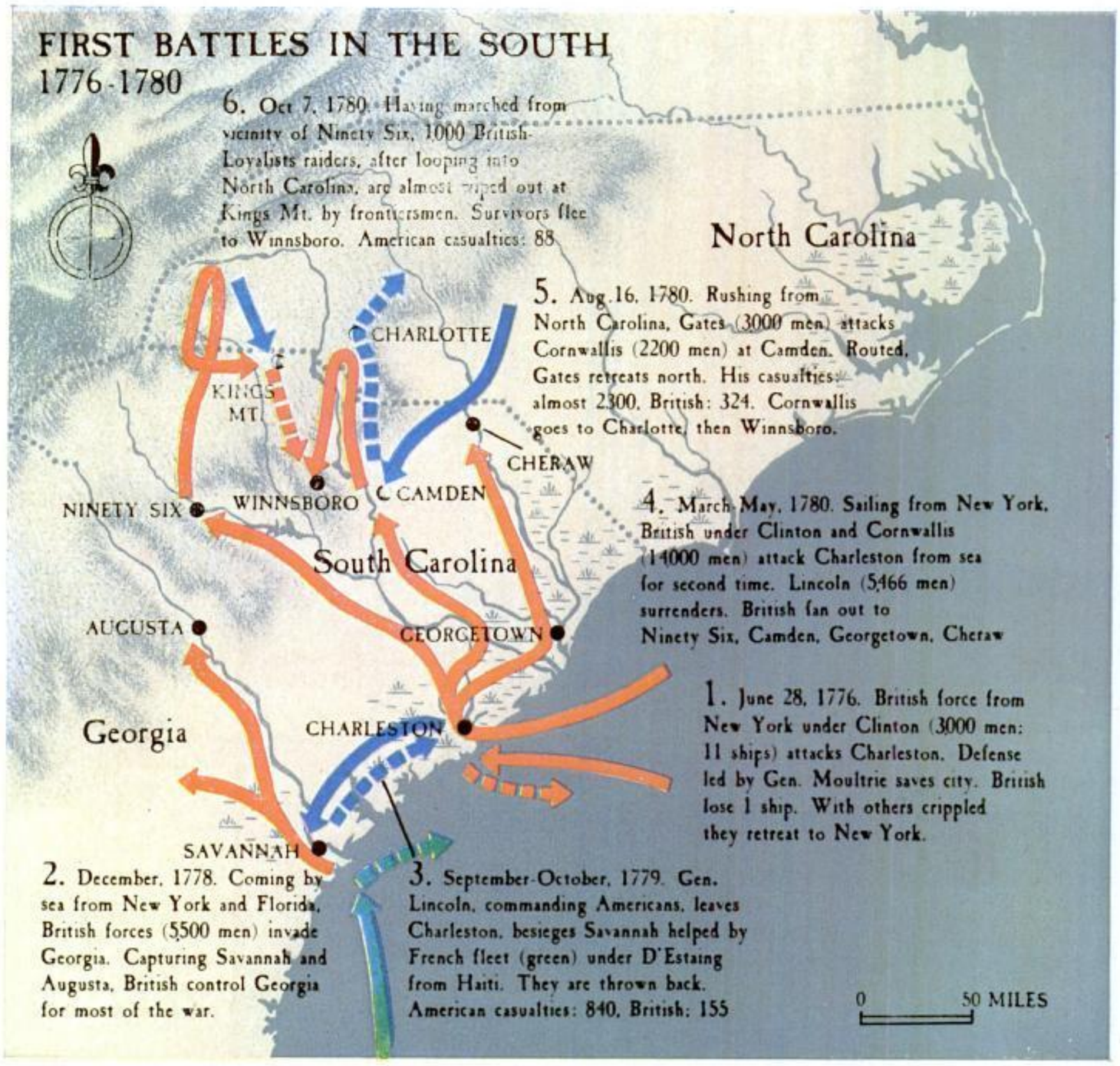
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ATTACK ON FORT MOULTRIE, then called Fort Sullivan, is carried out by British ships in 1776. Most of the balls sank harmlessly in the palmetto logs of which the fort (*left*) was made, and after 10 hours the British abandoned their attempt to take Charleston. Meanwhile 2,000 British troops on a nearby island were bitten by "millions of musketoes, a greater plague than there can be in Hell itself."

British Cut Up the South, Carry the War to Virginia



CONQUEST OF SOUTH CAROLINA by British was accomplished by a drive out of Charleston. To meet the offensive 52-year-old Horatio Gates, who won at Saratoga, was called out of retirement and sent south from his plantation in Virginia. Beaten, he outran his troops and fled some 200 miles in three days which, as Alexander Hamilton said, did "admirable credit to the activity of a man at his time of life."

FOUGHT out in the North, the British late in 1779 turned to the South. They had tapped at Charleston in 1776 but had been beaten by the gunners on Sullivan's Island (Fort Moultrie)—one ball carried away the seat of Sir Peter Parker's pants and, according to an old ballad, "propeled him along on his bumpus." So they had held on to the other major Southern port, Savannah, and concentrated on the North.

But early in 1780 Clinton and Cornwallis slipped past Sullivan's Island in a storm, landed and successfully besieged the city. Thereupon Cornwallis began to drive northward, helped by swarms of Tories. Unlike New England, the deep South contained more Tories than Whigs, and civil war between them was constant and bitter. When he pacified a region and set up a loyalist civilian government, patriots appeared from everywhere to shoot the Tories down.

With these difficulties in his rear, Cornwallis faced worse ones in front. Southern terrain was abominable, full of rivers, swamps and forests. There Cornwallis' cavalryman, Sir Banastre



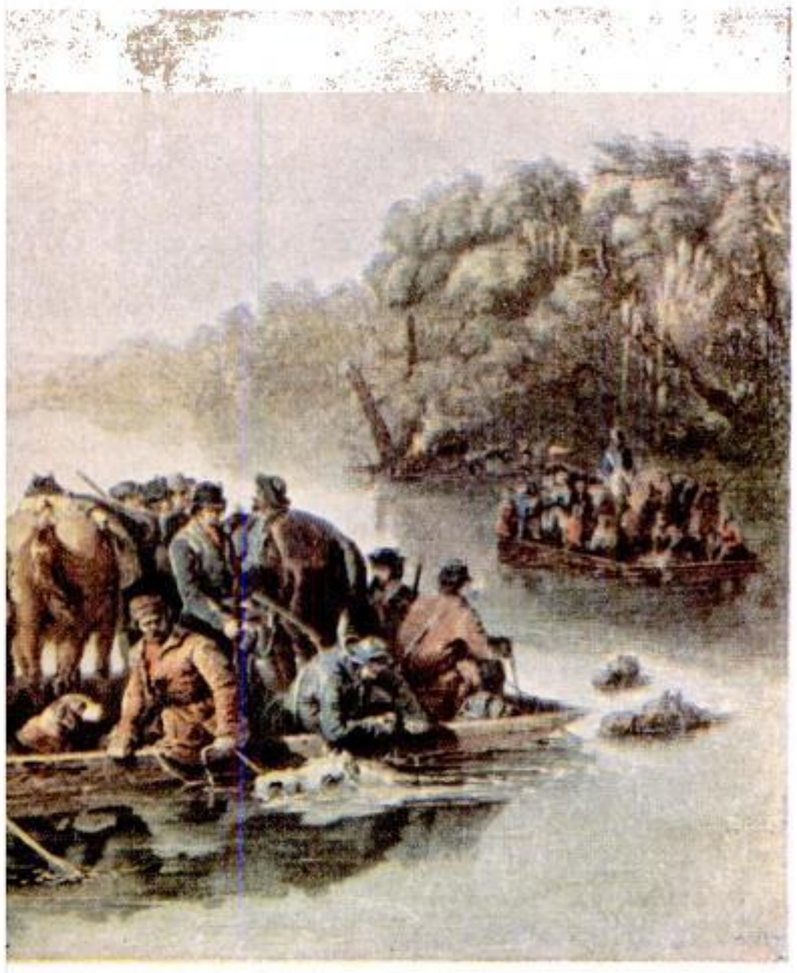
"SWAMP FOX" MARION and his men cross the Pee Dee River in South Carolina during a guerrilla raid against the British. Marion was an extraordinarily skillful soldier whose tactics were far ahead

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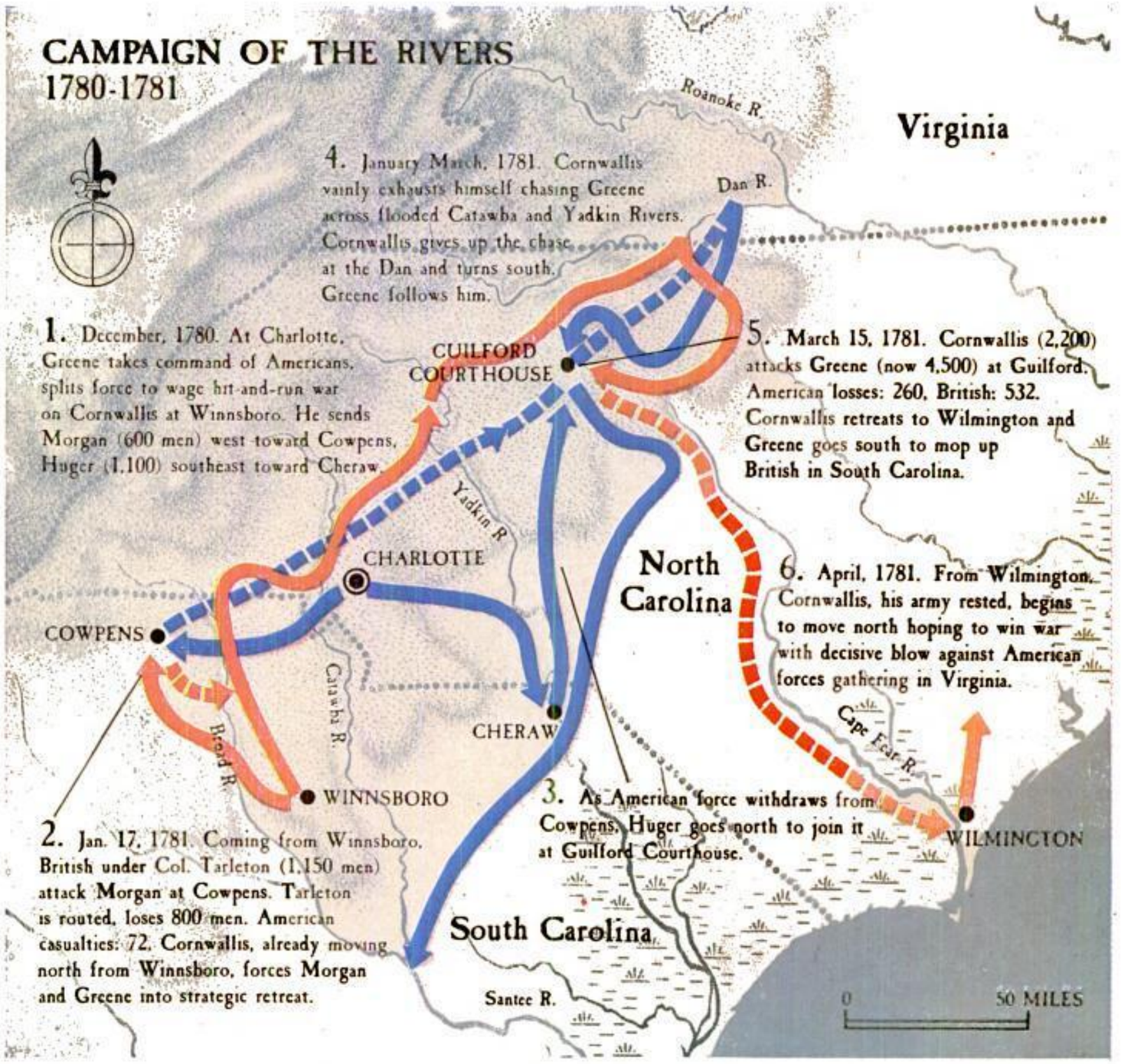


Tarleton, was no match for the brilliant American guerrillas, Thomas Sumter and "Swamp Fox" Francis Marion. Nonetheless Cornwallis demolished an American army under General Gates at Camden, S.C. The Americans struck back successfully at Kings Mountain and later, after a shrewd strategic retreat by General Nathanael Greene, who had replaced Gates, gave Cornwallis a pounding at Guilford Courthouse.

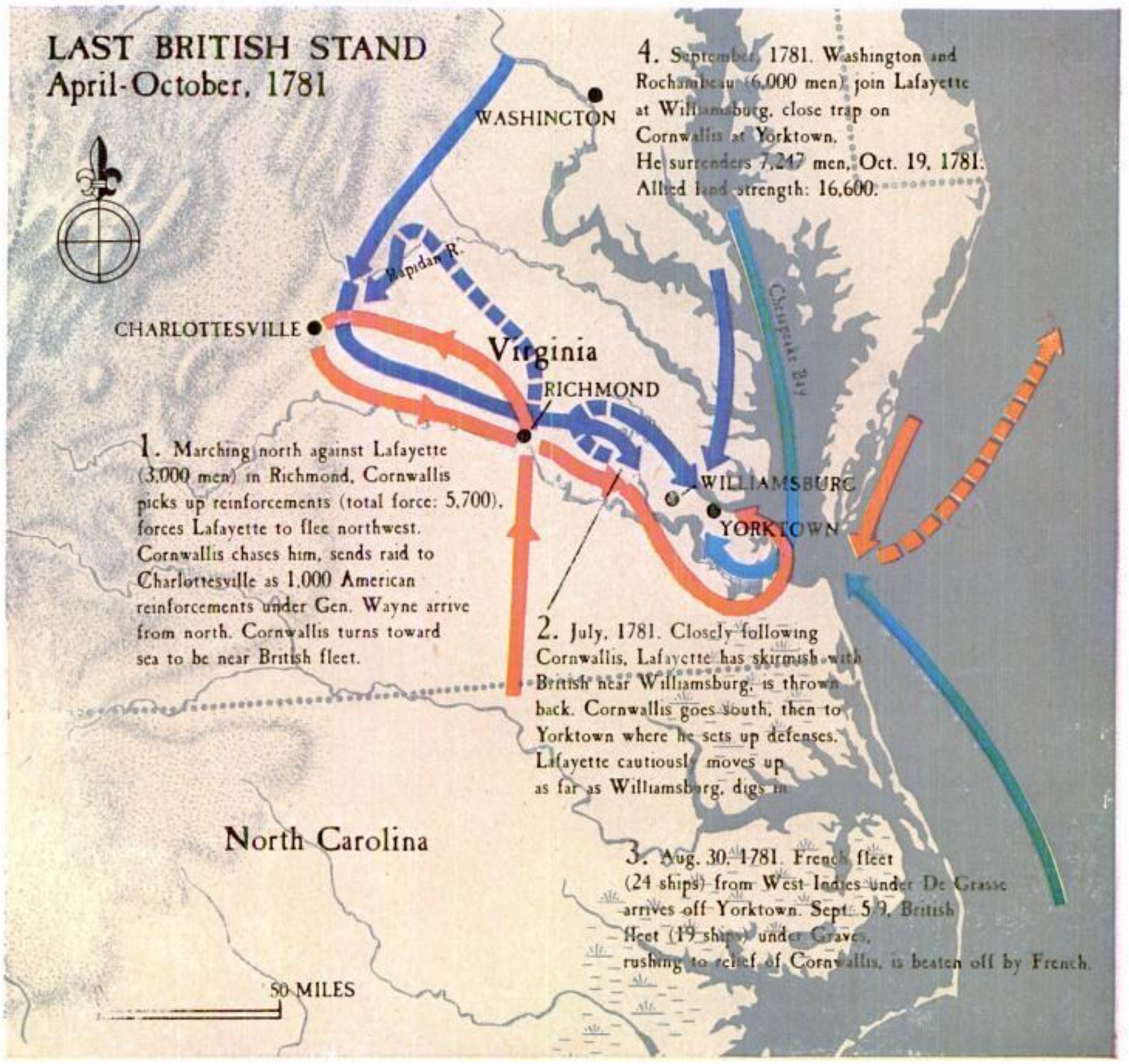
Cornwallis kept his eyes turned northward. In the spring of 1781 he drove into Virginia, chased the rebels out of Richmond, raided Charlottesville and came within an inch of capturing Governor Thomas Jefferson. He mauled Lafayette, who had come down from Washington's headquarters to try to stop him. But Cornwallis, perhaps the best field commander Britain had, was not to be remembered for all that. He was to be remembered because he holed up in late summer at a place called Yorktown, with his back to Chesapeake Bay so that a British fleet could reinforce him. Finally, on Aug. 30, 1781, a fleet came—but it was the French fleet.



of his time. He struck hard and fast out of the wilds and then disappeared, leaving the frustrated British Colonel Tarleton muttering, "... As for this damned **swamp fox, the devil himself could not catch him."**



GREENE CHECKS CORNWALLIS at Guilford Courthouse, after British have chased Americans all the way across North Carolina. It was a British victory. "That sort," said an officer, "which ruins an army." After it, instead of trying to polish each other off, the armies changed places, Greene going to attack British and Tories in the deep South, Cornwallis pushing north via Wilmington into Virginia.



THE GREAT TRAP is set for Cornwallis in Virginia. To make certain that Cornwallis could not slip out of Yorktown before Washington and Rochambeau arrived from New York, the French fleet put 3,000 men ashore to help Lafayette before beating off British fleet (green lines designate French fleets). Some of the French troops who arrived with Washington had marched all the way from Newport, R.I.

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BRITISH SURRENDER was painted by Louis van Blarenberghe from drawings made on the spot. The British (in red) march from right to left between files of French troops (in blue) and Americans, whose backs are toward the viewer. At the upper left some of the British have already begun to lay down their weapons.

The Long Struggle Ends at Yorktown

WHILE Cornwallis backed into the trap at Yorktown, Washington was near New York making plans to attack the city. He was convinced that the decisive battles of the war would be fought there and had already made one vain assault on Manhattan. But Admiral de Grasse and Comte de Rochambeau, commander of the French expeditionary forces, saw the opportunity at Yorktown and finally persuaded the Americans to go there. They began to move, some overland and some in French ships down the Chesapeake. Three weeks later, without a major battle, the war was over.

With the French fleet at his back and outnumbered 2 to 1 by American and French troops in front, Cornwallis wisely decided to surrender. This he did on Oct. 19, 1781. For the second time in the war an entire British army was lost at one stroke: 7,247 men, 144 cannon, 6,658 muskets, 457

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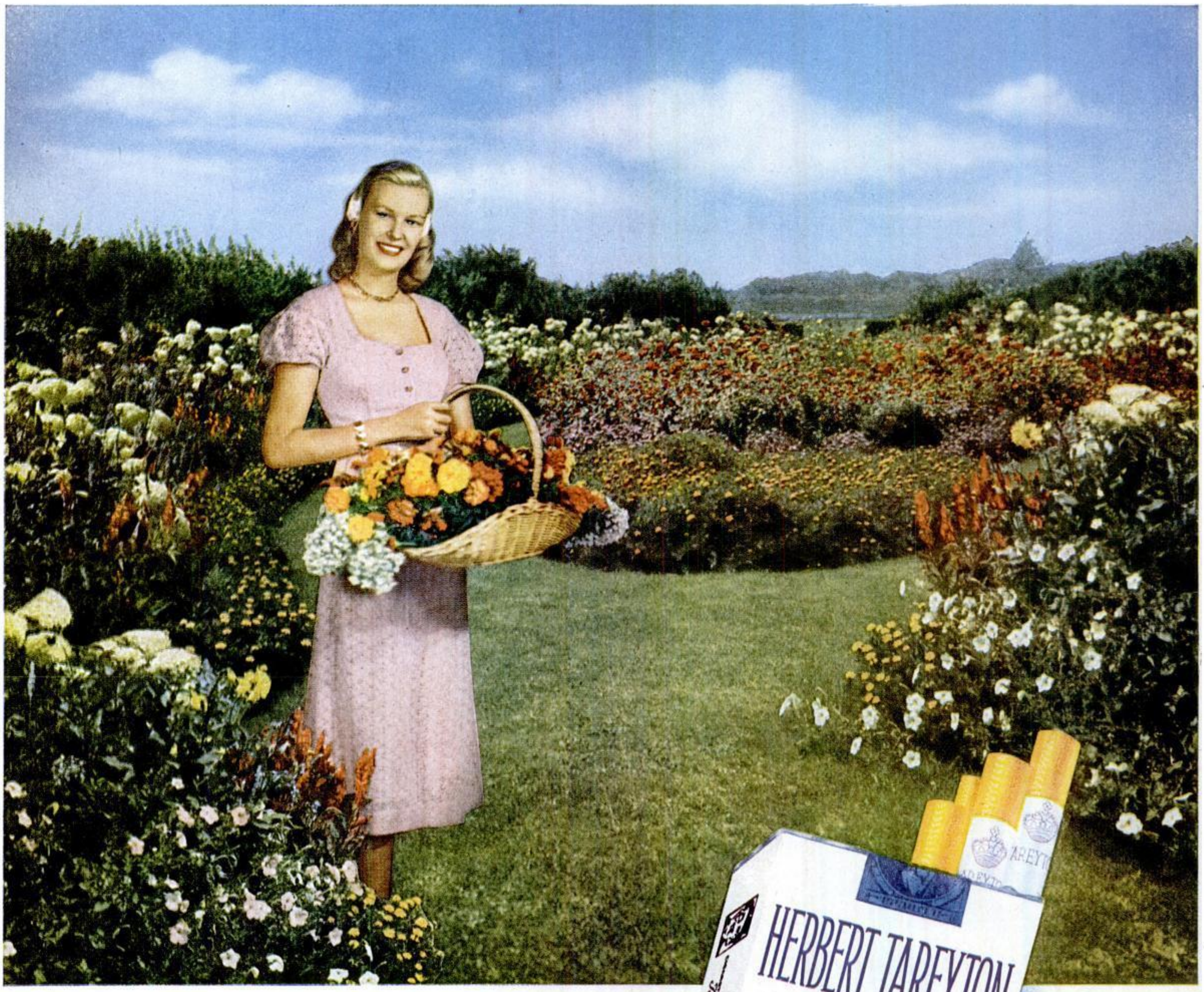


horses, 30 transports, 15 galleys, quantities of supplies and $11,000 in cash. Other British troops still remained in the Colonies—Clinton had 16,000 at New York—but there was to be no more fighting on the continent. It took two years to get the peace treaty written and signed, but by that time (Sept. 3, 1783) the war was fast becoming a memory to the young republic, a memory to be enlarged upon and embroidered through the years.

Like all memories of victory, it soon became 100% good. Washington became the infallible general who never made a mistake. The Tories and the profiteers, the cowards and opportunists were forgotten, and the Continental Army and militia became the stout troops who never retreated. Thus when other wars came, there were unpleasant shocks. In 1812, when the British returned to burn the city of Washington, people cried that the frightened American troops were a sad comedown from their fathers. In 1861, when the Federals ran like chickens at Manassas, people said they were scarcely a shadow of their grandfathers. In 1942, when the Germans kicked the Americans around the hills of North Africa, people said that they bore no resemblance to their great-great-grandfathers. But the truth is that they were all of one piece, humanly scared, basically unmilitaristic, prone to quit and go home—but at the last moment capable of rising to heights that can make a strong man weep with pride. After the shameful defeats came victories that no one thought the Americans could win. After the failures and the routs, there rose up again in every corner of this broad land the hardy souls who fought at Trenton, Princeton and Saratoga, who made and still make the U.S. a proud nation, and very rough to provoke.

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DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. OAKLEY RHINELANDER, beautiful young society hostess. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Rhinelander says: "When I entertain, I always need extra cartons of Herbert Tareytons."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give . . . the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

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CROSS ON TOP OF CROWN WAS ACCIDENTALLY BENT CENTURIES AGO

A PRISONER FOR A CROWN

Red Hungary offers to swap Vogeler for famous Christian treasure

Out of Vienna last week word came that Communist Hungary had made to the U.S. an arrogant and unprecedented proposal. It would release Robert A. Vogeler, American telephone executive whom it imprisoned as a spy, in exchange for the following ransom: reopening of two Hungarian consulates in the U.S.; lifting of the ban on U.S. travel in Hungary; the return of war-captured Hungarian relics including the Holy Crown of Hungary (*above*), one of the most prized treasures in all Christendom. Most of all, Hungarian Communists want the crown, a symbol of Hungarian nationalism. It was given by Pope Sylvester II to Hungary's devout king, St. Stephen, for having converted his pagan nobles to Christianity. The lower band, edged with pearls, was a later gift from a Byzantine emperor. In the center of the crown is an enameled portrait of Christ, while on the band, from which hang rubies on gold chains, disciples and archangels are interspersed with uncut precious stones.



VOGELER (*left*) listens with Red guard to charges at trial in Budapest, February 1949.

By the end of last week the U.S. State Department had not announced what its answer would be. No one knew if Robert Vogeler was aware of the magnitude of the ransom demanded for his freedom.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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the New Shape is the news



New-shape loose-cut blouses —news because they're exaggeratedly full and roomy. Designed to make new slim-straight skirts look slimmer by contrast..

The new-shape Modess box—news because it, too, is designed for a clever purpose. It's shaped like so many *other* kinds of boxes—you'd never guess it holds Modess when you see it wrapped! Another tactful feature—boxes are pre-wrapped before they even reach your store.

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior and Super Modess sizes.



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IT'S EASY TO **WORM YOUR DOG RIGHT!**



You just can't worm your dog wrong, with PULVEX Combination Treatment Worm Capsules . . . the only capsules made that expel ALL common worms your dog might have (hook, round [ascarids], tape). At drug, pet and department stores—only 50c.

One of 25 Quality Pulvex Dog Remedies **PULVEX WORM CAPSULES**

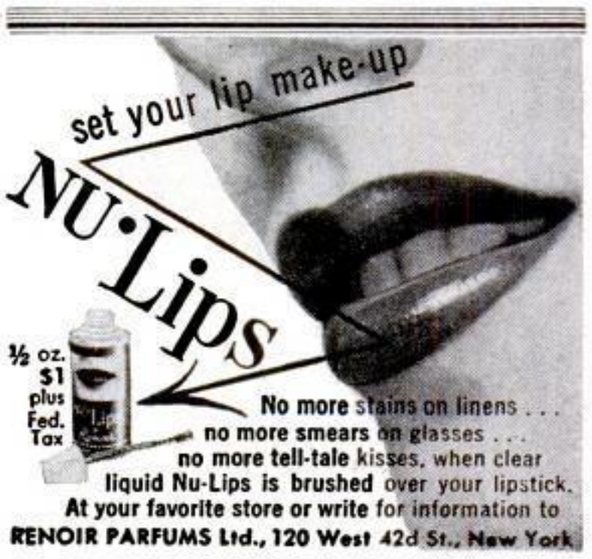
MAJORITY VOTE

more than half the

nation reads

LIFE

in the course of 13 weeks.



Crown Jewels CONTINUED

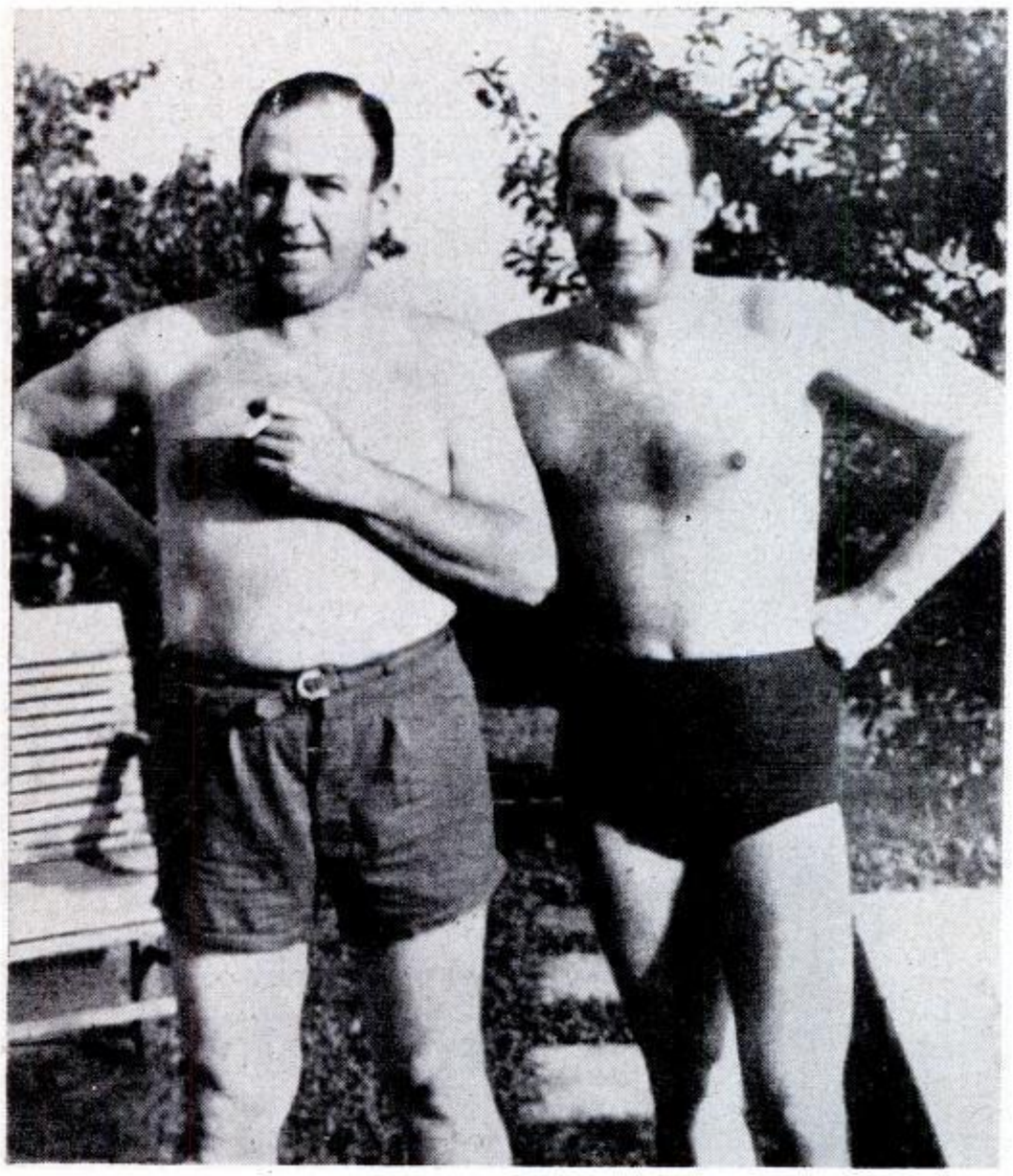


HUNGARIAN COLONEL PAJTAS, charged by Hungary to keep crown safe in Germany at end of war, stands behind chest which he used as dummy hiding place in Augsburg. Actually he kept crown buried underground in a gasoline drum. In July 1945 he turned it over to the U.S. forces in Germany.



VOGELER'S WIFE, at a Viennese telegraph office after her husband had been arrested last November, sends a wire to President Truman asking for

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VOGELER AND FRIEND, Captain Eugene S. Karpe (*left*), U.S. naval attaché in Romania, pose on beach shortly before Vogeler was arrested. Later Karpe met a mysterious death in a tunnel near Salzburg, his body crushed under the wheels of the Arlberg-Orient Express, on which he had been traveling.



help in securing his release. Her sister stands at her left. The current negotiations over the Hungarian ransom proposal have been in progress for a month.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



This Tom Collins leads the parade

Cassia from China . . .
Valencia peel from Spain . . .
Juniper from Italy . . .
To these *vintage-year* botanicals, the world's finest . . .
Add American grain spirits
and Hiram Walker's 92 years distilling skill . . .
There you have a great gin
that puts your gin drinks out in front every time.

HIRAM
WALKER'S Distilled London Dry **GIN**

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American Grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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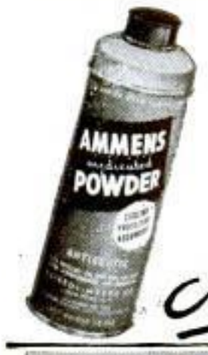
SUNBURN?



Get SOOTHING RELIEF with this MEDICATED Powder!

For sunburn discomfort, sprinkle on cooling Ammens Powder right away!

For Ammens contains *three* famous medicinal ingredients—gives *3-way* medicated skin care: **(1)** It soothes, relieves and helps heal irritated skin. **(2)** Its extra softness protects and cushions sore skin, and so promotes healing. **(3)** Its extra fluffy texture gives cooling relief. For real *medicated* skin care, ask for genuine Ammens Medicated Powder by name at any drug counter today.



FREE trial size can. Write today to Dept. L-701, Bristol-Myers Co., Hillside, N. J. (*Offer limited to U.S.A.*)

AMMENS *Medicated* Powder





THE LAST TIME the crown was worn, Charles IV was photographed in it (*above*) on Dec. 30, 1916 at his coronation as Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Two years later, at end of World War I, he went into exile. Hungary then became a republic and St. Stephen's crown rested in Budapest palace.

RELIEVES HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS PAIN

FAST



Here's Why . . . Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients that are specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

NEW MINTS Medically Proven Quickly RID STOMACH of GAS

Do you ever suffer stomach gas, heartburn, from acid indigestion? Get amazing new BiSoDoL Mints for fast relief. Safe, gentle. BiSoDoL Mints give longer-lasting relief than baking soda—yes, hours of relief. Refreshing, minty flavor sweetens sour mouth, stomach. So relieve heartburn, upset stomach, from too much food, drink, smoking. Sleep all night long when acid indigestion strikes. Carry new BiSoDoL Mints for fast relief—anywhere, anytime. 10¢.

BiSoDoL—*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

NO MORE NUISANCE • NO MORE WORRY

ADD WATER ONLY ONCE A YEAR

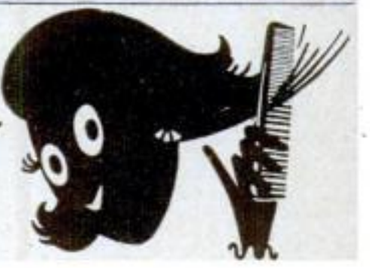


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Guaranteed in writing . . . 36 months or 36,000 miles!

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Caress your tresses with



®ACE HARD RUBBER COMBS

so smooth · so durable

PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

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SUN BATHING! So nice today —so painful tomorrow. Don't take chances. Smooth on cool, soothing Noxzema right away. A standard sunburn treatment at so many famous American beaches—25,000,000 cases of sunburn have been successfully relieved with *greaseless* Noxzema.

Don't fool with SUNBURN!

Get cooling soothing NOXZEMA!



America's largest selling sunburn preparation

1. ***It's MEDICATED! Helps heal fiery sunburned skin!***
2. ***Brings cool heavenly relief —often in 3 seconds!***
3. ***GREASELESS...doesn't stain clothes. Smooth it on, dress right afterwards!***

Sunburn is no trifling matter—so don't experiment! Get cool soothing relief with medicated Noxzema. Remember—it's greaseless—doesn't stain clothing or bed linen. Noxzema's marvelous medicated formula has made it more widely used than all other sunburn preparations combined. Get a jar of dainty snow-white Noxzema today.



Beach-tested by lifeguards at many famous beaches! G. "Dusty" Hinnant, Captain, Virginia Beach, Va., says—"We've used Noxzema here for years. It brings *fast* relief and helps heal even the most severe cases of sunburn."

Many wonderful uses. Try Noxzema on your hands and face, your arms, shoulders, legs to help your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Use it for windburn, chafing, minor insect bites and other externally-caused skin irritations.



At all drug and cosmetic counters. 40¢, 60¢, $1.00 plus tax.

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LARRY HUGHES, World's Target Archery Champion, Says:

"For that smoother taste—

just ask for...



FINEST BEER SERVED...*ANYWHERE!*"





LARRY HUGHES—makes the three-way "experts" test with a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon.



Larry's eyes are pleased by the creamy head—the brilliant amber color.



Larry's nose is teased by the delicate and inviting fragrance of finest malt and hops.

Larry's taste agrees Pabst Blue Ribbon has that smoother taste no other beer can touch.

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UNDER ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT PHOSPHOR GLOWS LESS BRIGHTLY ON MAN'S LEFT HAND THAN ON RIGHT, WHICH IS COOLER BECAUSE TOURNIQUET STOPS CIRCULATION

VISIBLE HEAT

Color changes of glowing powders reveal temperature differences

Because they cannot see heat, industrial scientists have no simple means of making quick surveys of the subtle variations in temperature which can show how efficiently their complex machines are operating. Soon, however, with some luminescent powders synthesized at Kodak Research Laboratories, they may see at a glance what parts of a ship turbine become hottest, what faults occur in boiler insulation, whether movie film in hot projectors is evenly cooled and where air friction is greatest on a plane wing. The powders are special types of varicolored phosphors which glow with different intensities depending on the amount of heat they absorb. When coated on a cool object they shine brightly. As the object gets warmer, they darken. They are so sensitive that their color change can reveal a fraction of a degree difference in temperature between the two human hands shown above.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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What is fresh orange juice?

It's the kind you buy only in this round package.

It is pure, untouched, as nature made it.

It gives you all the fragrance and flavor,

all the vitamins and health nature put into it.

There is no substitute for fresh orange juice.

Sunkist *California Oranges*

BEST FOR JUICE—AND EVERY USE





"Only the *best* oranges from these trees are shipped *fresh*"...

says Walter D. Emery, CALIFORNIA SUNKIST GROWER. "Yes, only the *very* best oranges...picked when tree-ripe, carefully washed and packed...are rushed *fresh* to your dealer. It just stands to reason that *fresh* orange juice is the finest of all."

Serve your family *fresh* orange juice *every day*. Ask for Sunkist Oranges or one of the other good grades—shipped by the 14,500 California and Arizona Sunkist growers.



FOR QUICK, EASY FRUIT JUICING, *see the Juicit extractor, approved by Sunkist, at department stores or electrical shops.*

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If your skin can't take the sun—

NEW SUN ALLERGY CREAM

PREVENTS BURNING, BLISTERING, AND TANNING



● If you shun the sun because your skin can't take it—here's the product you've been waiting for! It's new Skolex Sun Allergy Cream, an exclusive formula made especially for those whose skins are extra-sensitive to the sun's rays.

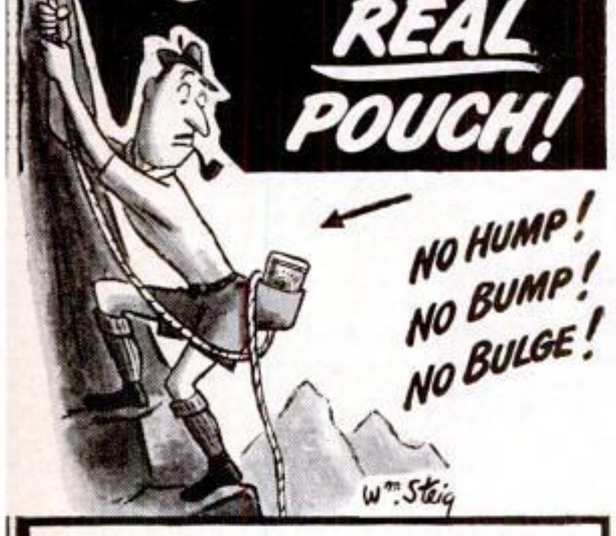
NOT A SUNTAN PREPARATION

● Skolex is many times more effective than suntan products. It is virtually impenetrable to the ultra-violet rays of the sun. Therefore it protects from burning and blistering even those whose skins are extra-sensitive. Skolex is easy to use and pleasant to apply. Ask your druggist for a tube today. Enjoy your place in the sun tomorrow.

SKOLEX

SUN ALLERGY CREAM

ONLY Edgeworth comes in a REAL POUCH!



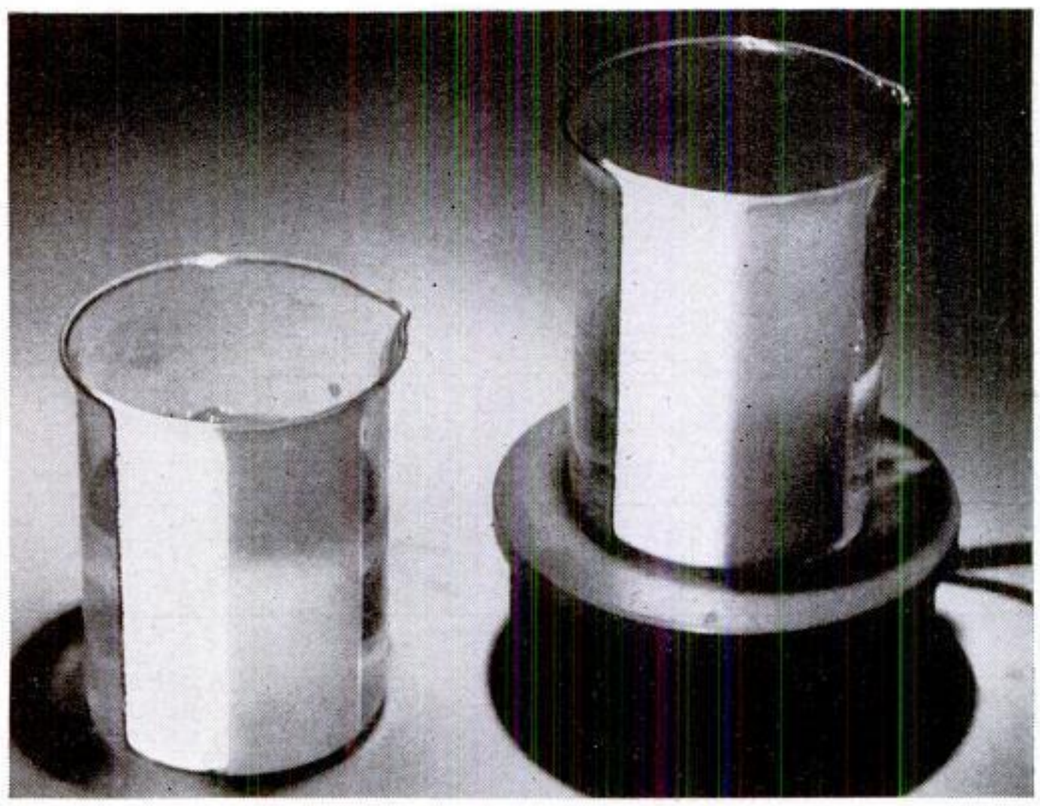
● Fits snug in your pocket—like a handkerchief

● Preserves that famous Edgeworth flavor

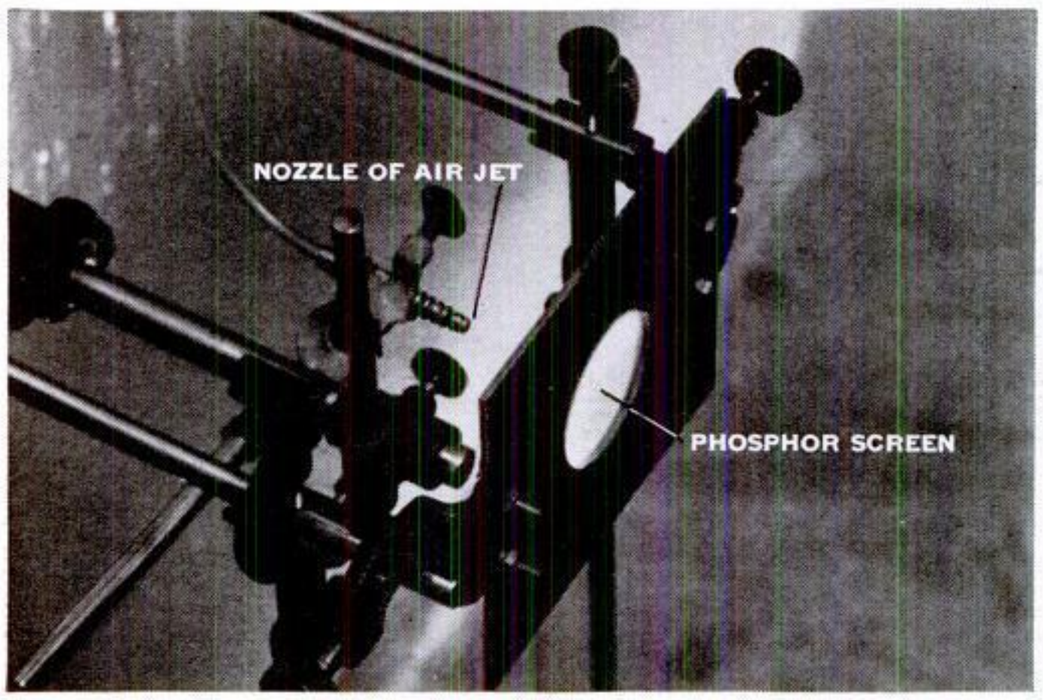
Enjoy today's super-mild Edgeworth



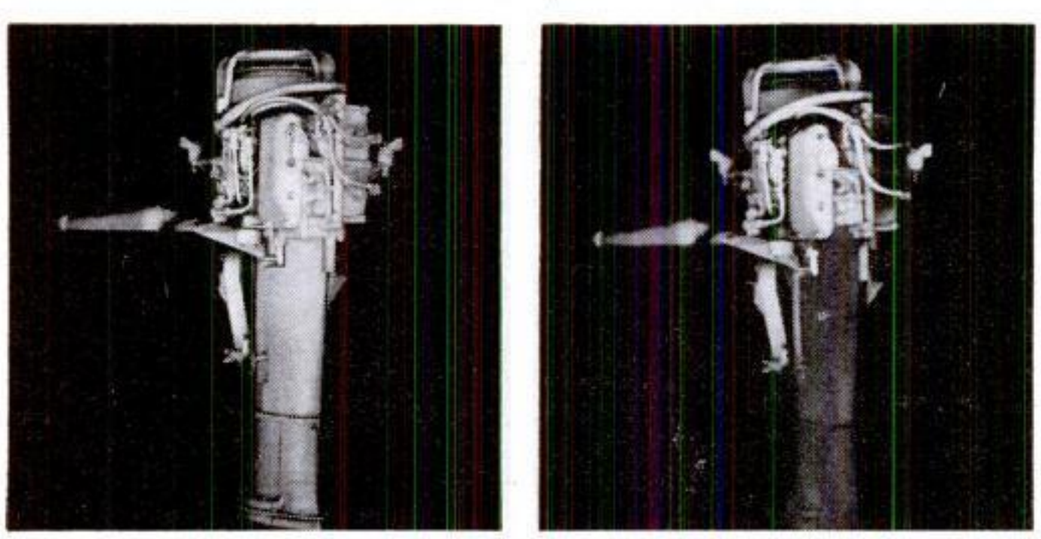
Visible Heat CONTINUED



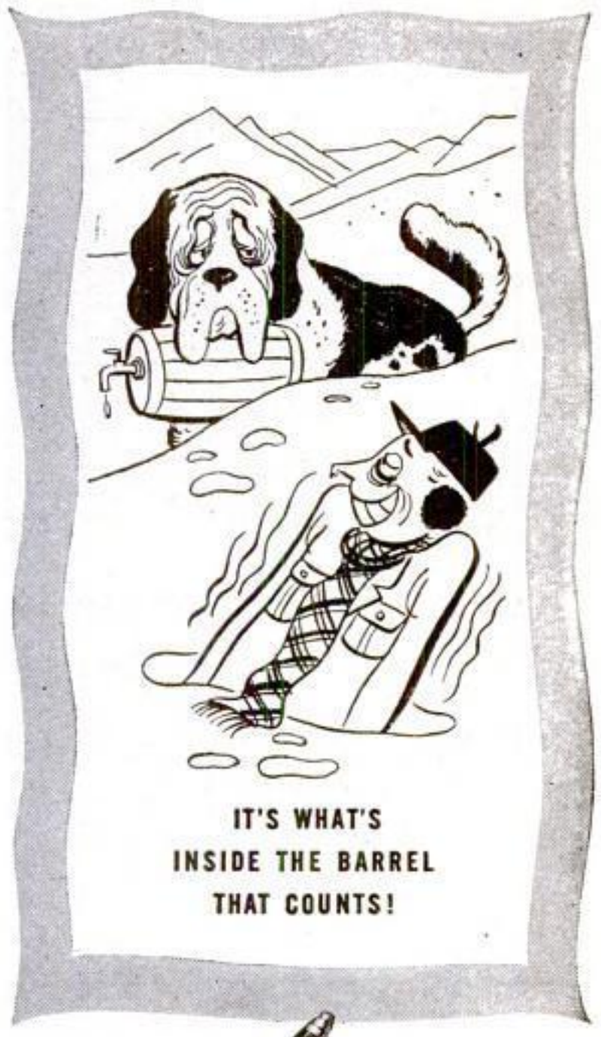
DIFFERENCE IN PHOSPHORS is revealed when beakers of ice water (*left*) and boiling water (*right*) are painted with strips of ordinary phosphor (left side of beakers) and heat-sensitive phosphor (right side). The latter darkens where air is warmer than the ice water and where hot water is warmer than air.



EFFECT OF AIR IMPACT is shown when a jet of air is played on a phosphor screen (*upper picture*). With the nozzle 1½ inches from the screen the force of the jet makes a central hot spot, and expanding air forms a cool light halo (*lower left*). With the jet closer to the screen (*right*) air turbulence is set up which heats the spokelike dark areas. Tests of this type can be made to study the intensity of heat created by the wind on various sections of airplane wings.



ENGINE EFFICIENCY is studied under ultraviolet light by putting phosphor coat on outboard motor, shown here before (*left*) and during (*right*) a run. Exhaust and cylinder head get darkest, indicating that they are hottest. Use of phosphors for heat detection has been developed by Dr. Franz Urbach.





This precision-made cartridge assures dependable B·B pen performance... every time.

Yes, you not only get jewelry-styled beauty when you buy a B·B. You write with the pen that *won't skip, scratch, clog or blot!*

Over 40 million people write with

The B·B pen 98¢

TODAY'S GREATEST PEN VALUE



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It's the *heart* of your B·B pen. Ink supply good to last drop. Available everywhere. Only 49¢.

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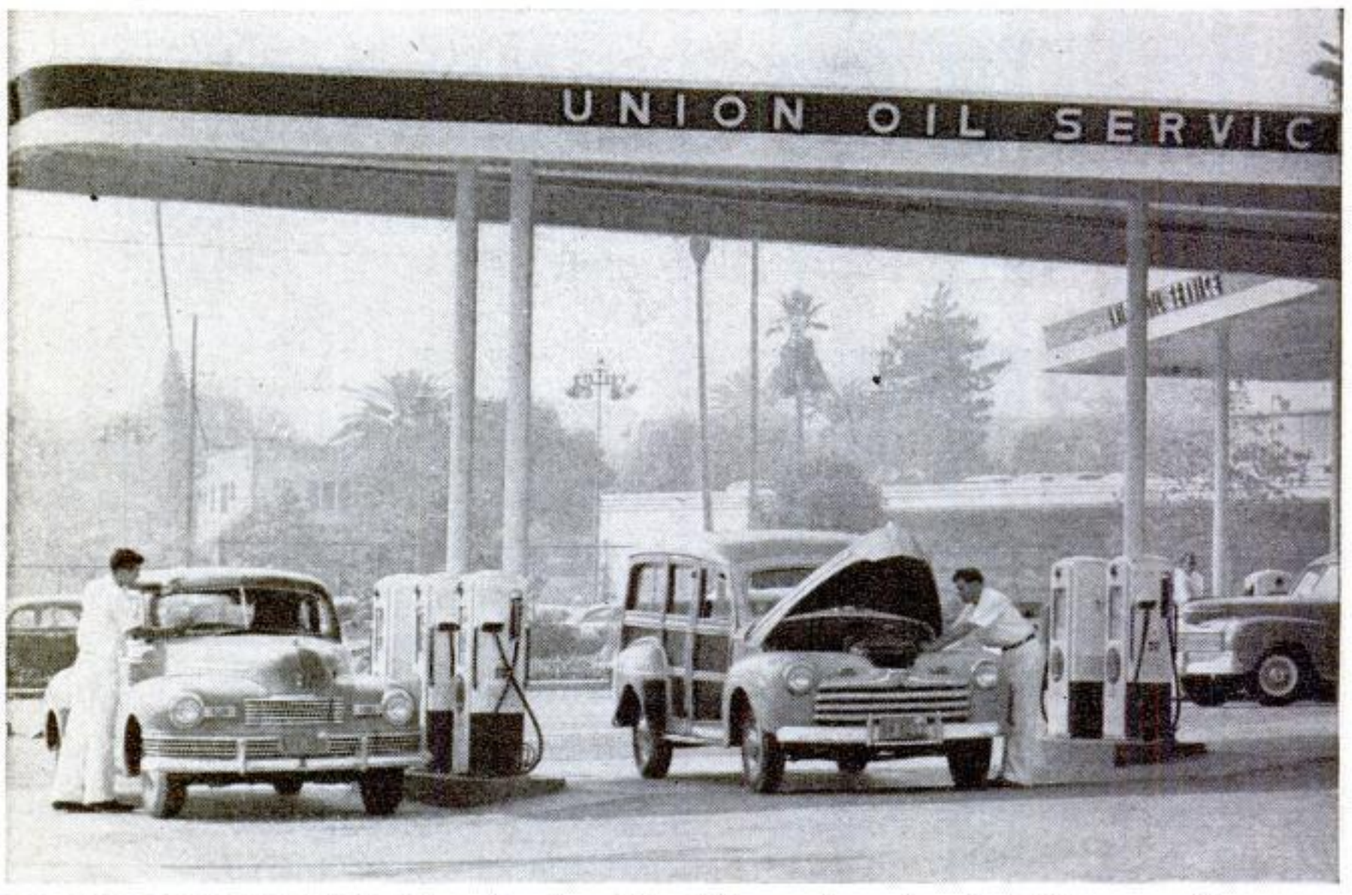
(Advertisement)



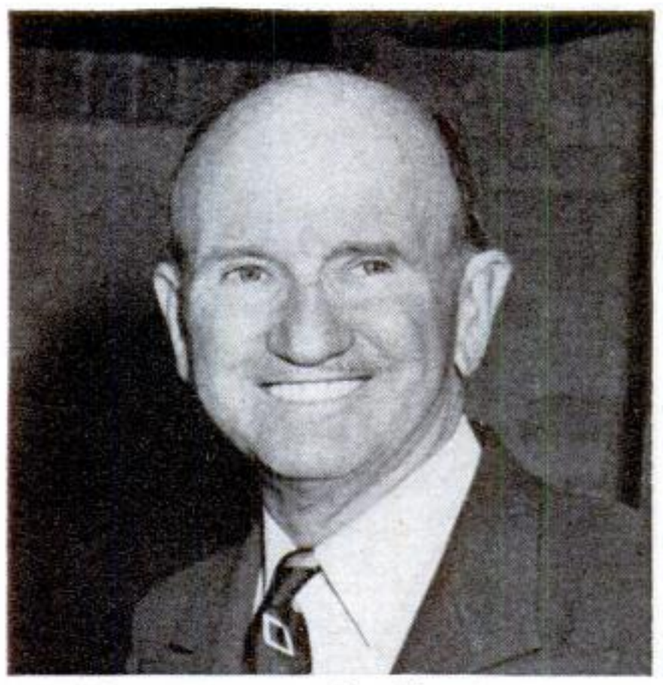
IN THE GRUELING ROAD TEST, supervised by outside engineering authority, four new cars—Cadillac, Lincoln, Chrysler and Packard—were driven 30,000 continuous miles up and down the Pacific Coast. Crankcases were sealed and the oil was never drained!



AT THE END OF THE RUN the engines were examined and found to be in top condition. When the crankcases were cut open the oil showed no more deterioration than ordinary non-compounded oils show after 1,000 miles! No overhaul work was needed.



NO AVERAGE MOTORIST is going to subject his car to such a test. However, if you are particular about the care your car receives, Royal Triton does offer the greatest possible engine protection—regardless of your established drain interval.



Earl Cooper, famous racing driver, led the run.

NEW PURPLE OIL SETS AMAZING RECORD

Test cars run 30,000 miles without oil change

The first oil specifically designed for today's precision-built cars is a unique new purple oil that has come out of the West. Called Royal Triton, this oil has broken all records for quality in a rugged endurance run led by Earl Cooper, the famous racing driver.

Now the sensation of the West Coast, Royal Triton is made from the highest quality, 100% paraffin-base stocks blended with a combination of powerful compounds found in no other motor oil. These exclusive compounds gave Royal Triton its distinctive purple color.

This great purple oil is now available in many areas throughout the United States. If your dealer doesn't carry Royal Triton, ask him to stock it for you.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles 17, California



ROYAL TRITON • AMERICA'S FINEST MOTOR OIL

45¢ PER QUART

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PEARL McLAIN'S FACE IS BRIEFLY SPOTLIGHTED AS SHE EMOTES DURING CROWD SCENE WHICH GIVES HER FIRST AND ONLY CHANCE TO APPEAR IN A MOVIE

PEARL'S BIG MOMENT

Movie-struck waitress in Arizona gets a second of glory on the screen

The big news in Phoenix, Ariz. a few weeks back was that a movie company was coming to town to make a film, *The Sound of Fury*, and wanted townspeople as extras. No heart beat higher at the news than that of Pearl McLain, a 24-year-old unemployed waitress, whose waking life since childhood has largely been a daydream of becoming a star. She is a steady moviegoer (up to seven times a week), and friends always tell her she looks like Marlene Dietrich—though others say no, more like Lauren Bacall. When she comes home she stands in front of a mirror and copies the make-up of the leading woman. She likes her films gruesome but hates unhappy endings: "Gosh, they don't hardly seem right. They're too much like real life."

Real life for Pearl has meant an unsuccessful marriage, bringing up two children, drudging and dreaming. A ray of glamour came in when she won a minor prize in a national beauty contest (*right*). This led nowhere, but when Pearl heard about *Sound of Fury* it seemed the herald of a new life. For two days, while she was one of 500 extras, she kept maneuvering herself into positions where someone important would notice her and offer her a movie career. But no one did. The movie-makers went back to Hollywood and left Pearl just where they found her.



ROSETTE AND RIBBON were reward for choice as Miss Stardust of Arizona by brassiere manufacturer who was holding 1949 national beauty contest.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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You're missing lots of fun with your dog, if you haven't discovered how easy it is to keep him feeling tops with safe, fast-acting Sergeant's Dog Care Products. There's one for nearly every canine trouble — worms, poor condition, fleas, ticks, itching, ear ailments — and grooming too. Approved by consulting veterinarians. Famed for 75 years. At drug or pet store.

FREE: Leading volume on how to feed, train, care for your dog—Sergeant's Dog Book. At drug or pet store—or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Virginia.



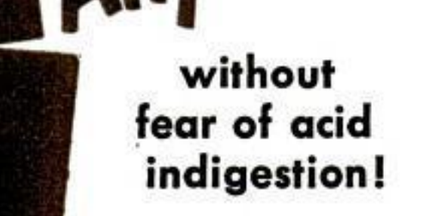
Sergeant's* dog care products

* ® Polk Miller Products Corp.

TUMS let you Travel Anywhere

without fear of acid indigestion!

• Don't let acid indigestion spoil your fun. On short trips, long trips... by plane, train, ship or car... have Tums handy. Tums neutralize excess acid almost instantly—you feel better fast. Nothing to mix—you can take Tums wherever you are, and get incredibly fast relief from heartburn, gas, acid indigestion. Buy the big $1.00 box today...save money, and always have Tums handy when you need them.



for the tummy

NEED A LAXATIVE TOO?
Try a 25¢ Box
Nature's Remedy
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

GET THE TAN



WITHOUT THE BURN

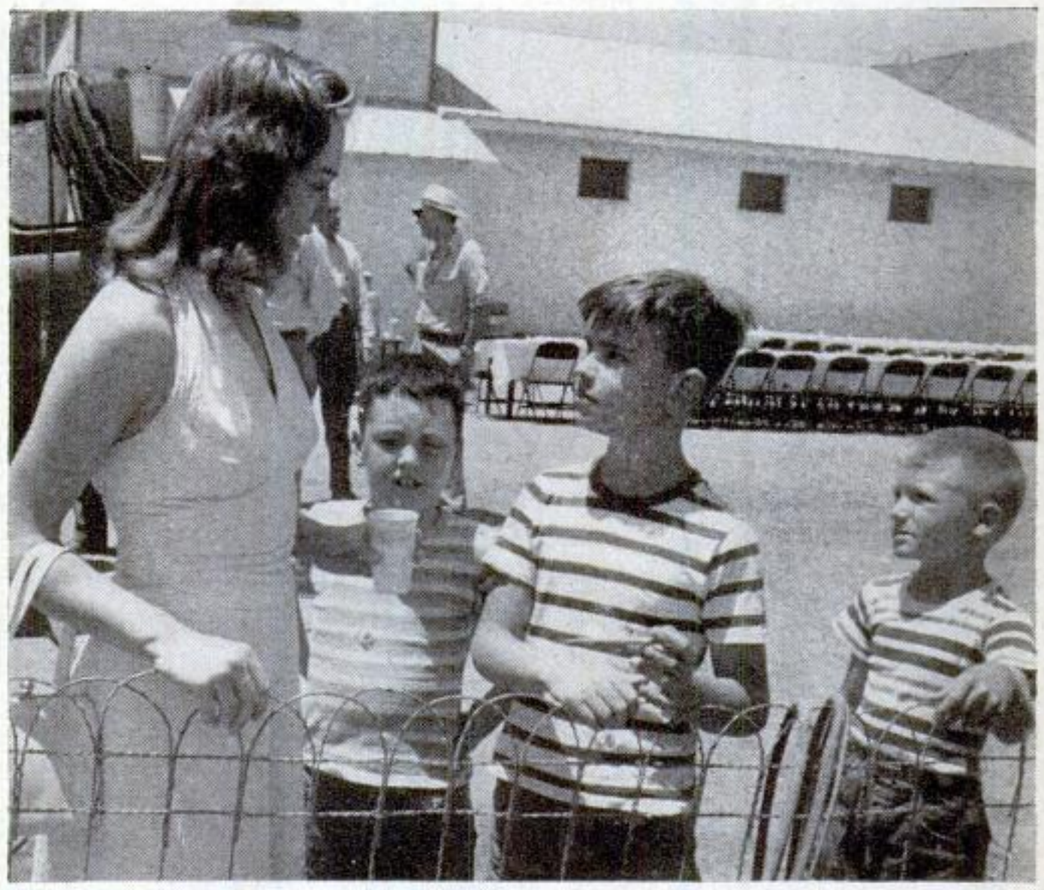
Don't let an agonizing sunburn spoil your vacation. **GABY** lets you tan smoothly, beautifully!



Gaby
GREASELESS
SUNTAN LOTION
America's Favorite, available in Canada.



IN HOTEL LOBBY, where Pearl sat one evening to attract attention of any movie man who might be passing, she is finally noticed by a still photographer.



APPROACHED BY YOUNG FANS during production, Pearl is asked for her autograph. Youngsters assumed from her attitude that she must be a star.



AT THE AIRPORT Pearl waits forlornly outside airport gate while movie company boards plane for Hollywood. She kept freshening her make-up till

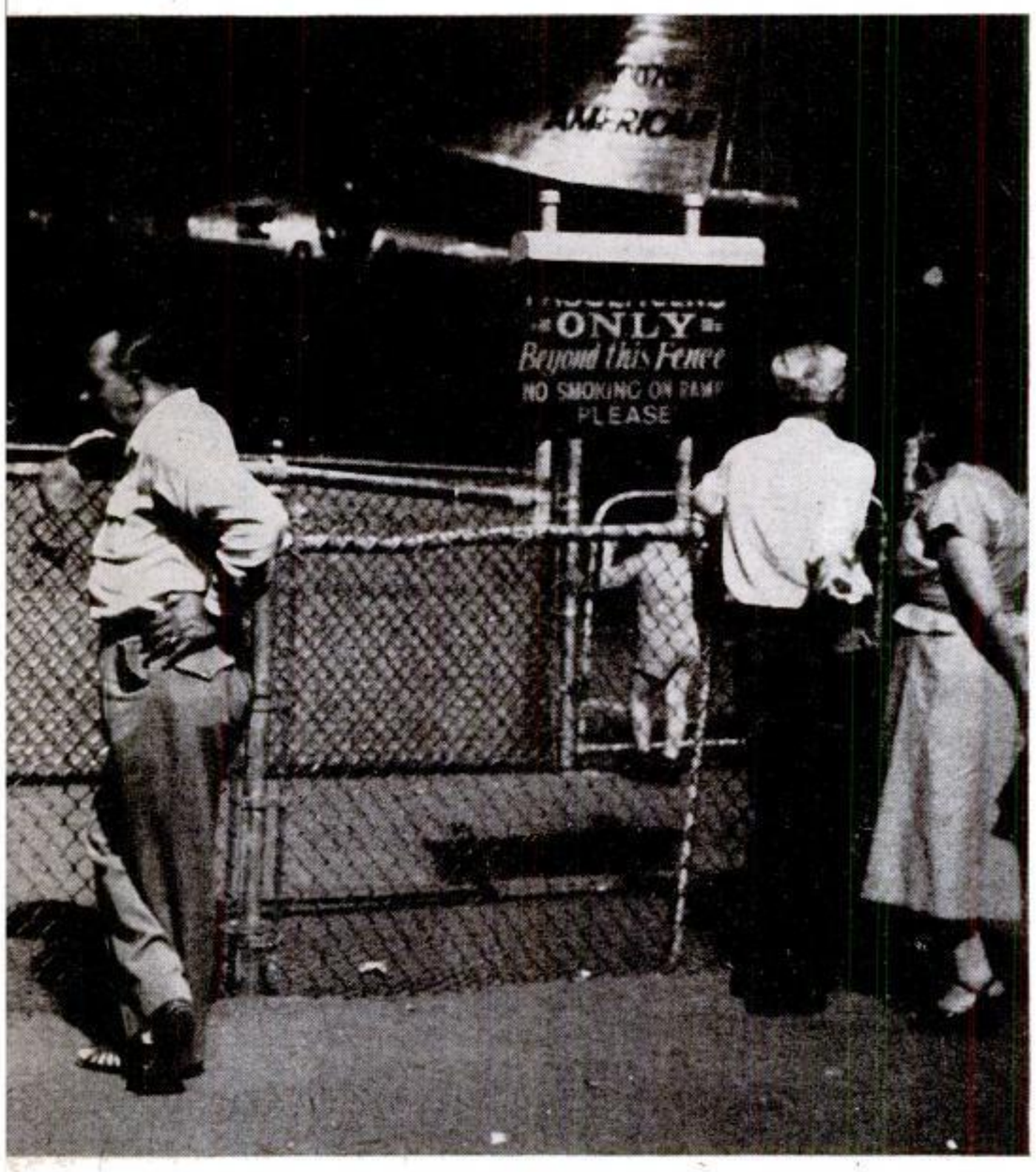
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AT HOME Pearl gesticulates fiercely at mirror while she gets in some rehearsing for tomorrow's mob scene in front of her children, Brenda, 7, Johnny, 5.



MEETING BIG SHOTS, Star Frank Lovejoy and Producer Robert Stillman, Pearl gets polite greeting but nothing more. Photographer introduced them.



the last one had gone by and she finally knew no one was going to offer her a magnificent job in the land of her dreams. She got $25 for two days' work.

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I Wear False Teeth

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool

No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



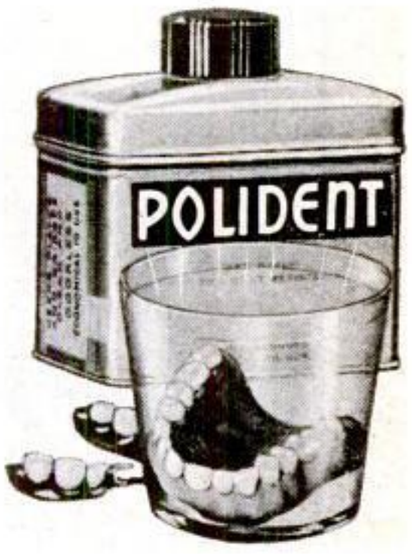
*"I know that dental plates that feel hot and sticky are a warning sign . . . so I soak my plate in Polident to avoid Denture Breath."

Mrs. C. W. A., Dayton, Ohio

WHEN plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for "Denture Breath", the oral disturbance that comes from improper cleansing. False teeth need the care of a special denture cleanser —POLIDENT. Safe, easy, quick, Polident leaves your plates feeling clean, cool and fresh. No fear of offensive "Denture Breath".

And remember, Polident keeps your false teeth more natural looking—free from offensive odor, too. For a smile that sparkles, for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh—soak your plates in Polident every day.

Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drugstores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.



NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

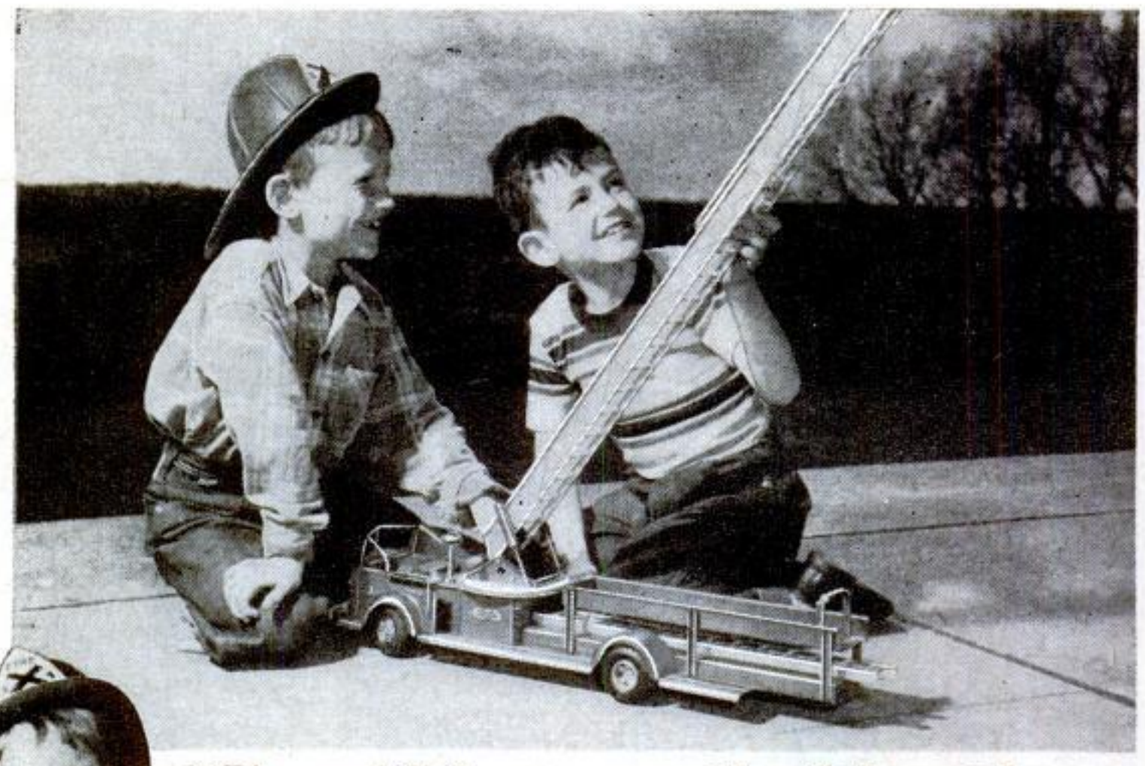


Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

POLI·GRIP

Made and guaranteed by **POLIDENT**

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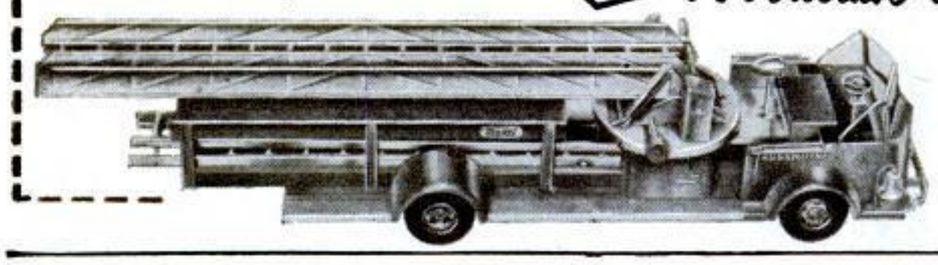
"Gee! It's exactly like the big one at the firehouse"

WHAT A THRILL—racing to make-believe fires with this new Model Fire Engine! It's the only authorized working model of the American-LaFrance Aerial Ladder.

Towering 42-inch aerial ladder raises and extends mechanically, swings in complete circle. Wind-up siren. Two extra ladders. Steerable front wheels with knee action. Famous-make heavy rubber tires. Sturdy welded steel and aluminum construction. Fire-engine red finish with stainless steel trim.

Model TOYS ...outlast others 3 to 1

Fair Trade Price—$14.95
11 Western States—15.75
Wherever fine toys are sold!



Complete catalogue free on request to:
The CHAS. WM. DOEPKE Mfg. Co. Inc.
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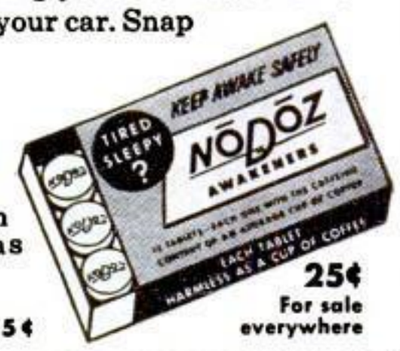


DRIVE SAFELY THIS WEEKEND
TAKE ALONG NŌDŌZ AWAKENERS!

Don't fall asleep at the wheel, risking your life and others! Keep handy NoDoz Awakeners in your car. Snap you alert quickly and safely.

YOUR DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU

that a NoDoz Awakener contains nothing but caffeine—the alerting agent of coffee. Each tablet is as effective and as harmless as a cup of coffee.



Big Economy Size, 60 tablets 75¢

25¢ For sale everywhere

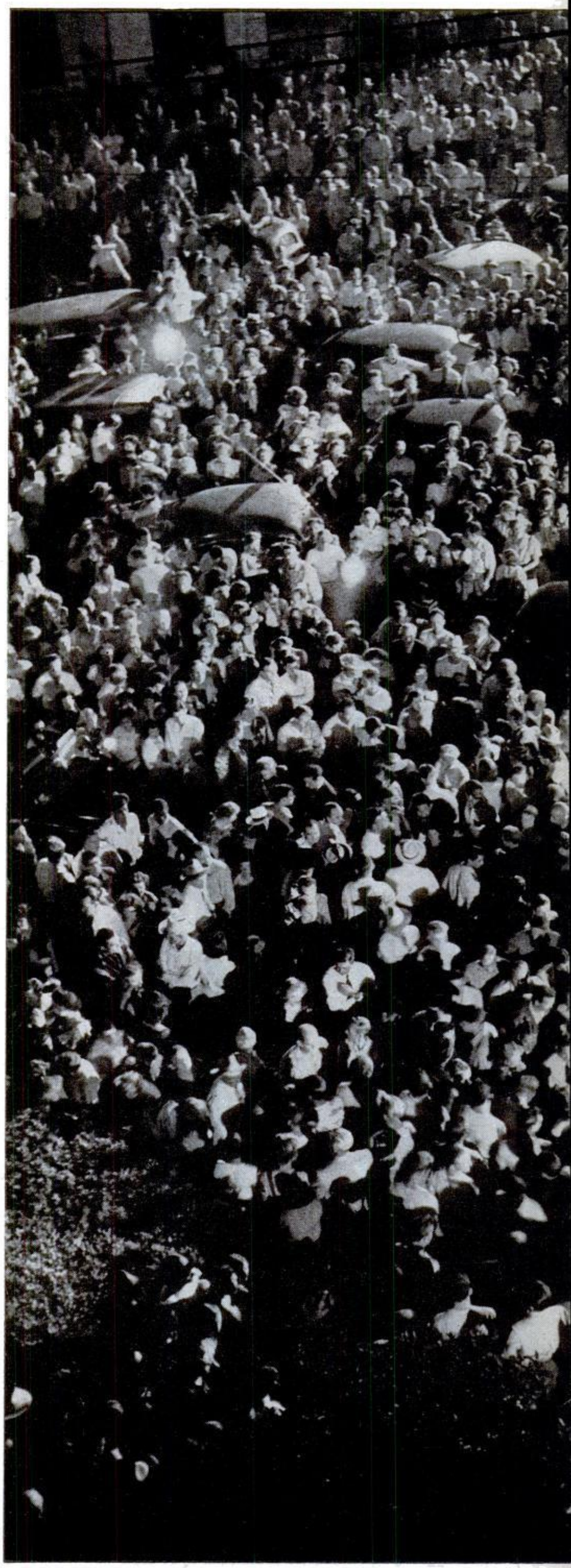
HAIR GETTING THIN?
THEN
GROOM IT WITH KREML

TO AVOID THAT GREASY LOOK-
KEEP SCALP MORE HYGIENIC!



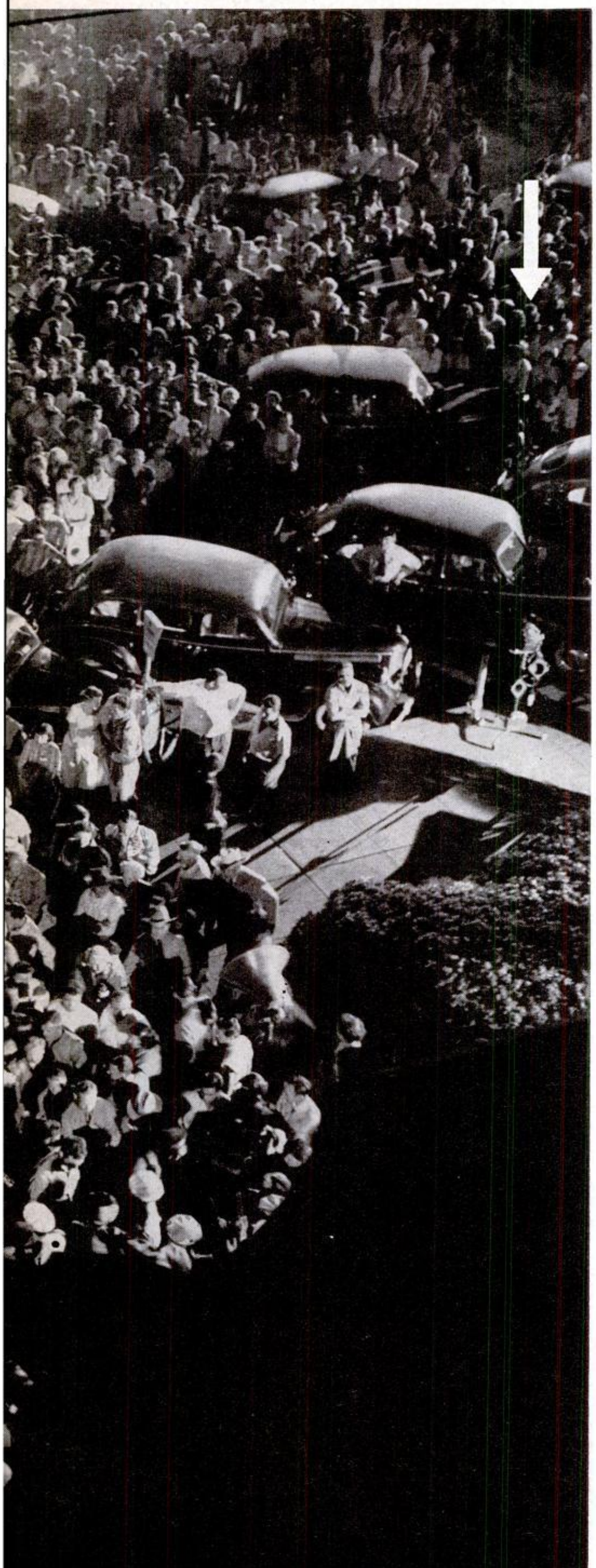
There's nothing better than Kreml to neatly groom thinning hair or sparse locks. Kreml doesn't look the least bit greasy, sticky or gooey. No dirt-catching film shows through on the scalp. Kreml always keeps hair and scalp looking and feeling *so clean*. AND SO VERY IMPORTANT—Kreml removes dandruff flakes (more noticeable with sparse hair); it lubricates a dry scalp, giving it a delightful tingle. Change to Kreml today.

KREML *Hair Tonic*



PEARL'S SCENE comes when she appears (*arrow*) as part of lynching mob outside the courthouse. In the final version of *Sound of Fury*, her face can be

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made out distinctly in 23 frames of film, which last 23/24ths of a second on the screen. Then another extra's head comes between the camera and Pearl.

3 SMART ANGLES!



CHOOSE THE ONE
WHISKEY THAT GIVES YOU ALL 3

Every drop
90 PROOF
rich, robust, delicious!

CHOICE QUALITY
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1. A TOOLMAKER FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS is the record of Walter Griffith, who made parts for the first car built by Alexander Winton in 1895 in a Cleveland bicycle factory. With a background including work on White Steamer and Peerless automobiles and an association with Horace and John Dodge, Griffith got a job with Ford Motor Company in 1920. From that time until his retirement on Dec. 29, 1949, he worked daily at his bench in Ford's immense tool and die room, the largest in the world. Above, he checks the measurement of a camshaft.

WHAT'S GOING ON AT FORD...

AFTER 30 YEARS— A SECURE OLD AGE

Another "Ford First" benefits oldest living auto mechanic

On April 1, 1950 thousands of Ford old-timers, who have retired since last July after years of service, received their first pension checks under the new pension plan which Ford set up last year.

Industry observers see the Ford retirement plan as a progressive step in a program of employee benefits which recalls the famous $5-a-day wage of years ago, the 8-hour day, and the 5-day week. All were pioneered in the automobile industry by Ford Motor Company.

The pension supplements U. S. Social Security benefits, calls for the payment of millions of dollars annually into the pension fund.

Ford estimates that about 5,000 Ford, Lincoln, and Mercury employees have met old age and service requirements for a pension. More than 1,100 are already taking advantage of the plan. Other employees who are now over the required retirement age will be given an adjustment period to get their affairs in shape before going on their pension. Those who meet the age requirement of 65 years, and have a record of 30 years of service, retire with the full $100 a month which includes Social Security benefits. Workers with less service at 65 can retire at a scaled-down pension.

One of the retired Ford men who is sleeping late these mornings is 80-year-old Walter Griffith, whose claim that he was the oldest on-the-job automotive mechanic in the United States before he left Ford Motor Company last December, never has been challenged. Mr. Griffith is happy in the well-earned security which Ford has provided him, in his freedom from dependence on his children. Over the years, Ford has studied many plans for giving loyal workers security in their old age, has adopted the one that promises to work the best.

This program is a part of "the Ford idea" since it benefits the employees, Ford Motor Company, and the public alike.

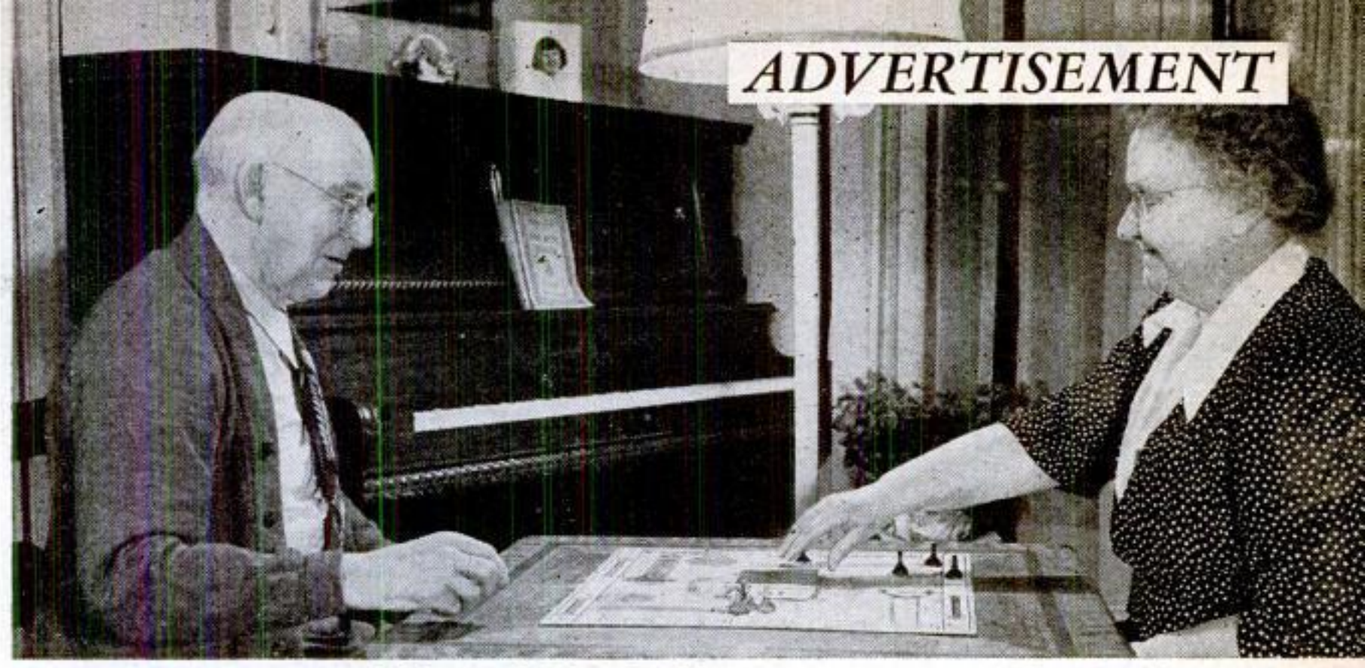


2. WITH SECURITY AND INDEPENDENCE in his future, Griffith made plans to retire in September, 1949, when he read an announcement in the "Rouge News," one of the Ford employee publications. This news story explained the pension for retiring Ford, Lincoln, and Mercury workers. The report assured him that he would have an adequate monthly income for the rest of his life.

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3. PUNCHING OUT FOR THE LAST TIME, Griffith said good-bye to his co-workers on the afternoon of Dec. 29, 1949. A member of the Automobile Old-Timers, he participated in the 1946 Golden Jubilee along with the late Henry Ford, Barney Oldfield, and Frank Duryea. At that time the voices of all four were recorded and will be played at a special ceremony in another fifty years.



4. RELAXING AT HOME, Walter and Edna Griffith enjoy a quiet game. Mrs. Griffith, six years younger than her husband, is enthusiastic about quilting and crocheting. The Griffiths have celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. They own their own home in Dearborn, Michigan, located not too far from the homes of three of their four grown children. Both have an active interest in church work and clubs.



5. THE GREAT PYRAMID is one of Mr. Griffith's hobbies. He has often lectured on this famous Egyptian monument. But lecturing is only one of Griffith's away-from-work activities. A member of several historical societies, he is the author of many articles about Detroit's early days. During his years at Ford, he has been featured often in newspaper and radio interviews.



6. EVERY SUNDAY MORNING Walter Griffith teaches the "Whosoever" Bible Class at Dearborn's First Baptist Church. Always a churchgoer, he has taught Bible classes for 50 years. Griffith attributes his good health to the fact that he is "always busy and interested in everything." His Ford Motor Company pension plus his wife's own Social Security benefits enable the Griffiths to enjoy all activities they knew when he worked.



7. "DID YOU REALLY HELP BUILD IT, GRANDPA?" Nancy, Bonnie, and June Kendeigh, three of Mr. Griffith's 12 grandchildren, ask him when he takes them to see an old Winton automobile, now a museum piece. He delights to tell them stories about famous automotive men he knew in his youth. Most of the old-timers are gone now. But Walter Griffith, very alert, very much alive, and happy, looks forward to years of pleasure in a secure and independent home made possible largely through the regular income provided by Ford Motor Company. About his pension he says, "It makes life wonderful."

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About Next Week's LIFE

IN the reconstructed 12th Century abbey of Boquen in an isolated part of lonely Brittany there lives and works a man named Dom Alexis. Fourteen years ago Dom Alexis was living the cloistered, well-ordered life of a Benedictine monk. But he felt the call to go to Boquen, to rebuild the ruined abbey there and to establish a life dedicated to contemplation and to the kind of spiritual renewal the peoples of Europe lacked. So he left his own monastery and, alone and penniless, set out on his mission.

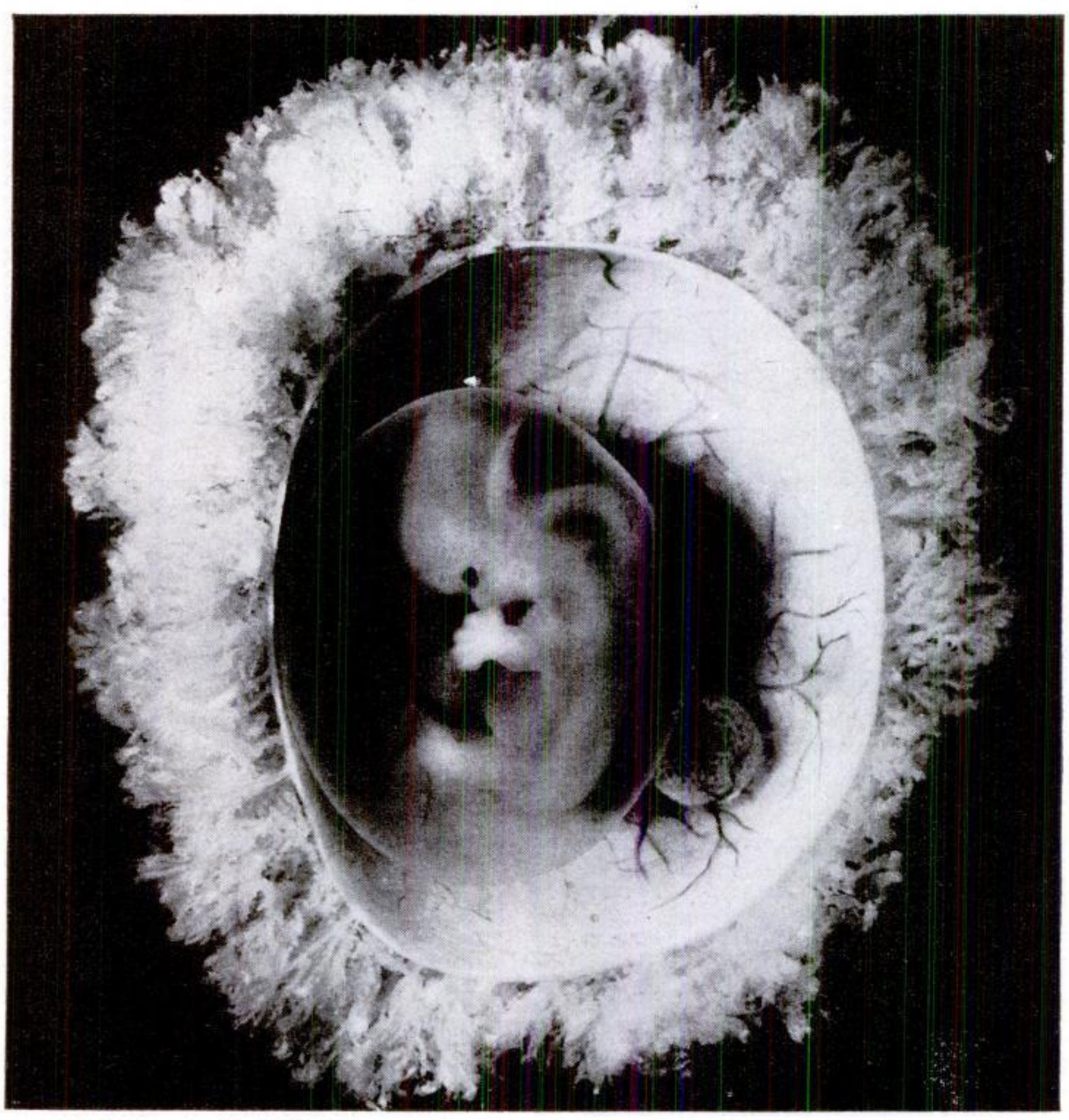
Dom Alexis succeeded so well that today people of all faiths and some with no faith at all are being drawn to the abbey he rebuilt and the way of life he established there. The story of Dom Alexis and his monastery will be told in LIFE next week by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. It is the story of a man's triumph and of the hope his triumph holds for others.

Mrs. Lindbergh's road to Dom Alexis led through the war-ravaged countries of Europe, where she was traveling and trying to discover what new streams of thought might be found among the youth of these countries. From many talks with individuals and groups she learned that men were searching once more for an ideal, "the old sense of brotherhood." She found this ideal crystallized in an unlikely place—the monastery at Boquen. So she sought out Dom Alexis with many questions in mind.

What, she wanted to know, did Dom Alexis think of the new thought streams flowing amid the ruins of Europe? What kind of people came to him from the outside world for help, and what kind of help did they hope to find? How was a man to live what he believed? How could the teachings of a Dom Alexis be extended to the rest of the world?

Dom Alexis answered these questions for Mrs. Lindbergh, and in LIFE next week she includes his answers, along with her own searching and sensitive account of a man and his mission.

ANDREW HEISKELL, *Publisher*



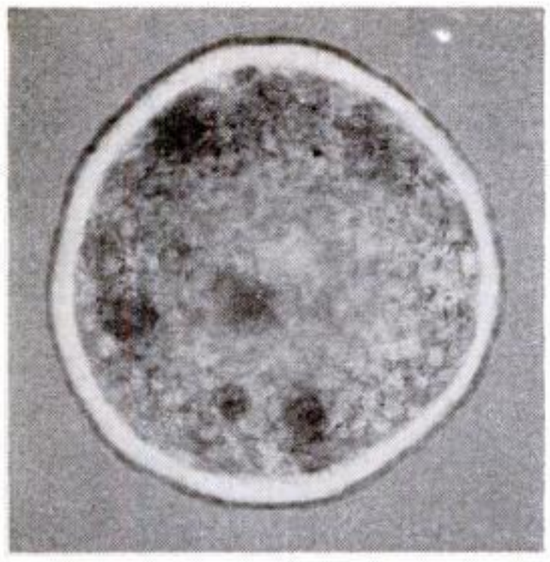
40-DAY EMBRYO LIES IN WATERY SAC, SURROUNDED BY CHORION WHOSE FIBROUS MASS GRIPS UTERUS

THE HUMAN EMBRYO

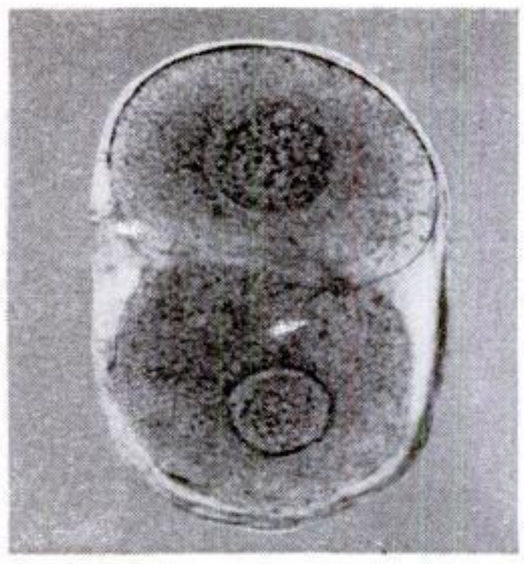
These remarkable pictures show its orderly development from a single cell to a fully formed baby

For many years scientists who study the complex process that creates a human being out of a single cell of protoplasm have been building up collections of specimens to show the step-by-step development of the embryo before birth. Recently a major gap in their record was filled by the two-celled embryo shown below (*second from left*), the youngest human embryo ever seen. With this and other remarkable pictures of specimens collected by U.S. embryologists, LIFE here shows the growth of the human embryo virtually from conception to birth.

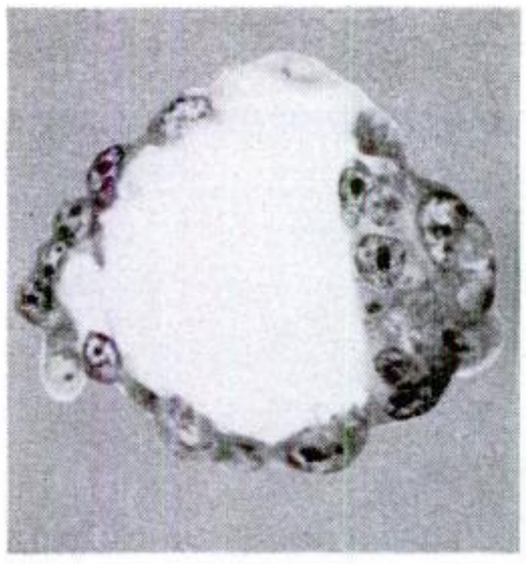
Every hour of the nine months it takes for a baby to be born—from the moment a female egg cell is fertilized by a male sperm—is governed by an unvarying timetable. The fertilized ovum divides in two, then continues to divide rapidly. The new cells form a sphere that imbeds itself in the wall of the uterus until birth. Part of the sphere forms a growth center, called the embryonic plate; the rest helps to feed and protect it. Unfailingly the embryonic plate divides into three layers, each with its own function: the ectoderm that will form skin, brain and the rest of the nervous system; the mesoderm that will be bone, muscle and the circulatory and urogenital systems; and the endoderm that will make up the respiratory and digestive systems. Once this is done, the embryo starts to take the recognizable form shown on the next pages.



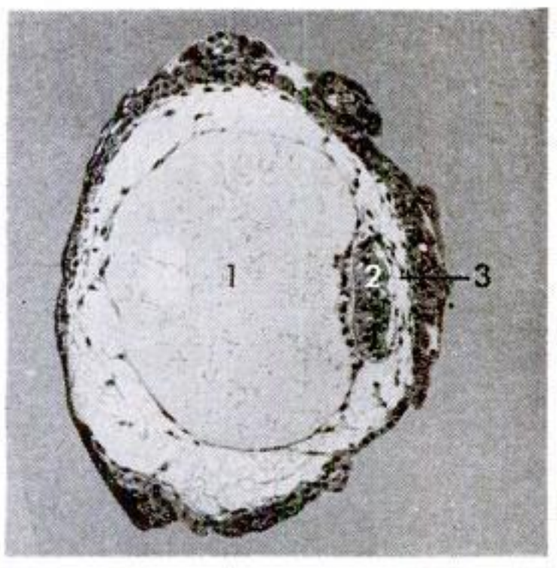
UNFERTILIZED EGG, largest cell of body, is .0054 inch across. Nucleus, with female genes, and yolk are encased by a membrane which sperm must penetrate.



YOUNGEST EMBRYO yet seen was recovered (by Dr. A. Hertig at Brookline Free Hospital for Women) 60 hours after fertilization. The egg has divided.



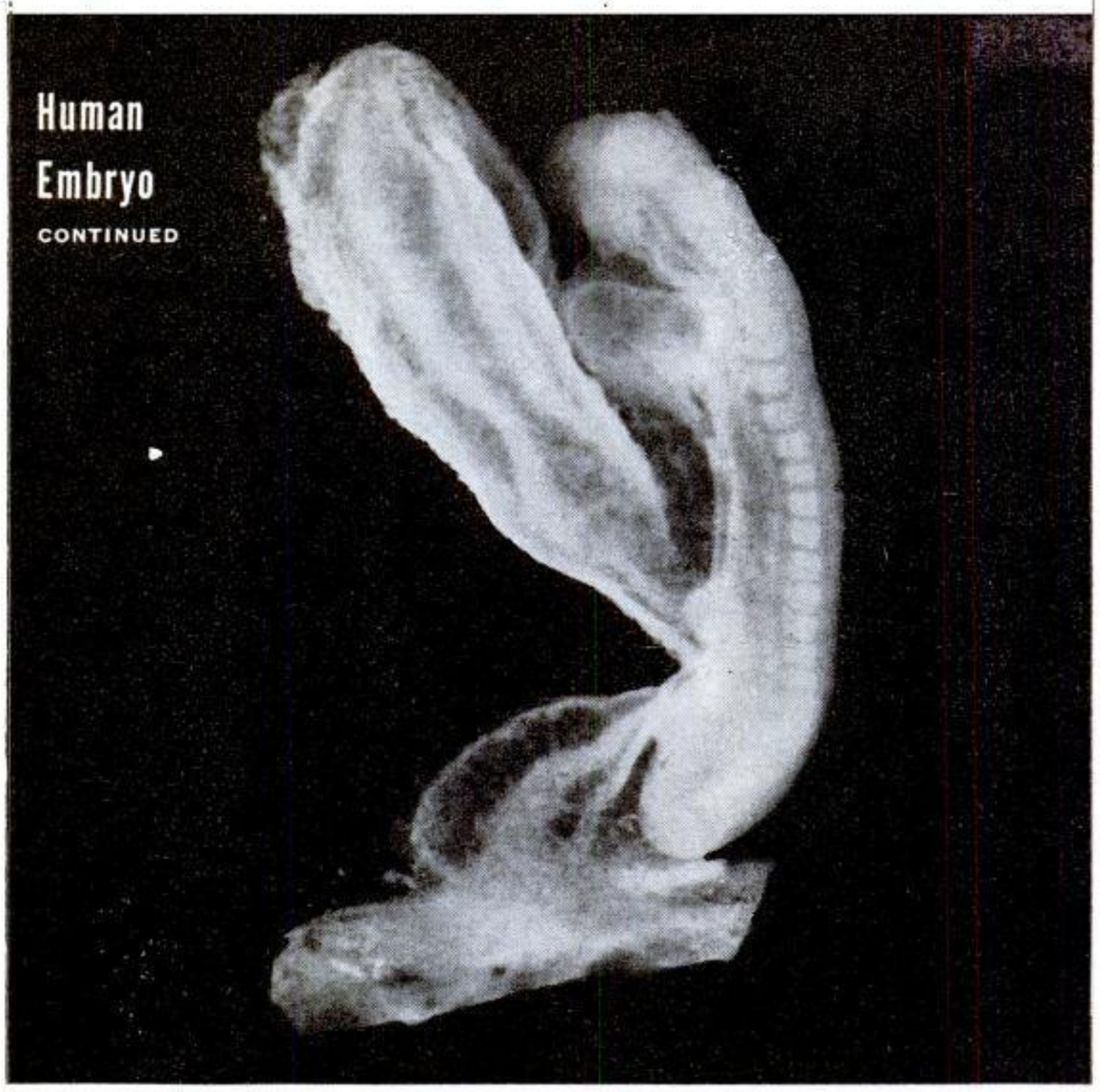
FOUR-DAY EMBRYO consists of a cell clump (*right*), which will become child, and outer rim which will be protective sac. This picture is cross section.



TWELVE-DAY EMBRYO is .0312 of an inch in diameter. Yolk sac (1) supplies early blood cells to embryonic plate (2). Amnion (3) will be water-filled inner sac.

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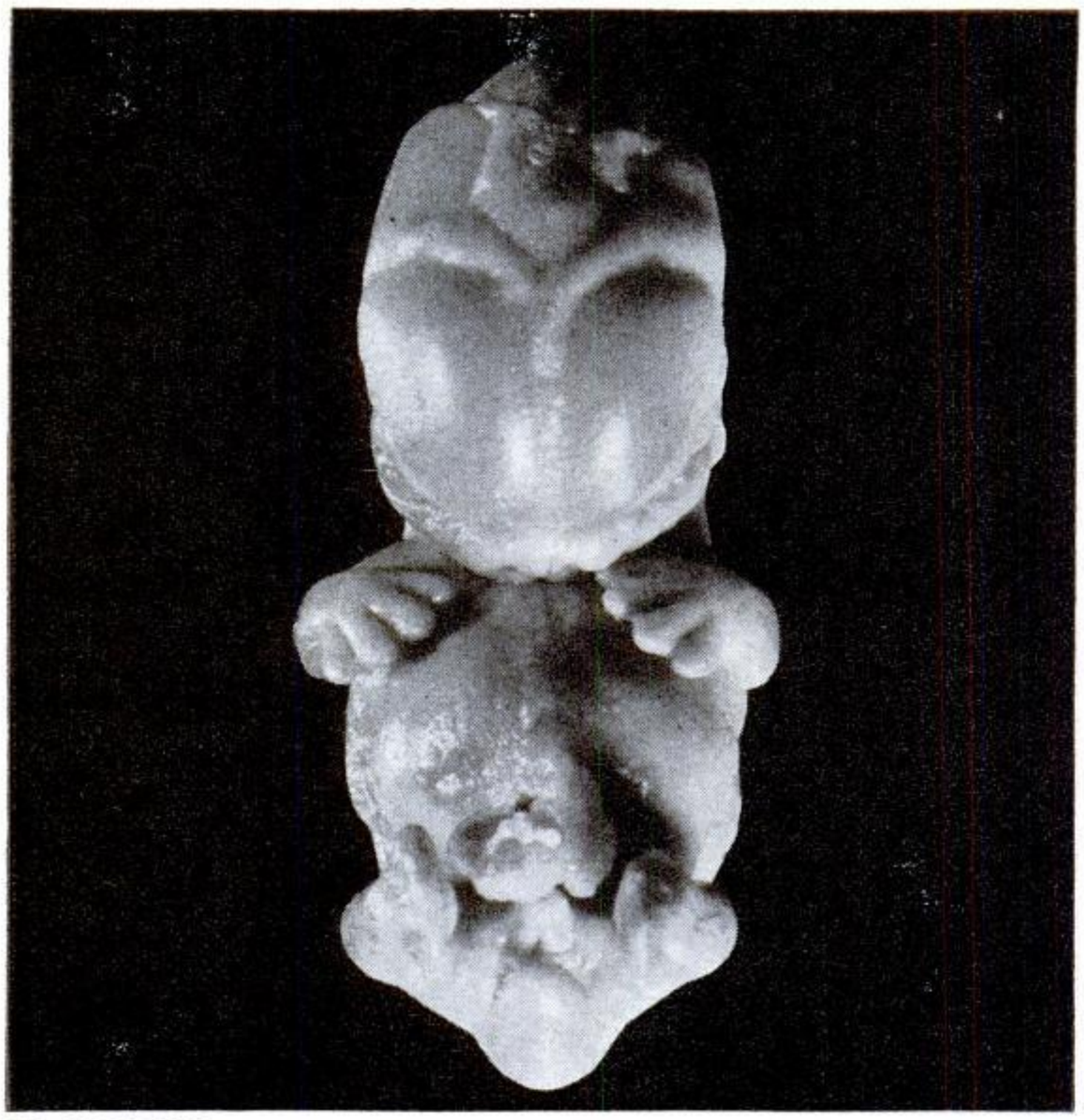
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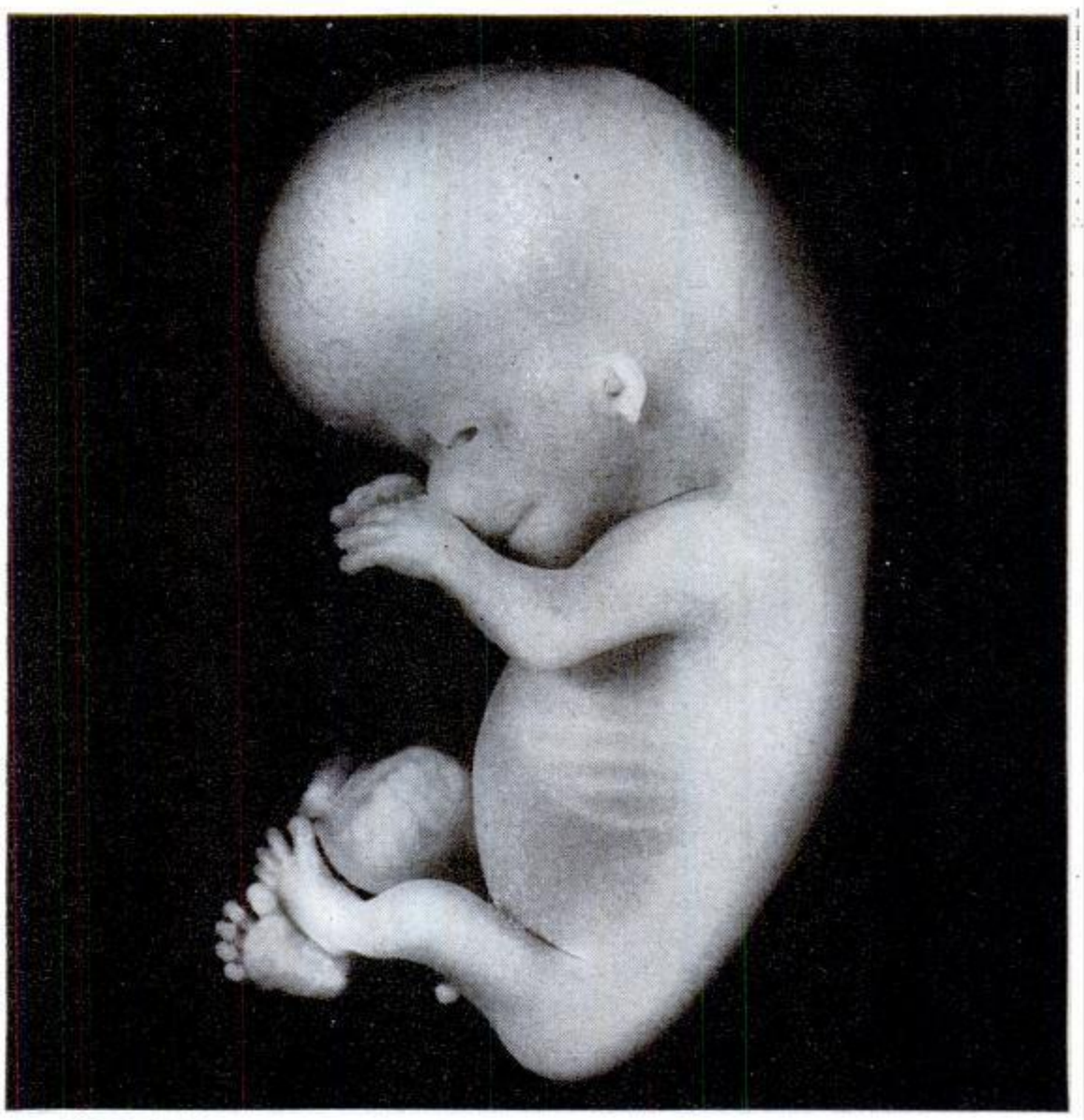
3 WEEKS Brain of embryo emerges as small bud (*top right*) attached to spinal tube which is sheathed by segmented muscle tissue. Blood tissue from elongated yolk sac (*left*) has migrated to form heart tube (*below brain*) which already is beating faintly. Umbilical cord is at bottom. Embryo is now .117 inch long.



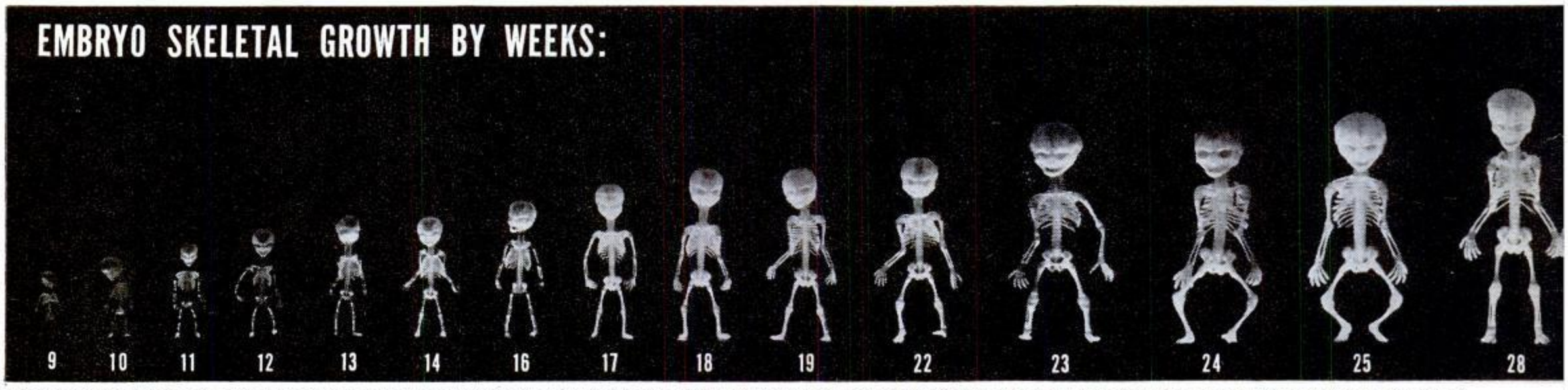
4 WEEKS Slits that will form mouth and nose appear in head. Yolk sac balloons out under enlarging heart. Buds develop for arms near heart and for legs in tail, which later will be base of the spine. Internally lungs and liver are beginning. The embryo now measures .214 inch.



7 WEEKS Weblike hands have developed more rapidly than the feet which resemble paddles. Head, which here is face downward, has filled out and become round. The Y-shaped ridge is soft tissue which will later form top of skull. (Embryo from the collection of Dr. J. M. Essenberg, Chicago Medical School.)

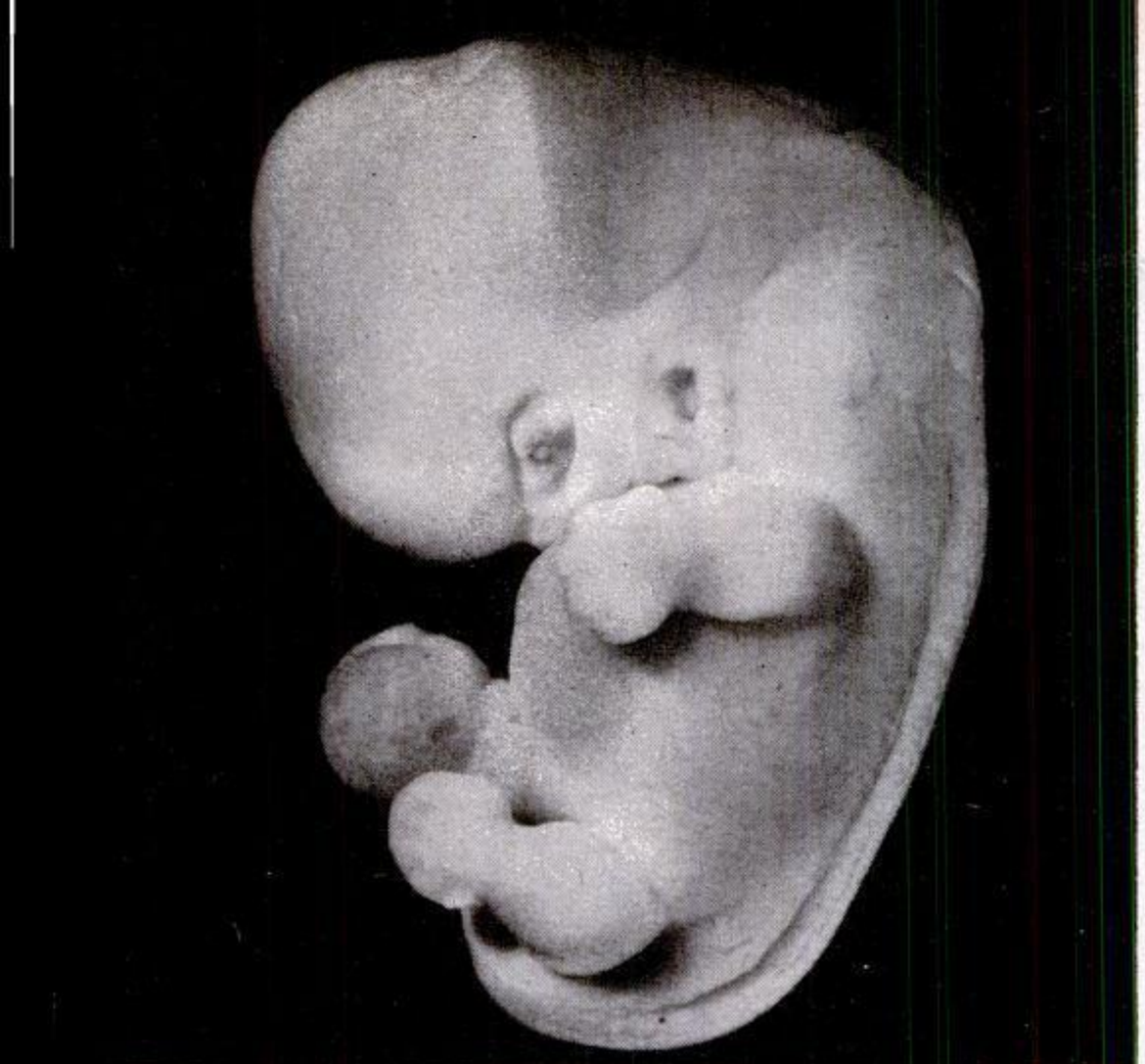


8 WEEKS Fingers and toes are fully molded. Eyes move to front. Eyelids start growing. Outer ear forms. First muscle contraction occurs. Intestines are temporarily pushed out into umbilical cord by liver which now makes up a tenth of body volume. Embryo is 1½ inches long.

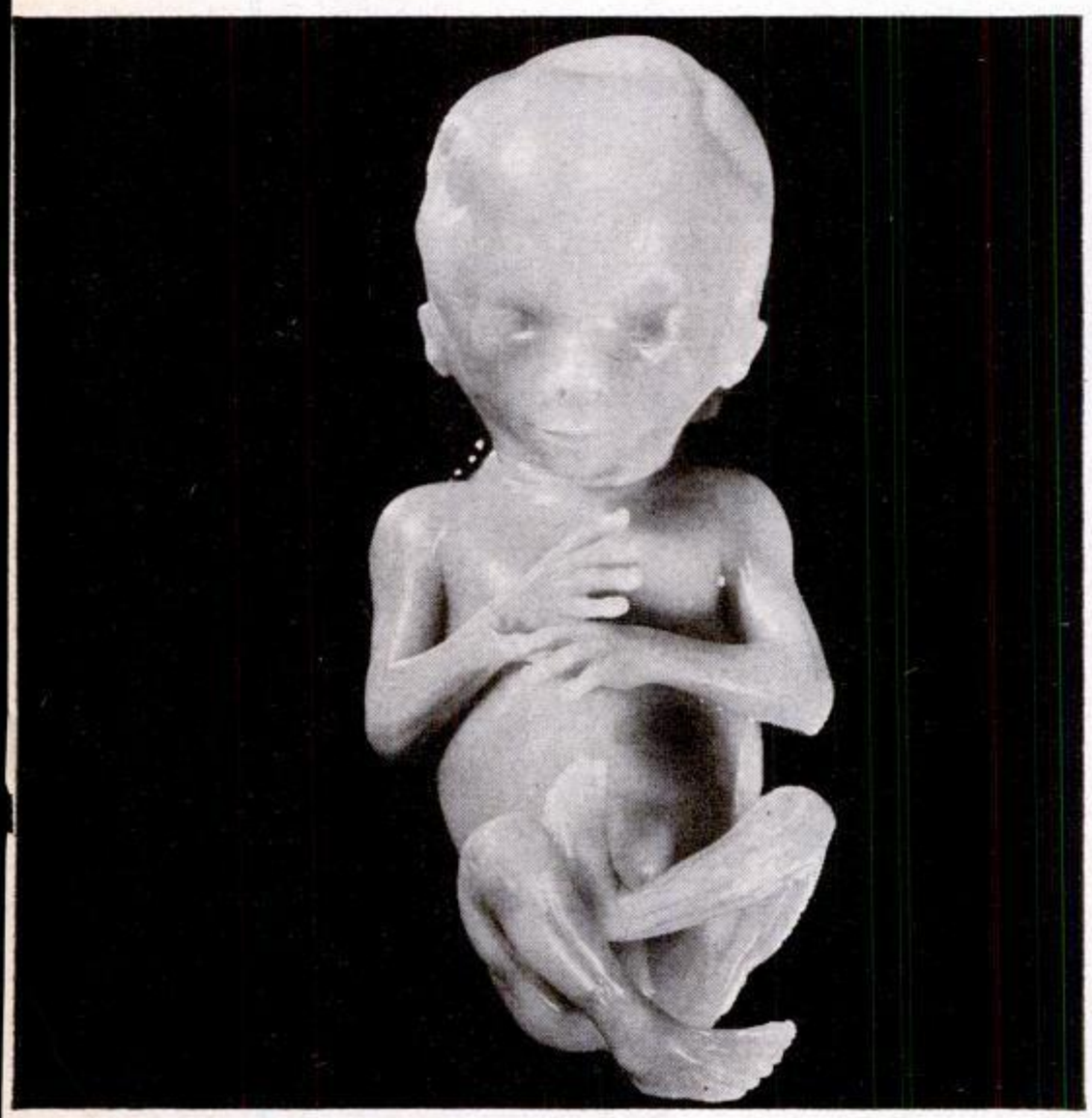


UNBORN SKELETONS SHOW GROWTH FROM NINTH TO 33RD WEEK. TINY FIGURES AT LEFT ARE ALMOST ALL CARTILAGE WHICH LATER IS REPLACED BY BONE.

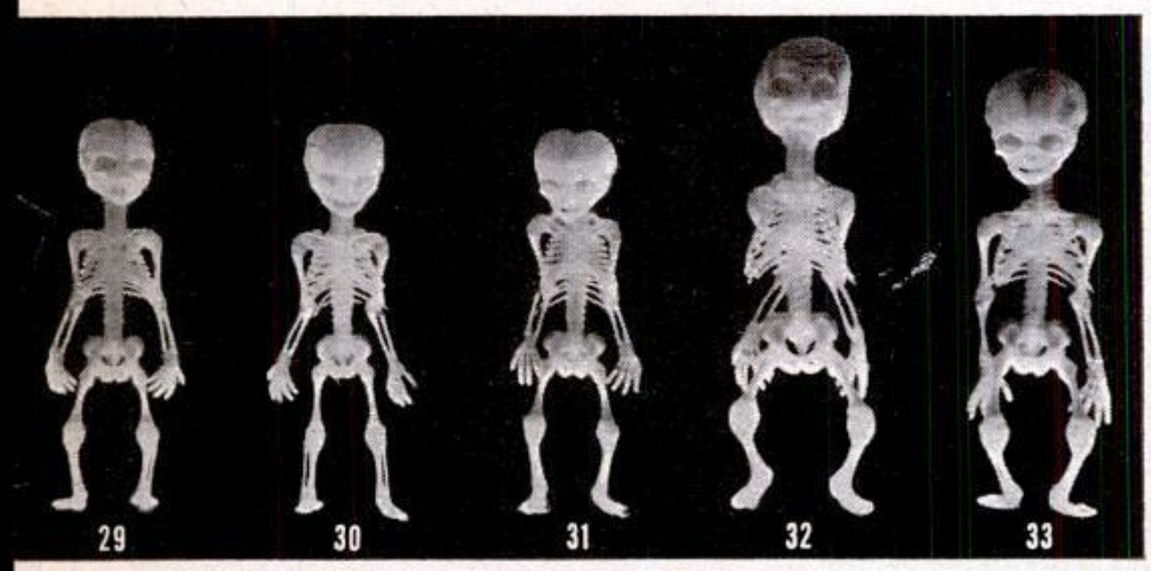
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5 WEEKS Eyes form in tiny pouches that protrude from either side of head. Small ear hole appears at right of eye. Within the embryo, sex organs, at first similar for both sexes, begin to form as ridges on kidneys. (Specimen by Dr. Chester H. Heuser, Carnegie Institution.)

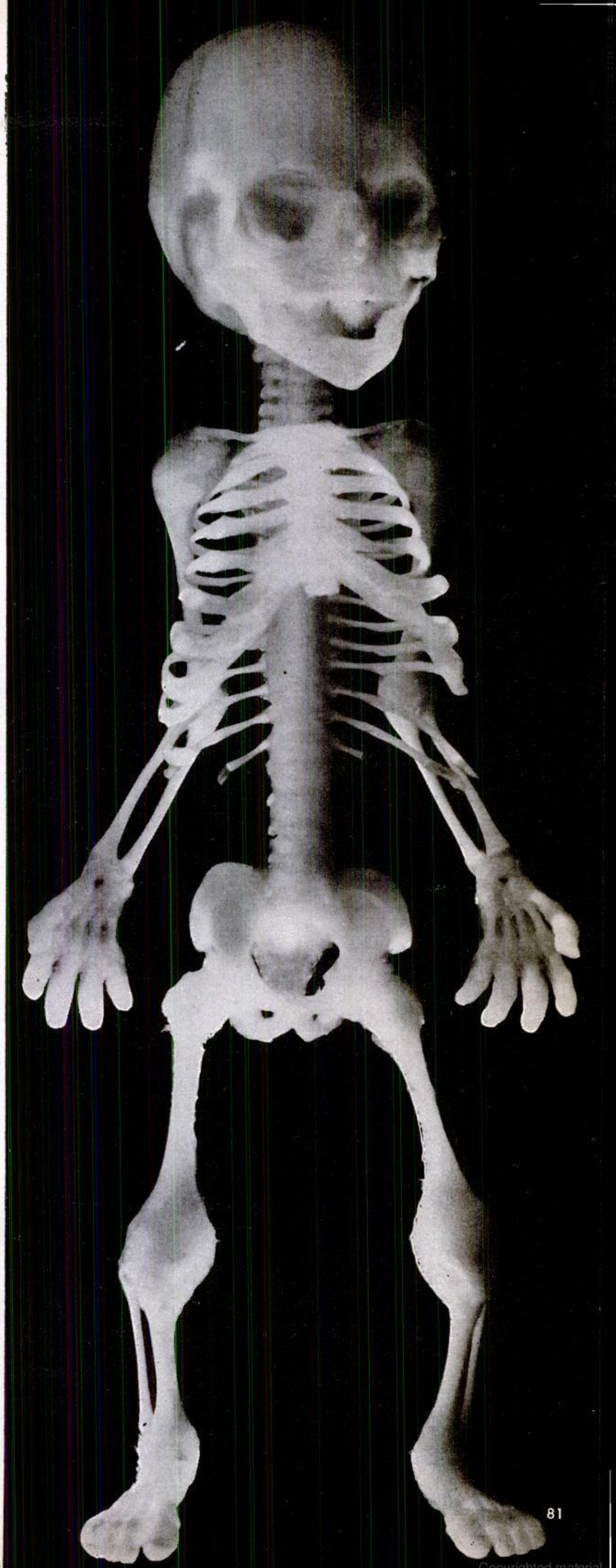


13 WEEKS Now slightly over three inches in length, the embryo is recognizably human. Sex organs have formed. Eyelids close for three months to protect developing eyeballs. Until birth outward appearance will vary little; biggest changes will be in the skeleton (*below*).



(MOUNTED BY RUDOLPH SKARDA, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA)

SKELETON OF EMBRYO NEARLY READY FOR BIRTH IS SHOWN FULL SIZE →

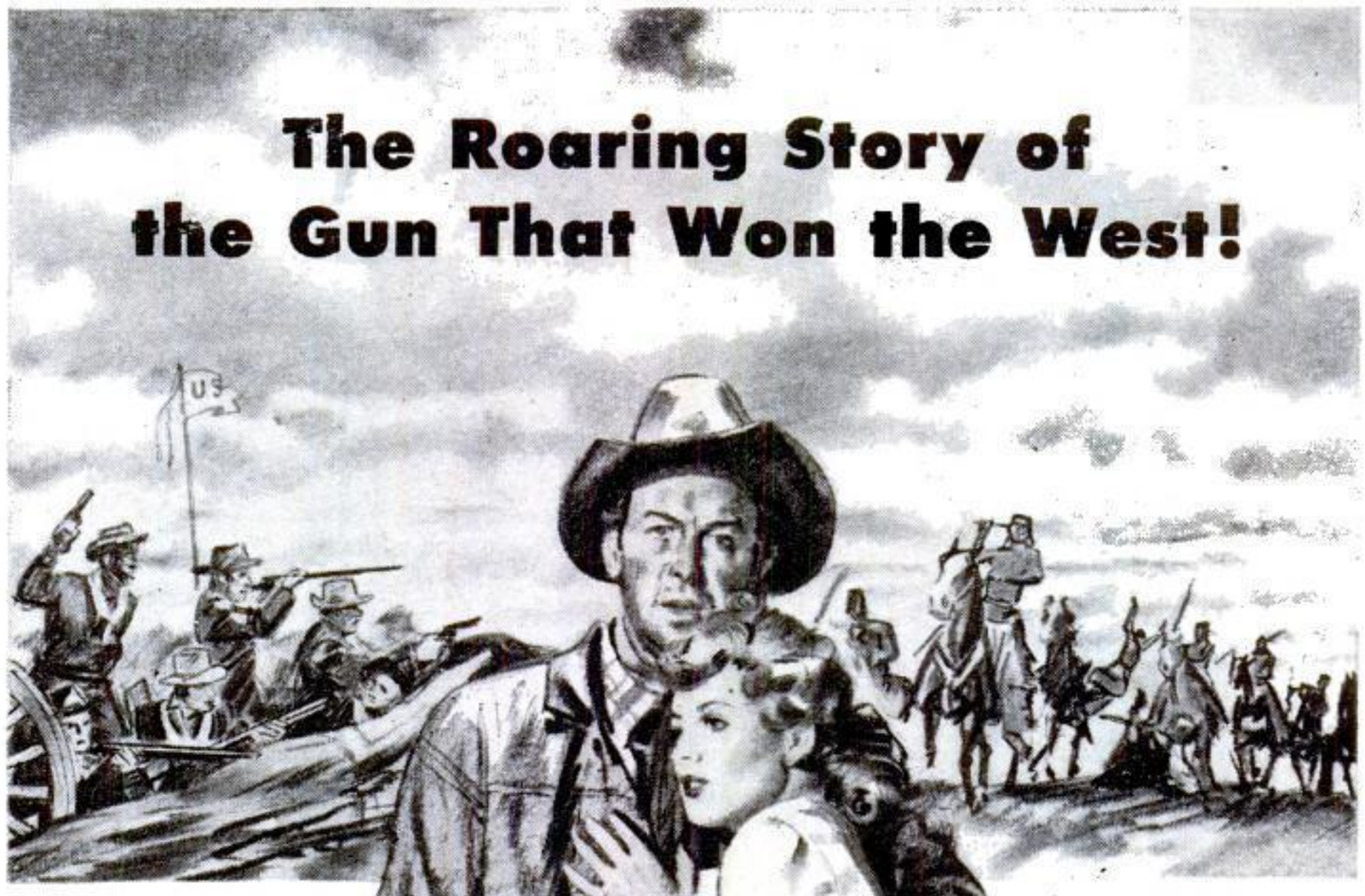


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The Roaring Story of the Gun That Won the West!



LIN McADAM, the man; the Gun was his, and so was the vengeance.



WACO JOHNNY, the bandit, faced the Gun but drew too slow.



INDIAN JOE, the trader, won the Gun and lost his scalp.



LOLA, the fancy girl . . . **HIGH SPADE,** the friend, the wrong kind of woman, and the right kind of man.

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with MILLARD MITCHELL • CHARLES DRAKE • JOHN McINTIRE • WILL GEER • JAY C. FLIPPEN

Screenplay by ROBERT L. RICHARDS and BORDEN CHASE • Directed by ANTHONY MANN • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

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COSTLY CASHMERES from Bonwit Teller (from left) feature braid, ribbon, artificial posies, crystals and nutria collar and cuffs. Prices: from $45 to $100.

Fancy Sweaters

THE PLAIN AND PRACTICAL CASHMERE GETS DRESSED UP FOR EVENING

The cashmere cardigan has always been a practical piece of apparel—soft, warm, plain. Now a change is coming over it. Decorated with braid, ribbons and little gewgaws, it is being made into a formal summer evening wrap. Evening cashmeres (*above*) made by Miss Isabel of Bonwit Teller became popular at Palm Beach last winter, and are reappearing now on chilly evenings on Long Island. Many of them are worn by women (*next page*) who can afford to pay custom-made prices but who prefer to do their own decorating. Buying a cashmere sweater at a cost of $10 to $20, they can get plenty of trimming for a dollar or two (*p. 87*). It takes only a few hours to dress up a cashmere and the designs can be highly individual. This upper crust fad now shows signs of becoming a more general fashion. Though plain no longer, the cashmere is still eminently practical—cheaper than most evening wraps, warmer, easier to carry around, easier to pack.

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DON'T LET WEATHER *ruin your hair*



PREVENT wind and dampness from disturbing the smooth set of your hairdo, causing straggly ends and droopy curls. A Venida net makes your hair behave under *all* atmospheric conditions.

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Colors 20c 12 for $2.25 } single or double mesh { Grey, white 25c 12 for $2.75

Exactly matching shades

VENIDA *The Guaranteed* HAIR NET *rules the waves*

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from discomfort of

ACID INDIGESTION • CONSTIPATION • SICK HEADACHE • DULLNESS

due to ordinary sluggishness



Whenever you're headachy, upset, sour because of acid indigestion—take sparkling Eno quick! You'll promptly help neutralize excess stomach acid, ease "full feeling" overnight! *When you wake,* take Eno as a quick-acting laxative. It offers positive, yet gentle relief. Used by millions. At all druggists—buy today!

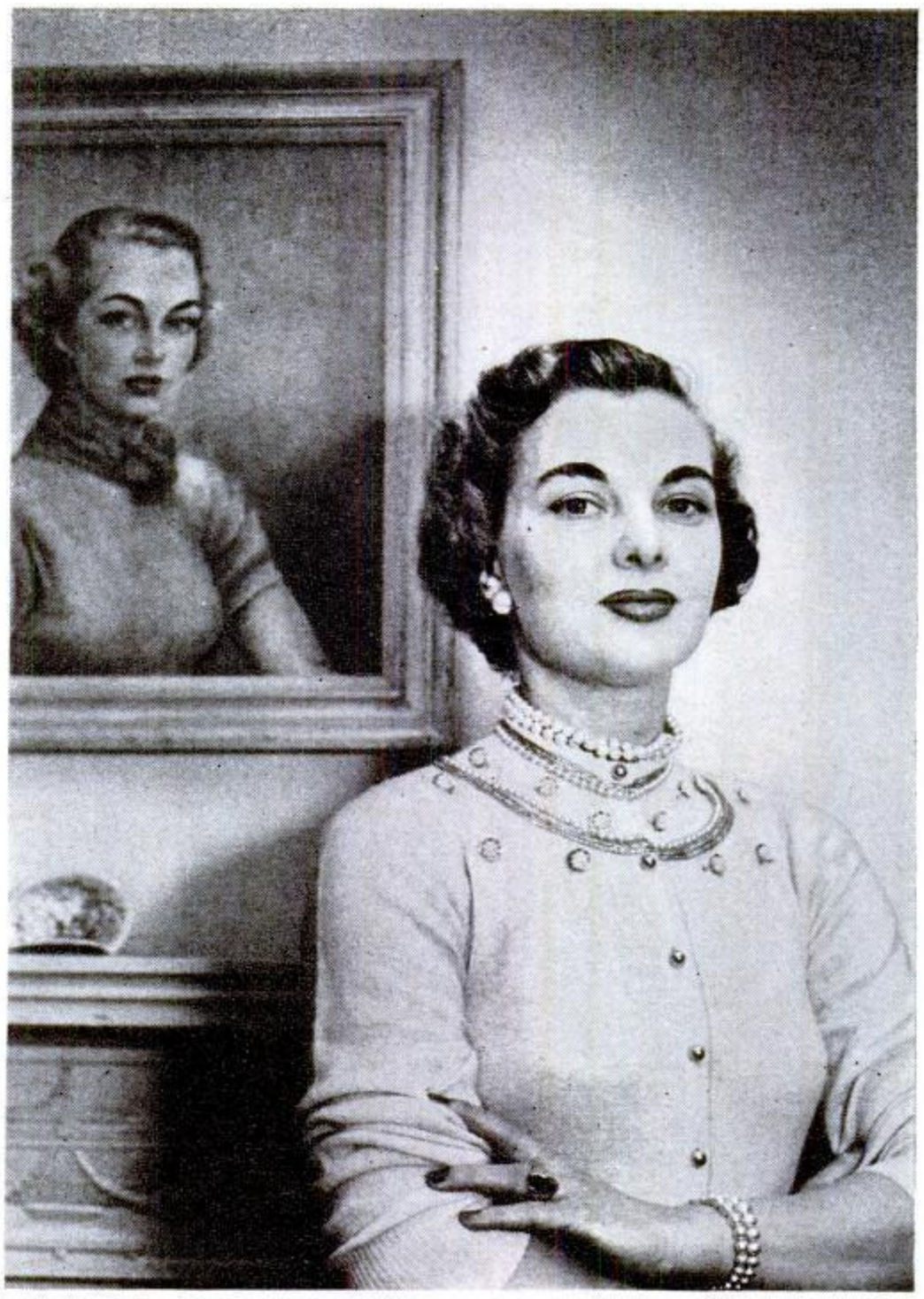


1 ANTACID—relieves sourness, gas and heartburn promptly.

2 LAXATIVE—to relieve temporary sluggishness quickly, take before breakfast when needed.

3 PLEASANT—as a glass of sparkling, bubbly soda water!

Take Good-tasting ENO



GOLD BRAID AND BUTTONS, plus scatter pins, dress up this sweater decorated in two hours by Mrs. Henry Barclay (standing before self-portrait).



RIBBON AND PEARLS are sewn on sweater by Mrs. Earl E. T. Smith. Job took five hours, material cost $1.85. Sweater she has on is braid-trimmed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87

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It works! It's based on a formula our fighting forces used to combat insects in the jungles! New Skat chases mosquitoes, biting flies, chiggers. Just apply it on all uncovered parts of your skin and RELAX. Safe from the fun-spoiling buzz and bite of hateful insects.

New Skat is pleasant to use! Use it freely. It positively will not harm clothes, plastics, or nail polish. Get New Skat from your druggist today and enjoy the porch, the backyard, the fishing!

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SUN GLASSES with unique darker TWILIGHT LENS

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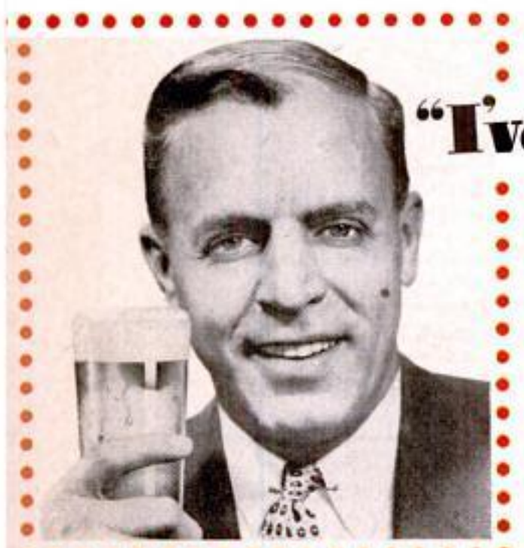


"I've found out . . .

I usually shy away from the word 'great,' but 'America's *great* ale' fits Carling's on every count. There's a special brightness and character of flavor in Carling's Red Cap Ale that suits me right down to the ground."

Grantland Rice

GRANTLAND RICE
"Dean of American Sportswriters"
North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.



"I've found out, too"

"There must be something special about the way Carling's Red Cap Ale is brewed to give it such a fine flavor. It's really different from other ale and beer . . . brighter, clearer, and definitely better."

Harry J. Myers

HARRY J. MYERS
Printer, Denver, Colo.



CARLING'S *Red Cap* ALE

Brewing Corporation of America, Cleveland, Ohio

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Very personally yours

This was the jaunt you promised Joan—before you remembered what *day* it was. But even if you were one to beg off, you needn't—with the new, softer Kotex.

You sidestep discomfort; thanking your stars for this wonderful softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

No "outline" anxiety follows you as you stroll among the crowd. There's no such thing as revealing outlines, with the flat pressed ends of Kotex . . . and that special safety center gives you extra protection, whichever absorbency you have chosen. For Regular, Junior or Super answers your individual needs.



Super Kotex in the Brown Box—extra absorbency for more-than-average needs.

Junior Kotex in the Green Box—for women who prefer a slightly narrower napkin.

Regular Kotex in the Blue Box—perfectly suited to the needs of most women.

New Kotex Wonderform* Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic—non-curling, non-twisting. Washable. Dries fast.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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SWEATERS CONTINUED



FAKE FLOWERS, here being worn by Liz Murray, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's sister-in-law, are the quickest and easiest way to dress up basic cardigans.



STANDARD DECORATIONS available for transforming unpretentious cardigans into evening wear include (*top left to right*) bugle beads (in tubes) at 49¢ a tube, gold-and-pearl scatter pins at 3-for-a-dime, narrow gold braid at 19¢ a yard; next row: grosgrain ribbon at 6¢, velvet cording at 19¢, pearls (by the yard) at 49¢, sequins at 25¢ a package; next below, sequins by the yard at 39¢, gold and pearl buttons (at 9 for 10¢ and 4 for 10¢); next below: shells at 50¢, jagged gold braid at 39¢ a yard; bottom row: broad gold braid at 49¢ a yard, fake pearls at 97¢, a necklace and four artificial gardenias at 19¢ each.

It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in home permanents

For a lovelier wave in every way, use Richard Hudnut for your next home permanent. Its gentler, more penetrating creme waving lotion is faster acting, yet actually leaves hair springier, stronger...less apt to break,* than most other home permanent wave lotions. No frizzy ends, more *natural* sheen, more natural-looking curls. Use with any plastic curlers you prefer!



Kit $2.75
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From the Fifth Avenue Salon

Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

Home Permanent



with the waving lotion that leaves your hair springier and stronger...less apt to break

*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

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Life Goes to
A Pint-Sized Formal

SMALL STAGS FROM CONNECTICUT DRESS UP FOR A DINNER DANCE

The prospect of dressing up for a formal dinner dance—which terrifies most 10- to 14-year-olds—had quite the opposite effect on the pupils of St. Joseph's School in South Norwalk, Conn. When the graduation dance came around, the girls, of course, were pleased at the chance of wearing formal dresses. But the enthusiasm of the boys confounded everyone, especially the local tuxedo renting store which was so inundated by orders for small sizes that it had to send to Boston to keep up with the demand.

The party, held at Norwalk's Shore and Country Club, began politely enough at 6:30 p.m. with speeches, chicken patties and lemon chiffon pie for the graduating class. When the orchestra arrived and the lower grades were let in, the party's tone suddenly changed. The dancing became more vigorous than romantic. The younger stags scampered over the room looking for partners, swarmed around the punch bowl, engaged in vociferous arguments over baseball players, slid on the dance floor, hit each other and generally had a time of it. One heroic urchin stormed into the club bar, plunked a nickel down and demanded a chocolate bar, with nuts, for his girl. He got it. Finally, at the advanced hour of 10:30 p.m., ties were straightened, lapels were brushed off, the grand march held and the party broke up.



PARTING GIFT of a corsage and a bottle of perfume is presented to dancing teacher by class president as school principal, the Rev. George O'Neill, looks on.



COMPLETE SAVOIR-FAIRE is displayed by two male guests. Sixth-Grader Jimmy McLean brought along a yo-yo to while away the time between dances. Eighth-Grader Ernest Hornyak had no trouble at all overcoming the encroachments of a small potted palm while conversing with his partner, Corinne Langlois.

←MIKE SAFRANEK GETS SLUNG AROUND HAPPILY IN MEXICAN DANCE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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America's largest-selling...full 5 year old

straight Kentucky bourbon

Ancient Age



The whiskey with Age in its flavor!

Every drop *Straight*. Every drop *Kentucky*.
Every drop *Bourbon*. Every drop patiently aged
for 5 full years. Every drop evenly matured...
and uniform...from sip to sip...from bottle
to bottle. Ask for "double A"...get *Double Value*.

Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof.
Ancient Age Distilling Co., Frankfort, Ky. © 1950 ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO.



IN BROOM DANCE a broom is passed back and forth among the couples. The couple who is holding broom when music stops has to drop out of game



IN PARENTS' DANCE Jimmy McLean preserves a stoic dignity while fox trotting with his mother. Parents watched most of the party from the sidelines.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

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Each time you quench a summer thirst
Remember that your health comes first.
To guard yourself from germs unseen
Use Dixie Cups, they're always clean.

DIXIE CUPS

To help prevent the spread of colds and other ills within the family, use Dixie Cups in the bathroom and kitchen. Do away with that germ-spreading bathroom tumbler. Now on sale with attractive plastic holder at local stores. Dixie Cup Company, Easton, Pa. Original Makers of the paper cup

DIXIE CUP ®

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Before it's too late . . .

GET RID OF RUST IN YOUR RADIATOR



Rust clogs radiators—causes overheating, trouble and expense!

Clean out rust with

DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

Before your engine is ruined by overheating, clean out rust and scum in the radiator. Just pour in a can of DU PONT CLEANSER, run the engine for 30 minutes or more, then drain. No reverse flushing is necessary. It dissolves rust—cleans thoroughly, quickly and safely. A good cleaning paves the way for top engine efficiency.

Keep out rust with

DU PONT Acid and RUST INHIBITOR

After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID AND RUST INHIBITOR. It retards rust formation, and keeps out acid, too.

Avoid radiator leaks with

DU PONT Cooling System SEALER

You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and help to prevent leaks in the future—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator or harm hose or metal parts.



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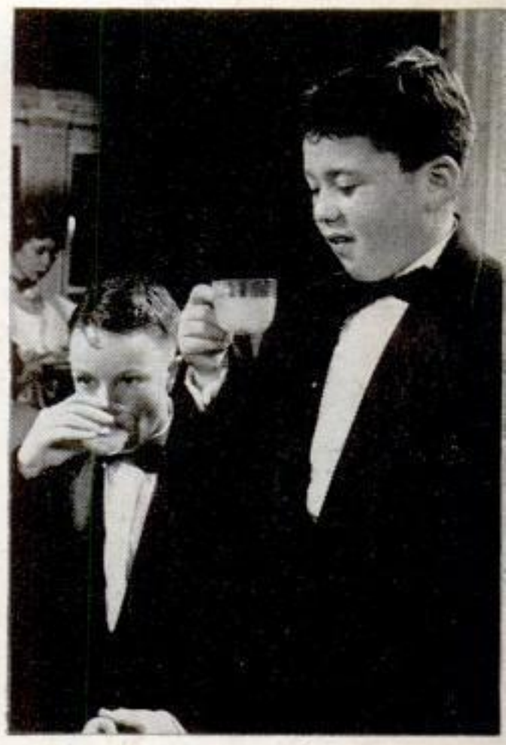
№ 7 PRODUCTS
for better car care

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



LIFE OF THE PARTY, 12-year-old Michael Safranek, joins partner Celine Ritzo in praying that they will not be eliminated from lucky-number dance.





MUGGING, Mike primly dances with another boy in parents' dance because his parents did not come. Later (*right*) he registers disapproval of club's punch.



HUNGRY, Mike starts work on banana split with Carol Ann Ketting (*center*) in local restaurant where some of the boys and girls stopped after the dance.

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Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% grain neutral spirits. National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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HIS PLAY-BY-PLAY, blow-by-blow coverage of the big-time sporting classics from coast to coast has a following that runs into the millions. Broadcasting from the major bowls, ball parks and ringsides, Bill Stern's voice gets a real workout the year round.

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS . . .

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels – and only Camels – for 30 consecutive days.

MAKE A NOTE . . . REMEMBER YOUR THROAT!



INSURANCE SALESMAN
Vincent Riordan: "My voice is important to my livelihood. That's why Camel is my cigarette. Camels agree with my throat – taste great!"



SALESWOMAN
Elaine Lombardi: "Talking to customers all day isn't exactly easy on my throat. The 30-Day Test convinced me Camels agree with my throat!"



AIRLINE DISPATCHER
Edward Herman: "I insist on a mild cigarette – Camels! They're just right for my throat. And the finest-tasting cigarette I ever smoked!"



Make your own 30-Day Camel MILDNESS Test

in your "T-ZONE"
(T for Throat—T for Taste)

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THE KON-TIKI ADVENTURE

Pounding seas . . . giant whales and mad sharks . . . man overboard during a storm . . . treacherous reefs

by THOR HEYERDAHL

LIFE readers will recall a unique set of pictures in the issue of Oct. 20, 1947 on the *Kon-Tiki* expedition—a 101-day voyage by raft across 4,000 miles of the Pacific from Peru to the South Sea Islands. Now Thor Heyerdahl, the Norwegian ethnologist who organized the expedition to prove that the prehistoric settlers of Polynesia could have come from South America, has provided an even more exciting sequel with his detailed report on the trip (*The Kon-Tiki Expedition by Raft across the South Seas*, copyright 1950 by Thor Heyerdahl, to be published next month by Rand McNally & Co. and a September choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club). Herewith LIFE presents some absorbing sections of the book, together with new pictures. The story begins on the day in April 1947 when the raft, named *Kon-Tiki* to honor a pre-Inca sun god, was cast adrift after having been towed out into the coastal currents off Peru.



"KON-TIKI" UNDER SAIL, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM RAFT'S DINGHY IN TOW

THOSE first days and nights turned landlubbers into seamen. For the first 24 hours every man, in unbroken succession, had two hours at the helm and three hours' rest. Every single muscle in the body was strained to the uttermost throughout the watch to cope with the steering oar. When we were tired out with pushing the oar we went over to the other side and pulled, and when arms and chest were sore with pressing we turned our backs while the oar kneaded us green and blue in front and behind. When at last the relief came we crept half-dazed into the bamboo cabin, tied a rope round our legs and fell asleep with our salty clothes on before we could get into our sleeping bags. Almost at the same moment there came a brutal tug at the rope; three hours had passed, and one had to go out again and relieve one of the two men at the steering oar.

The next night was still worse; the seas grew higher instead of going down. Two hours on end of struggling with the steering oar was too long; a man was not much use in the second half of his watch, and the seas got the better of us and hurled us round and sideways while the water poured on board. Then we changed over to one hour at the helm and an hour and a half's rest. So the first 60 hours passed, in one continuous struggle against a chaos of waves that rushed upon us without cessation. High waves and low waves, pointed waves and round waves, slanting waves and waves on top of other waves.

The one who suffered worst was Knut. He had to sacrifice to Neptune and suffered silent agonies in a corner of the cabin. The *Kon-Tiki* did not roll excessively. She took the seas more steadily than any boat of the same dimensions, but it was impossible to predict which way the deck would lean each time.

On the third night the sea went down a bit, although it was still blowing hard. About 4 o'clock an unexpected deluge came foaming through the darkness and knocked the raft right round before the steersmen realized what was happening. The sail thrashed against the bamboo cabin and threatened to tear both the cabin and itself to pieces. All hands had to go on deck to secure the cargo and haul on sheets and stays in the hope of getting the raft on her right course again, so that the sail might fill and curve forward peacefully. But the raft would not right herself. She would go stern foremost, and that was all. The only result of all our hauling and pushing and rowing was that two men nearly went overboard in a sea when the sail caught them in the dark.

Stiff and sore, with skinned palms and sleepy eyes, we were not worth a row of beans. Better to save our strength in case the weather should call us out to a worse passage of arms. So we furled the sail and rolled it round the bamboo yard. The *Kon-Tiki* lay sideways on to the seas and took them like a cork. Everything on board was lashed fast, and all six of us crawled into the little bamboo cabin, huddled together, and slept like mummies in a sardine tin. We did not wake till well on in the day. Outside the sea was still running high but in long, even ridges and not so wild and confused as the day before. The sun was beating down on the yellow bamboo deck and giving the sea all round us a bright and friendly aspect. What did it matter if the seas foamed and rose high, so long as they only left us in peace on the raft? What did it matter if they rose straight up in front of our noses, when we knew that in a second the raft would go over the top and flatten out the foaming ridge like a steam roller while the heavy threatening mountain of water only lifted us up in the air and rolled groaning and gurgling under the floor? The old masters from Peru knew what they were doing when they avoided a hollow hull which could fill with water or a vessel so long that it would not take the waves one by one.

We were soon so accustomed to having the sea dancing round us that we took no account of it. What did it matter so long as we and the raft were always on top? It was only here that the next question arose: How long could we count on keeping on top? It was easy to see that the balsa logs absorbed water. The aft crossbeam was worse than the others: on it we could press our whole finger tip into the soaked wood till the water squelched. Without saying anything, I broke off a piece of the sodden wood and threw it overboard. It sank quietly beneath the surface and slowly vanished down into the depths. Later I saw two or three of the other fellows do exactly the same when they thought no one was looking.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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NEW DRINK RECIPE!

Sunsweet milk shake!



Served straight or 50-50 with milk, Sunsweet's delicious—and does something for you.

It's grand for regularity. And only in Sunsweet Prune Juice is the laxative strength standardized.* Try it.

(It makes milk more tempting, too!)

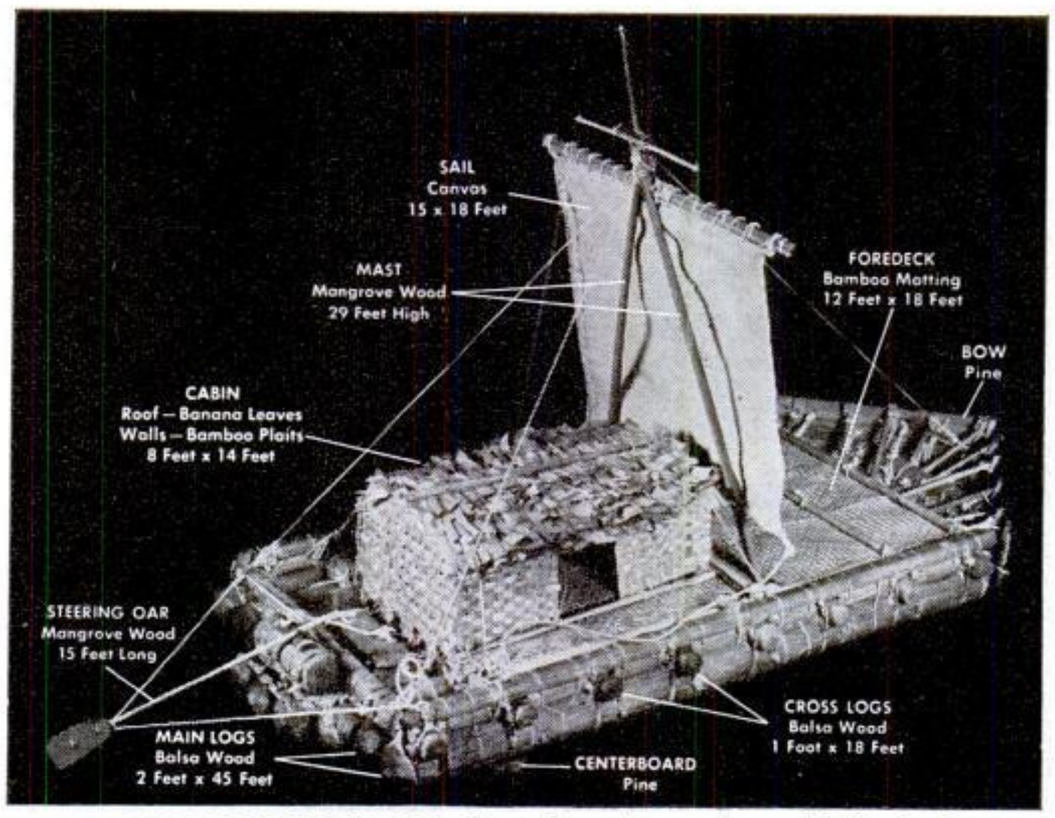
SUNSWEET PRUNE JUICE



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

as prepared and distributed by the makers of MOTT'S APPLE JUICE, APPLE SAUCE, JELLIES, VINEGARS, AND CIDER.

*The laxative potency of Sunsweet Prune Juice is standardized by the "C-L Process," which was developed and is owned by the Duffy-Mott Company, Inc.



RAFT'S CONSTRUCTION is shown here in a scale model. Its design was based on descriptions left by early Spanish explorers in South America. Heyerdahl and his crew cut the logs and built the raft themselves, using no metal but only materials which would have been available to the ancient Peruvians.

"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED

They stood looking thoughtfully at the waterlogged piece of wood sinking quietly into the green water.

We had noted the waterline on the raft when we started, but in the rough sea it was impossible to see how deep we lay, for one moment the logs were lifted out of the water and the next they went deep down into it. But if we drove a knife into the timber we saw to our joy that the wood was dry an inch or so below the surface. We calculated that if the water continued to force its way in at the same pace the raft would be lying and floating just under the surface of the water by the time we could expect to be approaching land. But we hoped that the sap further in would act as an impregnation and check the absorption.

Then there was another menace which troubled our minds a little during the first weeks—the ropes. In the daytime we were so busy that we thought little about it, but when darkness had fallen and we had crept into bed on the cabin floor we had more time to think, feel and listen. As we lay there, each man on his straw mattress, we could feel the reed matting under us heaving in time with the wooden logs. In addition to the movements of the raft itself all nine logs moved reciprocally. When one came up another went down with a gentle heaving movement. They did not move much, but it was enough to make one feel as if one were lying on the back of a large breathing animal, and we preferred to lie on a log lengthways. The first two nights were the worst, but then we were too tired to bother about it. Later the ropes swelled a little in the water and kept the nine logs quieter.

But all the same there was never a flat surface on board which kept quite still in relation to its surroundings. As the foundation moved up and down and round at every joint, everything else moved with it. The bamboo deck, the double mast, the four plaited walls of the cabin and the roof of slats with the leaves on it—made fast just with ropes—twisted about and lifted themselves in opposite directions. If one corner went up, the other corner came down, and if one half of the roof dragged all its laths forward, the other half dragged its laths astern. And, if we looked out through the open wall, there was still more life and movement, for there the sky moved quietly round in a circle while the sea leaped high toward it.

The ropes took the whole pressure. All night we could hear them creaking and groaning, chafing and squeaking. It was like one single complaining chorus round us in the dark, each rope having its own note according to its thickness and tautness.

Every morning we made a thorough inspection of the ropes. We were even let down with our heads in the water over the edge of the raft, while two men held us tight by the ankles, to see if the ropes on the bottom of the raft were all right. But the ropes held. A fortnight, the seamen we had talked to in Peru had said, and then all the ropes would be worn out. But we had not so far found the smallest sign of wear. Not till we were far out to sea did we find the solution. The balsa wood was so soft that the ropes wore their way slowly into the wood and were protected instead of the logs wearing the ropes.

After a week or so the sea grew calmer.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Summer fun DRIES your skin



A "Sandpaper-Stiff" Face—dried out by dusty winds

HOT WINDS, TORRID SUN tend to bake the outer layer of your skin—make it look coarser, summer-dry.

HERE IS A QUICK UN-DRIER to soften and relax your summer-dried skin.

After you've been out in strong sun or wind, soothe your parched face with softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream (hands, arms, too). This *rich* cream spreads easily. Dry, thirsty skin will "soak it right up"—feel softer, more comfortable *at once!*

3 features

Three features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective. 1. It is rich in *lanolin*, most like natural skin oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a special *emulsifier*.

At night, work in richly. By day, *lightly* under make-up. *All summer*, use after sunny, windy exposure.

START NOW to repair, ease, soften summer-dry skin. Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream today!

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ICE CREAM

Ask for SEALTEST Ice Cream in the handy have-it-again half-gallon. Ideal for cooling snacks and delicious desserts. Keep it in your freezer compartment.



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As seen in Parents' Magazine

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It's a Dan River Wrinkl-Shed® Cotton



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are made by the same folks

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Dan River Dress Fabrics





Dan River brings you the same perfection in sheets that you have learned to expect in fashion fabrics under the Dan River label.

Dan Rivers are so clean-white—lint-free and smooth to the touch—uniformly woven for durability—made with firmly-taped selvages and strongly-stitched hems.

There's a Dan River Sheet for every need—type 128 utility muslin, type 140 luxury muslin and type 180 combed percale. Whichever type you shop for, be sure to look for the Dan River label, so your family will surely "sleep beautifully on Dan River Sheets."

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THE "KON-TIKI" VOYAGERS were, from left: Knut Haugland, Bengt Danielsson, Thor Heyerdahl (originator of the expedition and author of this account), Erik Hesselberg, Torstein Raaby and Herman Watzinger. All but Danielsson, a Swede, were Norwegians; only Hesselberg was a trained seaman.

THEIR LIFE AT SEA BECOMES AN EASY, PLEASANT ROUTINE

THE sea contains many surprises for him who has his floor on a level with the surface and drifts along slowly and noiselessly. Not a day passed but we were visited by inquisitive guests which wriggled and waggled about us, and a few of them, such as dolphins and pilot fish, grew so familiar that they accompanied the raft across the sea and kept round us day and night.

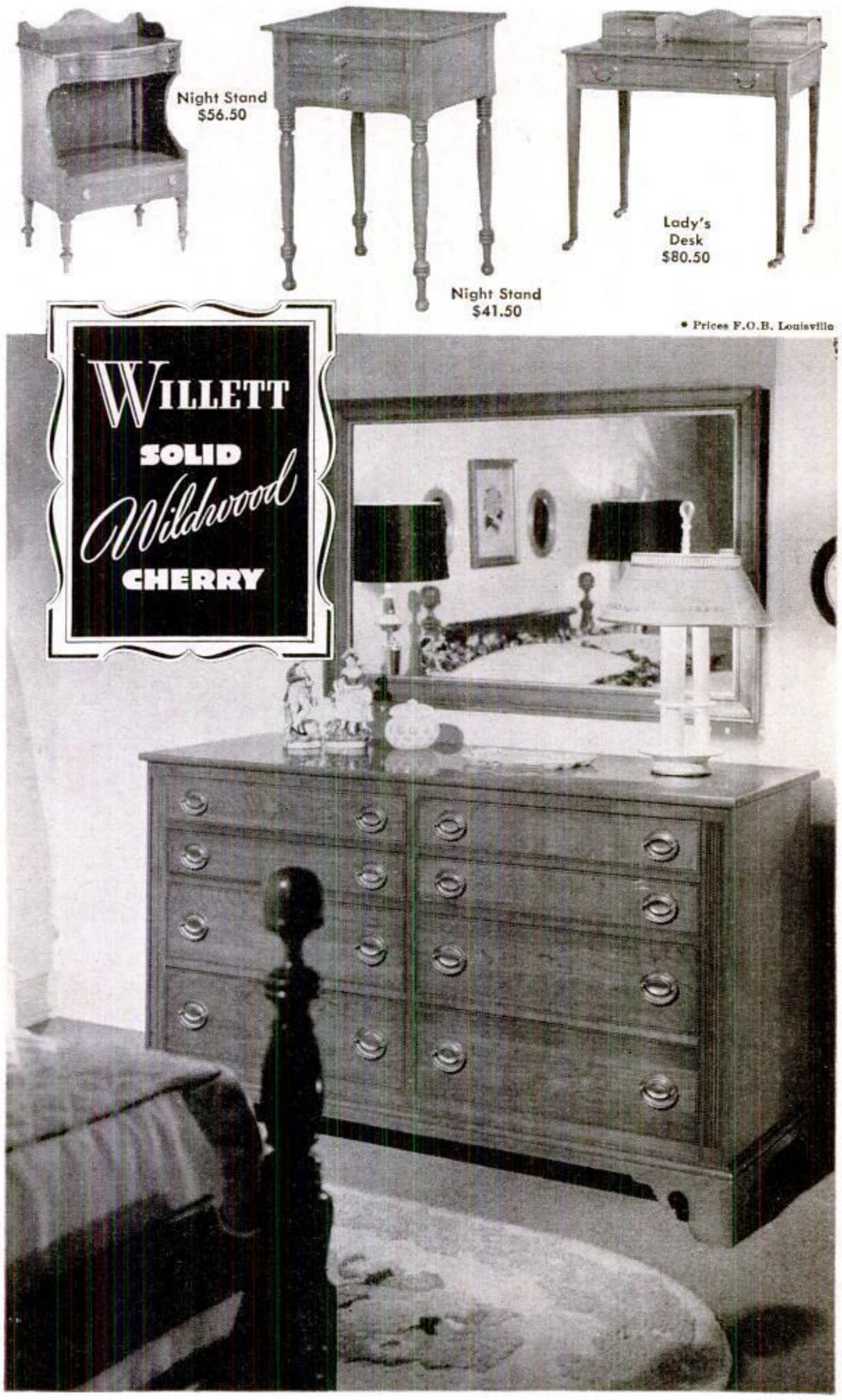
When night had fallen and the stars were twinkling in the dark tropical sky, a phosphorescence flashed around us in rivalry with the stars, and glowing plankton resembled round live coals so vividly that we involuntarily drew in our bare legs when the glowing pellets were washed up round our feet at the raft's stern. When we caught them, we saw that they were little brightly shining species of shrimp. On such nights we were sometimes scared when two round shining eyes suddenly rose out of the sea right alongside the raft and glared at us with an unblinking hypnotic stare. The visitors were often big squids which came up and floated on the surface with their devilish green eyes shining in the dark like phosphorus. But sometimes the shining eyes were those of deep-water fish which came up only at night and lay staring, fascinated by the glimmer of light before them.

One day about noon Knut, who was sitting aft behind the bamboo cabin, bellowed "Shark!" till his voice cracked in a falsetto. As we had sharks swimming alongside the raft almost daily without creating such excitement, we all realized that this must be something extra special and flocked astern to Knut's assistance. Knut had been squatting there, washing his pants in the swell, and when he looked up for a moment he was staring straight into the biggest and ugliest face any of us had ever seen in the whole of our lives. It was the head of a veritable sea monster, so huge and so hideous that, if the Old Man of the Sea himself had come up, he could not have made such an impression on us. The head was broad and flat like a frog's with two small eyes right at the sides, and a toadlike jaw which was four or five feet wide and had long fringes drooping from the corners of the mouth. Behind the head was an enormous body ending in a long thin tail with a pointed tail fin which stood straight up and showed that this sea monster was not any kind of whale. The body looked brownish under the water, but both head and body were thickly covered with small white spots.

The monster came quietly, lazily swimming after us from astern. It grinned like a bulldog and lashed gently with its tail. In front of the broad jaws swam a whole crowd of zebra-striped pilot fish in fan formation, and large remora fish and other parasites sat firmly attached to the huge body and traveled with it through the water, so that the whole thing looked like a curious zoological collection crowded round something that resembled a floating deep-water reef.

The monster was a whale shark, the largest shark and the largest fish known in the world today. The whale shark has an average

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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NOW your bedroom in

Lovely Solid Cherry

FROM THE ELSWICK COLLECTION



Mirror
$21.50

Chest
$124.50

150 years ago, as the great days of 18th century cabinetmaking were coming to an end, artisans fashioned exquisitely graceful pieces like these for the fine homes of the land.

Today, you can have pieces like these, fashioned with time-consuming care by the most skilled cabinetmakers of our generation—in the best of all American cabinet woods, SOLID wild cherry, well seasoned and finely turned. You'll love the age-ripened color, the lovely details; you'll love the modest prices* too.



America's largest maker of solid maple and cherry furniture for living room, dining room and bedroom.

*For instance, all the pieces illustrated in the photograph above cost approximately $279. Also in open stock.

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SHARK IS GRABBED at upper part of its tail by Heyerdahl. This was the first step in an exciting sport invented to while away dull hours on the voyage.

"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED

length of 50 feet, and according to zoologists it weighs 15 tons. It is said that large specimens can attain a length of 60 feet; one harpooned "baby" had a liver weighing 600 pounds and a collection of 3,000 teeth in each of its broad jaws.

Our monster was so large that, when it began to swim in circles round us and under the raft, its head was visible on one side while the whole of its tail stuck out on the other. And so incredibly grotesque, inert and stupid did it appear when seen full-face that we could not help shouting with laughter, although we realized that it had strength enough in its tail to shred both balsa logs and ropes if it attacked us.

The whale shark went on encircling us for barely an hour, but to us the visit seemed to last a whole day. At last it became too exciting for Erik, who was standing at a corner of the raft with an eight-foot hand harpoon, and, encouraged by ill-considered shouts, he raised the harpoon above his head. As the shark came gliding slowly toward him and its broad head moved right under the corner of the raft, Erik thrust the harpoon with all his strength down between his legs and deep into the gristly head. It was a second or two before the giant understood properly what was happening. Then in a flash the placid half-wit was transformed into a mountain of steel muscles.

We heard a swishing noise as the harpoon line rushed over the edge of the raft and saw a cascade of water as the giant stood on its head and plunged down into the depths. The three men who were standing nearest were flung about the place, head over heels, and two of them were flayed and burned by the line as it rushed through the air. The thick line, strong enough to hold a boat, was caught up on the side of the raft but snapped at once like a piece of twine, and a few seconds later a broken-off harpoon shaft came up to the surface 200 yards away. We waited a long time for the monster to come racing back like an infuriated submarine, but we never saw anything more of him.

The weeks passed. We saw no sign either of a ship or of drifting remains to show that there were other people in the world. The whole sea was ours and, with all the gates of the horizon open, real peace and freedom were wafted down from the firmament itself. It was as though the fresh salt tang in the air, and all the blue purity that surrounded us, had washed and cleansed both body and soul.

If a boat had cruised our way on any average day out at sea, it would have found us bobbing quietly up and down over a long rolling swell covered with little white-crested waves, while the trade wind held the orange sail bent steadily toward Polynesia. Those on board would have seen, at the stern of the raft, a brown, bearded man with no clothes on, either struggling desperately with a long steering oar while he hauled on a tangled rope, or in calm weather, just sitting on a box dozing in the hot sun and keeping a leisurely hold on the steering oar with his toes.

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SHARK IS HAULED UP, helpless without the use of its powerful tail. Halfway up to the deck it came to, thrashing about and snapping its jaws madly.

If this man happened not to be Bengt, the latter would have been found lying on his stomach in the cabin door with one of his 73 sociological books. Bengt had further been appointed steward and was responsible for fixing the daily rations. Herman might have been found anywhere at any time of the day—at the masthead with meteorological instruments, underneath the raft with diving goggles on checking a centerboard or in tow in the rubber dinghy, busy with balloons and curious measuring apparatus.

Knut and Torstein were always doing something with their wet and dry batteries, soldering irons and circuits. All their wartime training was required to keep the little radio station going in spray and dew a foot above the surface of the water. Every night they took turns sending our reports and weather observations out into the ether, where they were picked up by chance by radio amateurs who passed the reports on to Washington and other destinations.

Erik was usually sitting patching sails and splicing ropes, or carving in wood and drawing sketches of bearded men and odd fish. At noon every day he took the sextant and mounted a box to look at the sun and find out how far we had moved since the day before. I myself had enough to do with the logbook and reports and the collecting of plankton, fishing and filming.

Every man had his sphere of responsibility, and no one interfered with the others' work. Every man had two hours each day and two hours each night at the steering oar. And duty as cook was in accordance with a daily roster. There were few laws and regulations on board, except that the night watch must have a rope round his waist, that the lifesaving rope had its regular place, that all meals were consumed outside the cabin wall and that the "right place" was only at the farthest end of the logs astern.

"TO STARVE . . . WAS IMPOSSIBLE"

AN ordinary day on board the *Kon-Tiki* began with the last night watch shaking some life into the cook, who crawled out sleepily on to the dewy deck in the morning sun and began to gather flying fish. We fried them over a small Primus stove at the bottom of a box which stood lashed fast to the deck outside the cabin door. There was not a day on our whole voyage on which fish were not swimming round the raft and could not easily be caught. Scarcely a day passed without flying fish, at any rate, coming on board of their own accord. It even happened that large bonitos, delicious eating, swam on board with the masses of water that came from astern and lay kicking on the raft when the water had vanished down between the logs as a sieve. To starve to death was impossible.

Solitary petrels and other sea birds which can sleep on the sea we met thousands of miles from the nearest land. Sometimes, on quiet days far out on the blue sea, we sailed close to a white, floating bird's feather. If, on approaching the little feather, we looked at it closely, we saw that there were two or three passengers on board it, sailing along at their ease before the wind. When the *Kon-Tiki* was about

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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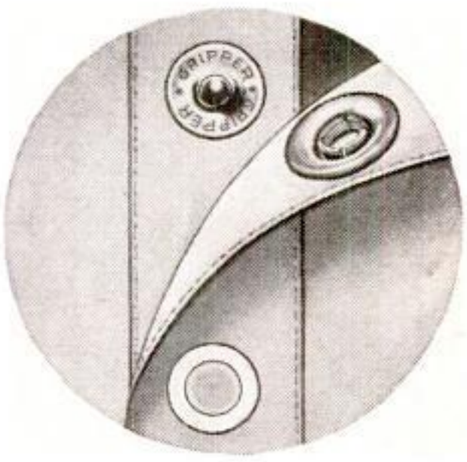
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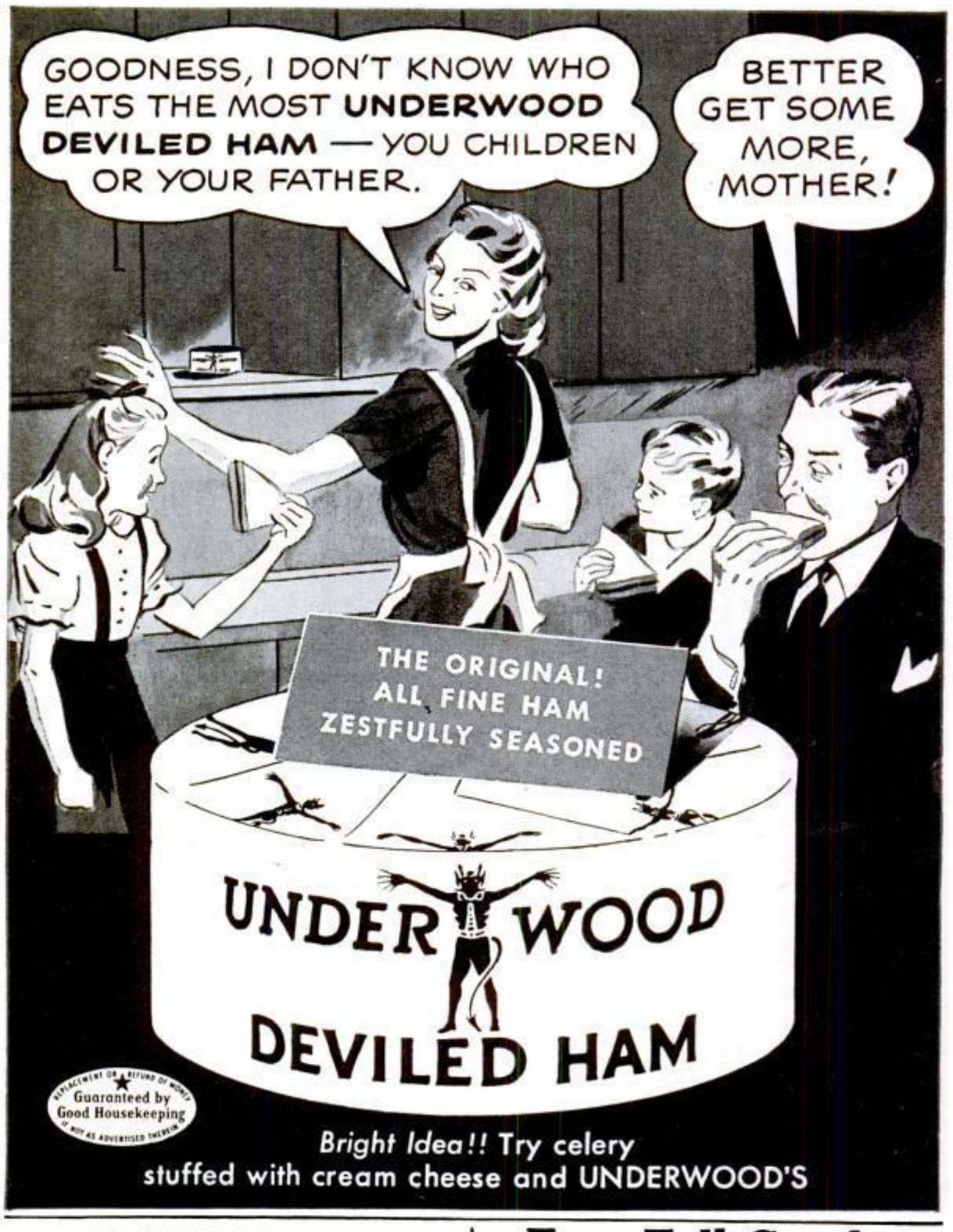
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to pass, the passengers noticed that a vessel was coming which was faster and had more space, and so all came scuttling sideways at top speed over the surface and up on to the raft, leaving the feather to sail on alone. And so the *Kon-Tiki* soon began to swarm with stowaways. They were small pelagic crabs. As big as a fingernail, and now and then a good deal larger, they were tidbits for the Goliaths on board the raft, if we managed to catch them.

The small crabs were the policemen of the sea's surface and they were not slow to look after themselves when they saw anything eatable. Most often they were frightened and scurried away to hide when we came in view, but aft, in a little hole by the steering block, lived a crab which was quite tame and which we named Johannes.

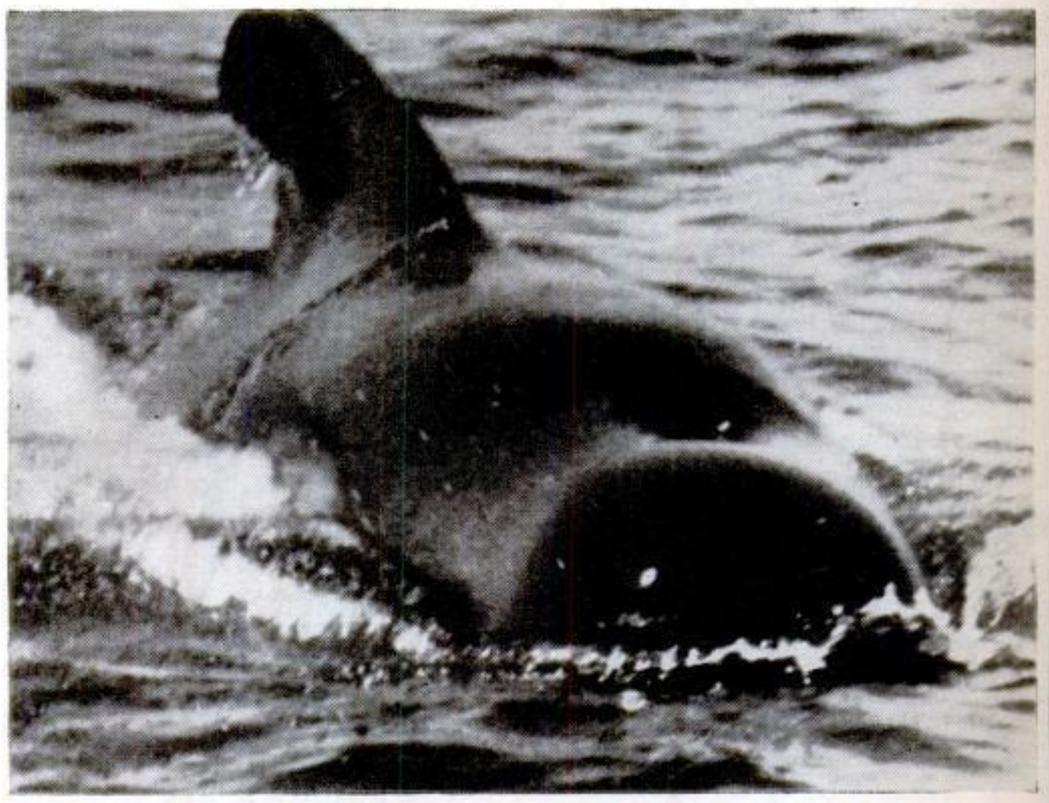
Like the parrot, who was everyone's amusing pet, the crab Johannes became one of our community on deck. Every man who came on watch had a scrap of biscuit or a bit of fish for him and we needed only to stoop down over the hole for him to come right out on his doorstep and stretch out his hands. He took the scraps out of our fingers with his claws and ran back into the hole, where he sat down in the doorway and munched like a schoolboy, cramming his food into his mouth.

"PREPARED FOR A DANGEROUS COLLISION"

WE were visited by whales many times. Most often they were small porpoises and toothed whales which gamboled about us in large schools on the surface of the water, but now and then there were big cachalots, too, and other giant whales which appeared singly or in small schools. We were prepared for dangerous collision the first time a big whale altered course and came toward the raft in a purposeful manner. It came straight toward our port side, where we stood gathered on the edge of the raft. The big, shining, black forehead was not more than two yards from us when it sank beneath the surface of the water, and then we saw the enormous blue-black bulk glide quietly under the raft right beneath our feet. It lay there for a time, dark and motionless, and we held our breath as we looked down on the gigantic curved back of a mammal a good deal longer than the whole raft. Then it sank slowly through the bluish water and disappeared from sight. Whales which have abused their giant strength and sunk whaling boats with their tails have presumably been attacked first.

When we passed 110° west we were within the Polynesian ocean area. By now we no longer had the same respect for waves and sea. We knew them and their relationship to us on the raft. Even the shark had become part of the everyday picture; we knew it and its usual reactions. The last stage in our intercourse with sharks was that we began to pull their tails.

To get hold of a shark by the tail we first had to give it a real tidbit. It was ready to stick its head high out of the water to get it. If one holds out a large dolphin at a safe distance from the shark's head, the shark comes up and, without one's having felt the slightest tug, half the dolphin is suddenly gone and one is left sitting with a tail in one's hand. (We had found it a hard job to cut a dolphin in two with knives.) When the shark turned quietly to go under again its tail flickered up above the surface and was easy to grasp. The shark's skin was just like sandpaper to hold on to, and inside the upper point of its tail there was an indentation which might have



CURIOUS WHALE swims up close to inspect the *Kon-Tiki*. Many whales came close to the frail raft but none of them so much as lifted a tail against her.

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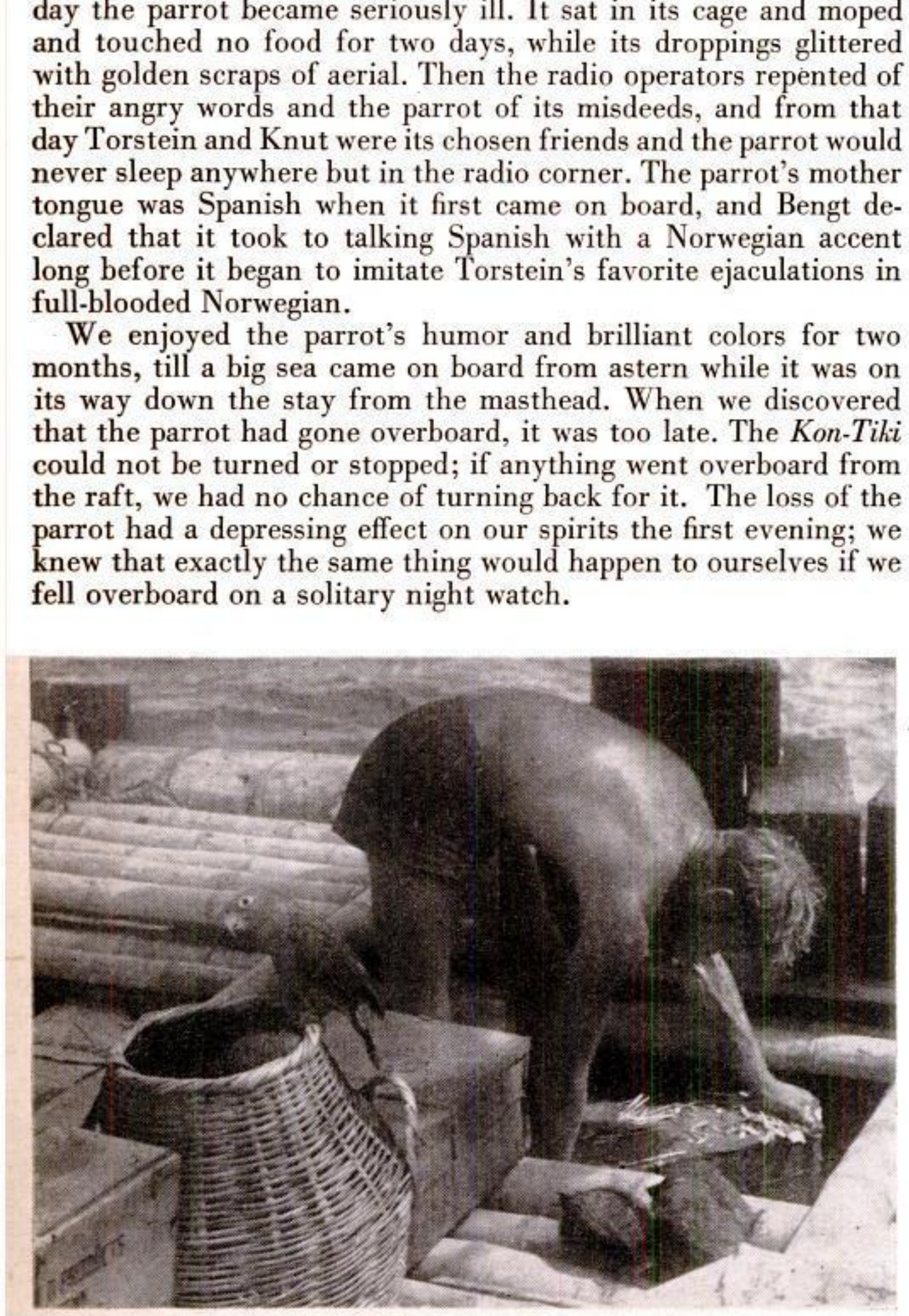
been made solely to allow a good grip. If we once got a firm grasp there, there was no chance of our grip's not holding. Then we had to give a jerk, before the shark could collect itself, and get as much as possible of the tail pulled in tight over the logs. For a second or two the shark realized nothing, but then it began to wriggle and struggle in a spiritless manner with the fore part of its body, for without the help of its tail a shark cannot get up any speed. After a few desperate jerks, during which we had to keep a tight hold of the tail, the surprised shark became quite crestfallen and apathetic.

When the shark had become quiet it was time for us to haul in with all our might. We seldom got more than half the heavy fish up out of the water; then the shark woke up and did the rest itself. With violent jerks it swung its head round and up to the logs, and then we had to tug with all our might and jump well out of the way, and that pretty quickly, if we wanted to save our legs. For now the shark was in no kindly mood. Jerking itself round in great leaps, it thrashed at the bamboo wall, using its tail as a sledge hammer. The huge jaws were opened wide and the rows of teeth bit and snapped in the air for anything they could reach. It might happen that the war dance ended in the shark's more or less involuntarily tumbling overboard and disappearing for good after its shameful humiliation, but most often it flung itself about at random on the same logs aft, till we got a running noose round the root of its tail or till it had ceased to gnash its devilish teeth forever.

The parrot was quite thrilled when we had a shark on deck. It came scurrying out of the bamboo cabin and climbed up the wall at frantic speed till it found itself a good, safe lookout post on the palm-leaf roof, and there it sat shaking its head or fluttered to and fro, shrieking with excitement. It had at an early date become an excellent sailor and was always bubbling over with humor and laughter.

At first the parrot was the bane of our radio operators. They might be sitting happily absorbed in the radio corner with their magic earphones on and perhaps in contact with a radio fan in Oklahoma. Then their earphones would suddenly go dead. The parrot had been busy and bitten off the wire of the aerial. But one day the parrot became seriously ill. It sat in its cage and moped and touched no food for two days, while its droppings glittered with golden scraps of aerial. Then the radio operators repented of their angry words and the parrot of its misdeeds, and from that day Torstein and Knut were its chosen friends and the parrot would never sleep anywhere but in the radio corner. The parrot's mother tongue was Spanish when it first came on board, and Bengt declared that it took to talking Spanish with a Norwegian accent long before it began to imitate Torstein's favorite ejaculations in full-blooded Norwegian.

We enjoyed the parrot's humor and brilliant colors for two months, till a big sea came on board from astern while it was on its way down the stay from the masthead. When we discovered that the parrot had gone overboard, it was too late. The *Kon-Tiki* could not be turned or stopped; if anything went overboard from the raft, we had no chance of turning back for it. The loss of the parrot had a depressing effect on our spirits the first evening; we knew that exactly the same thing would happen to ourselves if we fell overboard on a solitary night watch.



HUNGRY PARROT accompanies crew member taking provisions out of the storage space under deck. The parrot was a gift from a Peruvian well-wisher.

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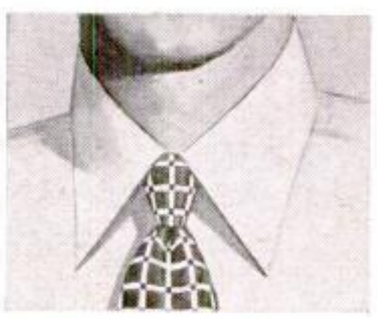


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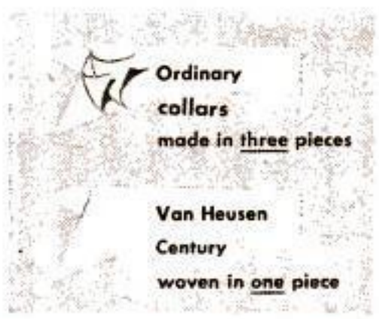
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THE "KON-TIKI" HITS STORMS AND ONE MAN GOES OVERBOARD

OUR first storm was started by the trade wind dying away completely and the feathery, white trade-wind clouds being suddenly invaded by a thick black cloud bank which rolled up over the horizon from southward. Then there came gusts of wind from the most unexpected directions, so that it was impossible for the steering watch to keep control. As the black clouds rolled over us, the breeze increased to a fresh wind which worked itself up into a real storm.

In an incredibly short time the seas round about us were flung up to a height of 15 feet. When the storm rushed up over the horizon and gathered about us for the first time, strained anticipation and anxiety were discernible in our looks. But when it was upon us in earnest, and the *Kon-Tiki* took everything that came her way with ease and buoyancy, the storm became an exciting form of sport, and we all delighted in the fury round about us which the balsa raft mastered so adroitly, always seeing that she lay on the wave tops like a cork.

We calculated that in an ordinary calm sea, where there were usually seven seconds between the highest waves, we took in about 200 tons of water astern in 24 hours. But we hardly noticed it because it just flowed in quietly round the bare legs of the steering watch and as quietly disappeared again between the logs. But in a heavy storm more than 10,000 tons of water poured on board astern in the course of 24 hours. It sometimes broke on board with a deafening thunderclap, so that the helmsman stood in water up to his waist and felt as if he were forcing his way against the current in a swift river (picture, *p. 90*). The raft seemed to stand trembling for a moment, but then the cruel load that weighed her down astern disappeared overboard again in great cascades.

When the weather moderated, it was as though the big fish around us had become completely infuriated. It was a ceaseless life-and-death struggle: the backs of big fishes arched themselves over the water and shot off like rockets, one chasing another in pairs, while the water round the raft was repeatedly tinged with thick blood. The combatants were mainly tunnies and dolphins. The tunnies were the assailants; often a fish of 150 to 200 pounds would leap high into the air holding a dolphin's bloody head in its mouth.

"A FAINT CRY FOR HELP"

ON July 21 the wind suddenly died away again. It was oppressive and absolutely still, and we knew from previous experience what this might mean. And, right enough, after a few violent gusts from east and west and south, the wind freshened up to a breeze from southward, where black, threatening clouds had again rushed up over the horizon. Suddenly Torstein's sleeping bag went overboard. Herman tried to catch the bag as it went, took a rash step and fell overboard. We heard a faint cry for help amid the noise of the waves and saw Herman's head and a waving arm as well as some vague green object twirling about in the water near him. Torstein, who was at the steering oar aft, and I myself, up in the bow, were the first to perceive him, and we went cold with fear.

Knut and Erik threw out the life belt, but the wind was so strong that it was simply blown back to the raft. After a few unsuccessful throws Herman was already far astern of the steering oar.

Then we suddenly saw Knut take off and plunge headfirst into the sea. He had the life belt in one hand and was heaving himself along. Every time Herman's head appeared on a wave back Knut was gone, and every time Knut came up Herman was not there. But then we saw both heads at once; they had swum to meet each other and both were hanging on to the life belt. Knut waved his arm, and all four of us took hold of the line of the life belt and hauled for dear life, with our eyes fixed on the great dark object which was visible just behind the two men. This same mysterious beast in the water was pushing a big greenish-black triangle up above the wave crests; it almost gave Knut a shock when he was on his way over to Herman. Only Herman knew then that the triangle did not belong to a shark or any other sea monster. It was an inflated corner of Torstein's watertight sleeping bag. But the sleeping bag did not remain floating for long after we had hauled the two men safe and sound on board. Whatever dragged the sleeping bag down into the depths had just missed a better prey.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



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SECOND LANDFALL made by *Kon-Tiki's* crew was the island of Angatau, lying behind the dangerous reef which shows as a narrow white strip in this picture. Two natives came out in a canoe to greet them and help try to negotiate the risky passage through the reef to the island (*below*). Four days earlier, on July 30, after 93 days at sea, the voyagers had caught their first sight of land but had drifted away from it before a landing attempt could be made.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO LAND IS A DEPRESSING FAILURE

THE canoe (*above*) bumped against the raft's side, and the two men leaped on board. One of them grinned all over his face and held out a brown hand, exclaiming in English, "Goodnight!"

"Goodnight," I replied in astonishment. "Do you speak English?"

The man nodded. "Goodnight," he said, "goodnight."

This was his entire vocabulary in foreign languages.

"*Maimai hee iuta* (Want to go to land)," I tried.

They both pointed toward the invisible passage in the reef, and we laid the oar over and decided to take our chance. We hauled down the sail at top speed and each of us got out his big paddle.

I wanted to give an extra paddle to each of the two natives, who stood enjoying the cigarets they had been given on board. The most advanced of the two bent down, made a cranking motion in the air with his right hand and said, "Brrrrrrrrr!"

He wanted us to start the engine. We took them aft and made them feel under the logs to show them that we had no propeller. They were dumfounded and, putting out their cigarets, flung themselves down on the side of the raft where we sat—four men on each outside log, dipping our paddles into the water. It did not look as if we were moving an inch. The natives looked frightened, jumped back into the canoe and disappeared.

As darkness fell over the island, four canoes came dancing out from behind the reef, and soon there was a crowd of Polynesians on board, all wanting to shake hands and get cigarets.

We quickly had ropes made fast from the stern of all the canoes to the bow of the *Kon-Tiki*, and the four sturdy outrigger canoes spread out in fan formation, like a dog team, ahead of the wooden raft. Knut jumped into the dinghy and found a place as draft dog in among the canoes, and we others, with paddles, posted ourselves on the two outside logs of the *Kon-Tiki*. And so began a struggle against the east wind which had been at our back for so long.

Three hours passed, and it was now 9 o'clock. Gradually we began to lose ground. We were tired.

We heard the natives beginning to murmur and exchange words. Suddenly we noticed that one of the canoes had cast off its rope into the sea and disappeared. Soon the three remaining ropes slackened and the three canoes bumped against the side of the raft. One of the natives came on board and said quietly with a jerk of his head, "*Iuta* (To land)." The natives jumped into the canoes and disappeared into the night. The last we heard was the shrill voice of our first friend out in the darkness calling politely, "Goodnight!"

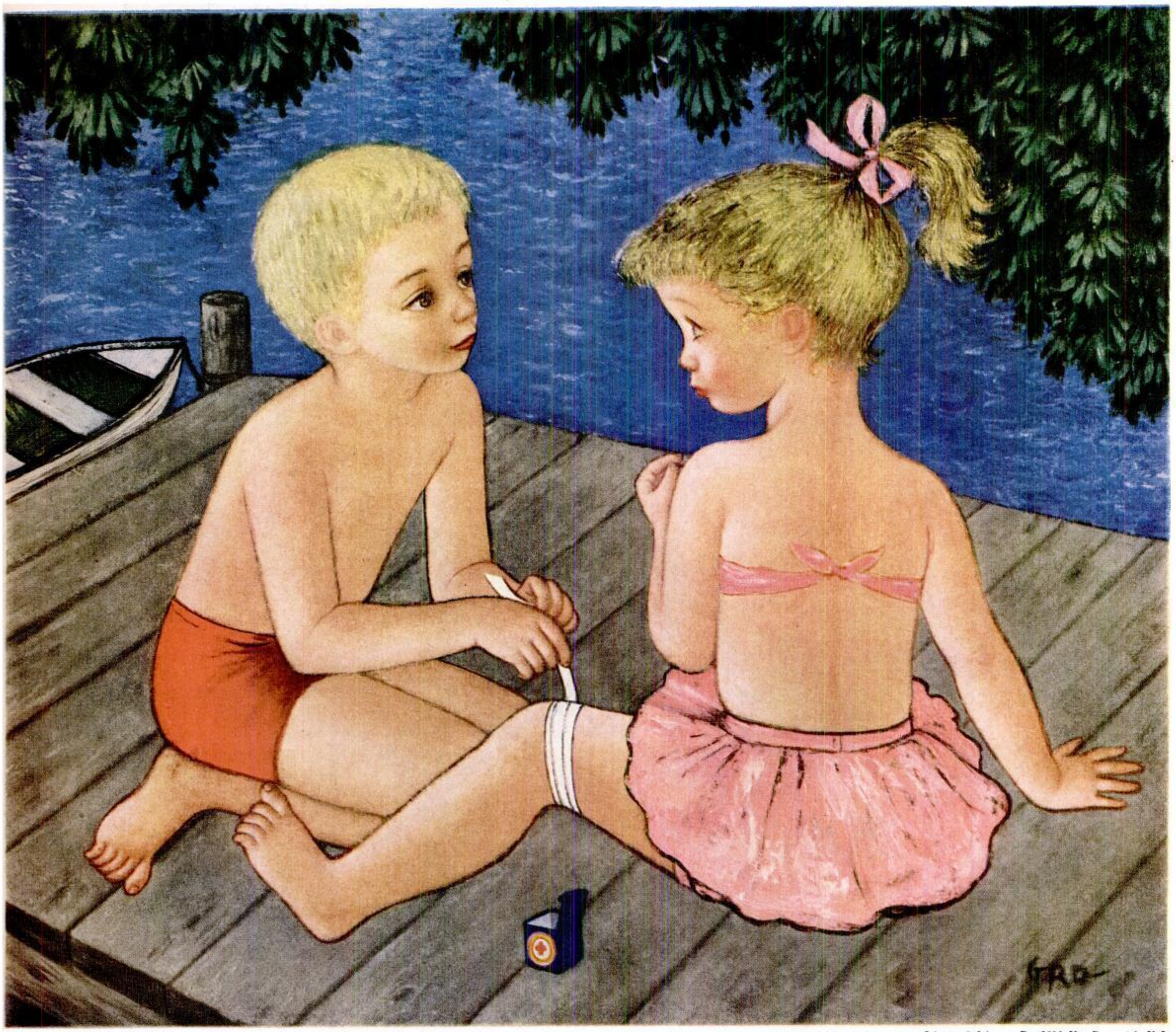
For three days we drifted across the sea without a sight of land.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105





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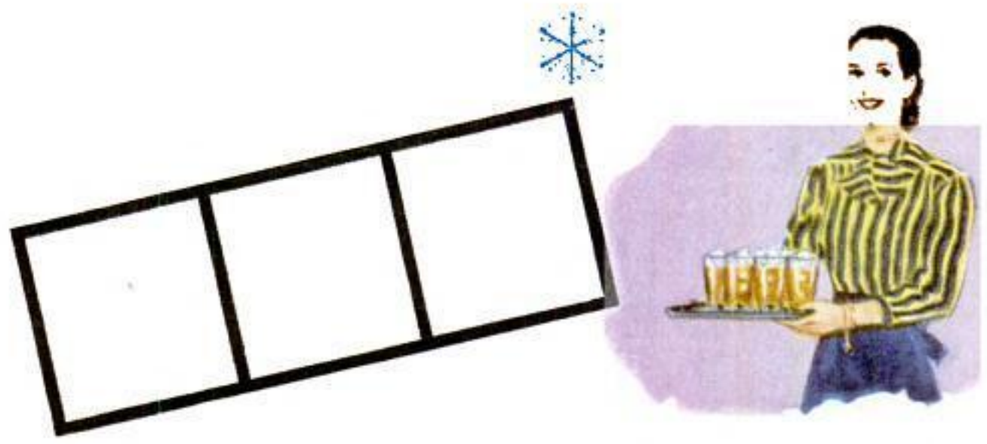


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What Three-letter Word Chills Beverages Without Killing the Taste?





If you've ever been served a beverage filled with cloudy, fast-melting ice cubes and tasting faintly of yesterday's broccoli, you know why really smart hosts and hostesses use nothing but *genuine* ice.

For *genuine* ice—the kind made *only* by your Ice Company—is not only hard-frozen and crystal-clear but as completely *taste-free* as the purest water. It is inexpensive to buy—convenient and wonderful to use.

The next time you plan a party, be sure to have plenty of *genuine* ice on hand to ensure its success. Your Ice Company will gladly supply your needs.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
Dept. FA, 1706 I. Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

Genuine ICE FILLS EVERY COOLING NEED



When You Entertain

Use crushed ice generously in serving appetizers, juices, sea-foods and salads. Your Ice Company can supply *genuine* ice for every occasion.



Home-Made Ice Cream

Old-fashioned, velvety ice cream made with *genuine* ice in a home freezer has a texture and flavor no "still-frozen" substitute can equal.

Ice Makes The Picnic

Picnic time calls for *genuine* ice and plenty of it. A handy picnic chest carries the ice and the beverages—and keeps the foods fresh besides. Inexpensive, too. Get one from your local Ice Company.



When You Shop

Get your money's worth when you buy vegetables! Up-to-date stores always keep their vegetables *garden-fresh* by displaying them in *crushed ice*.



Free Money-Saver

Send a postcard today for your *free* copy of "Money-saving Tips on Marketing"—a complete guide to buying vegetables, poultry, sea-food.



1850—ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ICE PROGRESS—1950

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"KON-TIKI" MAKES A CRASH LANDING IN POUNDING SURF

WE were drifting straight toward the ominous Takume and Raroia reefs, which together blocked up 40 to 50 miles of the sea ahead of us. On board the *Kon-Tiki* all preparations for the end of the voyage were being made. Everything of value was carried into the cabin and lashed fast. We opened up the bamboo deck and cut off with machete knives all the ropes which held the centerboards down. With the centerboards up the draught of our vessel was no deeper than to the bottom of the timber logs, and we would therefore be more easily washed in over the reef.

Those were anxious hours in which we lay drifting helplessly sideways, in toward the reef. It was noticeably quiet on board; we all crept in and out from cabin to bamboo deck, silent or laconic, and carried on with our jobs. Our serious faces showed that no one was in doubt as to what awaited us, and the absence of nervousness showed that we had all gradually acquired an unshakable confidence in the raft. If it had brought us across the sea, it would also manage to bring us ashore alive.

Entries in the *Kon-Tiki*'s log ran:

"9:45: The wind is taking us straight toward the last island but one we see behind the reef. We can now see the whole coral reef clearly; here it is built up like a white and red speckled wall which barely sticks up out of the water as a belt in front of all the islands. All along the reef white foaming surf is flung up toward the sky. Bengt is just serving up a good hot meal, the last before the great action! . . .

"9:50: Very close now. Drifting along the reef. Only a hundred yards or so away. All clear. Must pack up log now. All in good spirits; it looks bad, but we shall make it!"

A few minutes later the anchor rushed overboard and caught hold of the bottom, so that the *Kon-Tiki* swung around and turned her stern inward toward the breakers. It held us for a few valuable minutes, while Torstein sat hammering like mad on the wireless key. He had got Rarotonga now. The breakers thundered in the air and the sea rose and fell furiously. Torstein asked Rarotonga to listen in on the same wavelength every hour. If we were silent for more than 36 hours, Rarotonga must let the Norwegian Embassy in Washington know. Torstein's last words were: "O.K. Fifty yards left. Here we go. Goodby."

The swell grew heavier and heavier, with deep troughs between the waves, and we felt the raft being swung up and down, up and down, higher and higher. All hands stood in readiness, each clinging fast to the rope he thought the most secure.

"THE GREAT MOMENT HAD COME"

WHEN we realized that the seas had got hold of us, the anchor rope was cut, and we were off. A sea rose straight up under us, and we felt the *Kon-Tiki* being lifted up in the air. The great moment had come; we were riding on the wave back at breathless speed, our ramshackle craft creaking and groaning as she quivered under us. The excitement made one's blood boil. I remember that, having no other inspiration, I waved my arm and bellowed "Hurrah!" at the top of my lungs. The others certainly thought I had gone mad, but they all beamed and grinned enthusiastically. On we ran with the seas rushing in behind us.

A new sea rose high up astern of us like a glittering, green glass wall. As we sank down it came rolling after us and, in the same second in which I saw it high above me, I felt a violent blow and was submerged under floods of water. I felt the suction through my whole body, with such great power that I had to strain every single muscle in my frame and think of one thing only—hold on, hold on! Then I felt that the mountain of water was passing on and relaxing its devilish grip of my body.

In an instant hell was over us again, and the *Kon-Tiki* disappeared completely under the masses of water. The second sea rushed over us, and a third like it.

After three seas only the double mast and the cabin had been knocked a bit crooked. We had a feeling of triumph over the elements, and the elation of victory gave us new strength.

Then I saw the next sea come towering up, higher than all the rest. We must have hit the reef that time. The sea thundered on, over and past, and as it roared by it revealed a hideous sight. The

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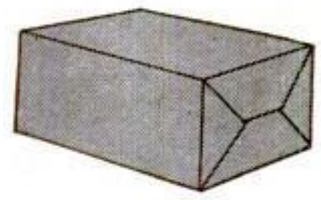
the New Shape is the news



The new-shape sweater-top dress is news because its little knitted top is shaped as dramatically as an evening gown. *That's* imaginative designing!

The new-shape Modess box is news because it, too, is a triumph of imaginative designing. Shaped like so many other kinds of boxes... you'd never guess the wrapped package held Modess. Another tactful feature . . . boxes are pre-wrapped before they even reach your store.

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.

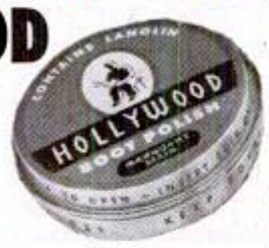


Only Modess comes in the new-shape box...pre-wrapped

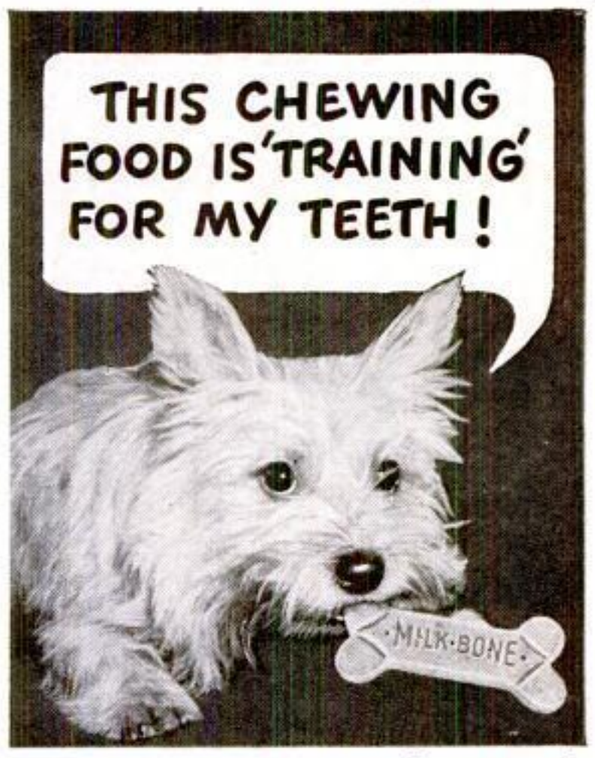
BLUE JAY SAY:
"fix CORNS quick!"
BLUE JAY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FAST, SURE RELIEF
AMERICA'S No. 1 CORN PLASTER



HOLLYWOOD BOOT POLISH
shines shoes like MAGIC!



HOLLYWOOD SHOE POLISH INC.
RICHMOND HILL 19, N. Y.



Only MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT does so much for your dog! Gives him the *chewing exercise* that helps keep teeth and gums healthy...plus important food elements! *Economical* because so much nourishment is concentrated in each crunchy biscuit! It's *baked* for purity and easy digestion... sold only in sealed and lined cartons to stay fresh!



MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT contains nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B_1, B_2, D, and E... Meat Meal... Fish Liver Oil... Whole Wheat Flour ...Minerals...Milk.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BAKED BY NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

National Biscuit Co., Dept. LM-81 *FREE SAMPLE*
446 E. 10th St., New York 9, N. Y.
Send me *free* MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT. Also Booklet: "How to Care for and Feed Your Dog." (Please print. Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish.)
Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
This offer good in United States only

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"I *made* the hotel reservations — I *bought* my American Express Travelers Cheques . . . and yet I keep thinking I've forgotten something!"

Smart travelers always remember to carry American Express Travelers Cheques . . . for they're not only the most widely accepted cheques in the world—spendable in more than a million places . . . but if they're lost or stolen you get a quick refund. And they're so simple to use: You merely sign them when you buy them and again when you spend them.

Specify American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS, Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

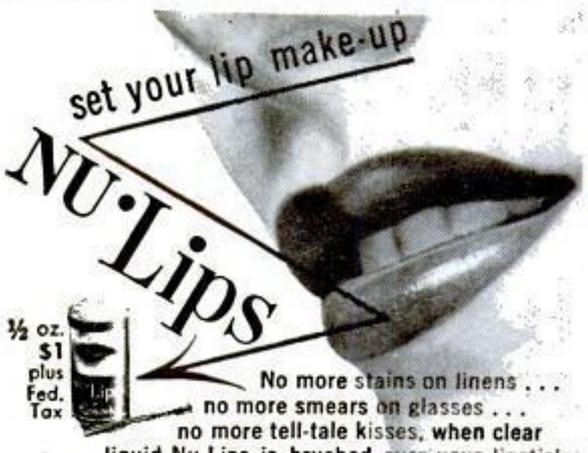
CONVENIENT AS CASH—100% SAFE

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

MOST WIDELY ACCEPTED CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

set your lip make-up

NU·Lips



½ oz. $1 plus Fed. Tax

No more stains on linens . . . no more smears on glasses . . . no more tell-tale kisses, when clear liquid Nu-Lips is brushed over your lipstick. At your favorite store or write for information to RENOIR PARFUMS Ltd., 120 West 42d St., New York

CASSEROLE OR SALAD BOWL WITH



THE MORE TENDER . MORE DELICIOUS... MACARONI

PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

MEN OVER 25 WITH THINNING HAIR..

give it this special care in summer

GROOM IT WITH KREML



TO AVOID A HOT, GREASY, SHINY-LOOKING SCALP.
TO MAKE HAIR LOOK MORE ABUNDANT!

If your hair is thinning or receding at temples—don't keep *gluing* it down with greasy, sticky products which emphasize your sparse locks more—which leave an uncomfortably hot, dust-catching, shiny-looking film on the scalp. Now *definitely* is the time of year, the time in your life, to graduate to Kreml Hair Tonic!

Even on hottest summer days, Kreml keeps hair looking healthy and handsome —never greasy or plastered down. And Kreml *alone* has this special combination of rare ingredients to groom hair so that it looks thicker—like more than you've got. Kreml Hair Tonic always feels so CLEAN—SO COOL on your scalp. Also great to remove dandruff flakes and lubricate dry, sun-baked hair.



FROM THE SEAWARD SIDE THIS IS THE VIEW THE "KON-TIKI'S" CREW

"KON-TIKI" CONTINUED

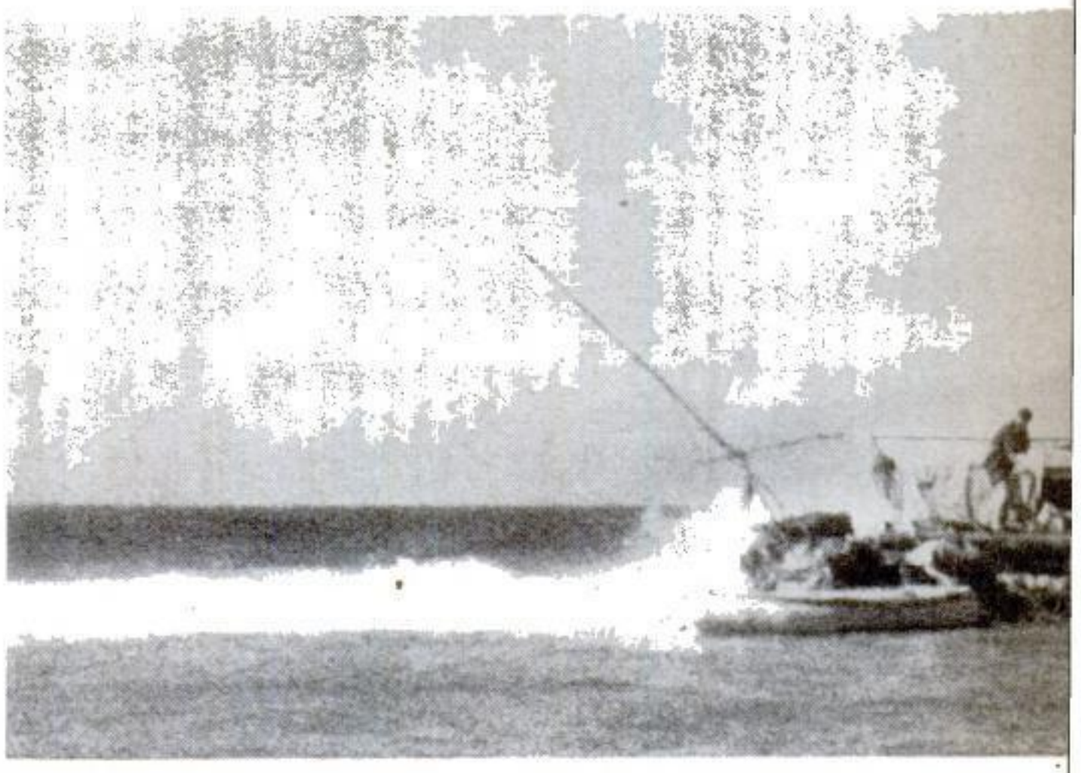
Kon-Tiki was wholly changed, as by the stroke of a magic wand. The hardwood mast on the starboard side was broken like a match, and the upper stump, in its fall, had smashed right through the cabin roof, so that the mast and all its gear slanted at a low angle over the reef on the starboard side. Astern, the steering block was twisted round lengthways and the crossbeam broken, while the steering oar was smashed to splinters. The splashboards at the bow were broken like cigar boxes, and the whole deck was torn up and pasted like paper against the forward wall of the cabin, along with boxes, cans, canvas and other cargo. Bamboo sticks and rope ends stuck up everywhere, and the general effect was of complete chaos.

All this happened in the course of a few seconds, while the *Kon-Tiki* was being drawn out of the witches' caldron by the backwash, and a fresh sea came rolling over her. I saw the ends of the logs knocking and bumping against a sharp step in the coral reef without going over it. Then we were sucked out again.

The next sea came. When the backwash retreated I saw for the first time the rugged red reef naked beneath us and perceived Torstein standing, bent double, on gleaming red corals, holding on to a bunch of rope ends from the mast. Knut, standing aft, was about to jump. I shouted that we must all keep on the logs, and Torstein, who had been washed overboard by the pressure of water, sprang up again like a cat.

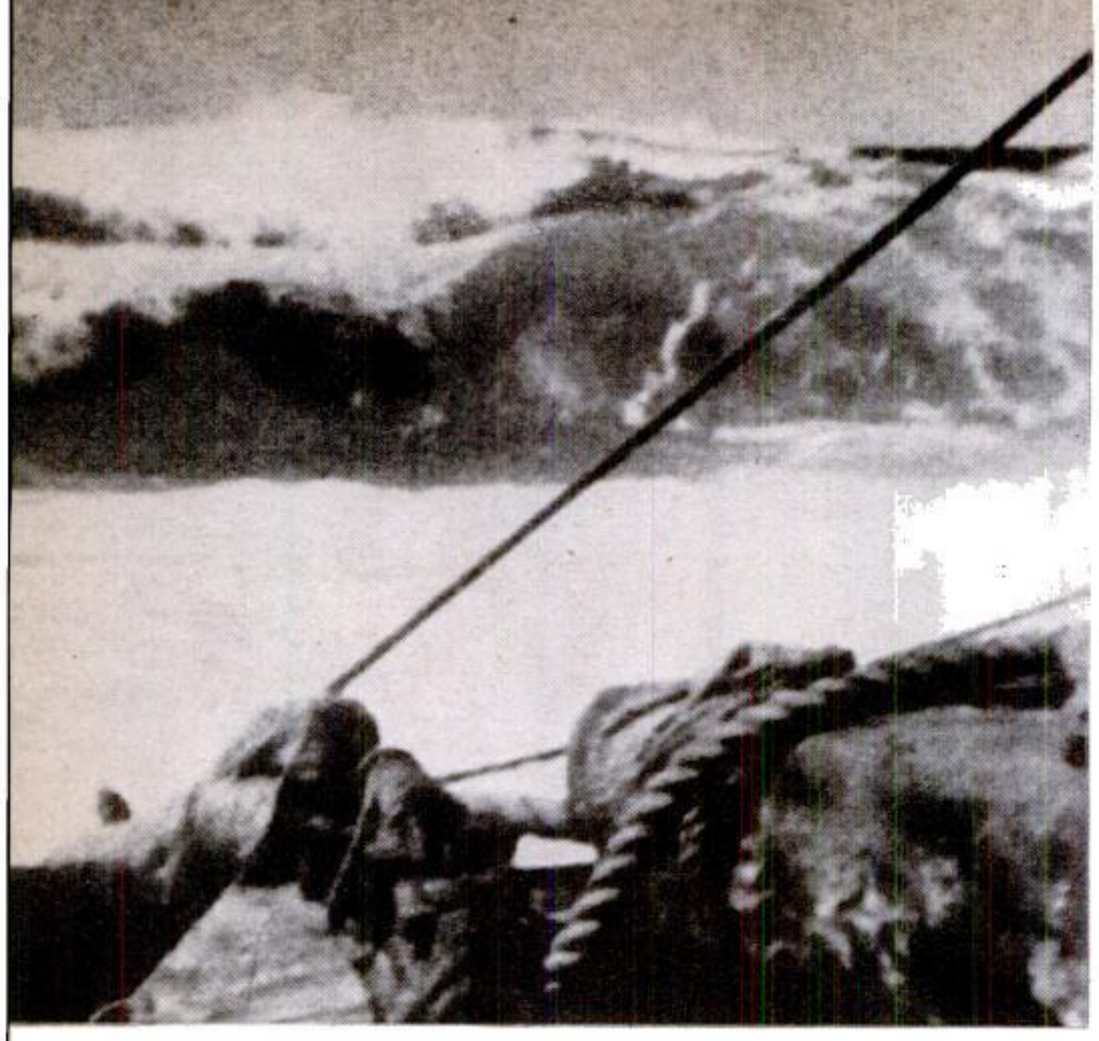
Two or three more seas rolled over us with diminishing force, and what happened then I do not remember, except that we were being lifted in over the red reef. Then only crests of foam full of salt spray came whirling in, and we all made for the after end of the logs which were highest up on the reef.

Knut crouched down and sprang up on to the reef. While the backwash was running out, he waded through the whirling water some 30 yards in and stood safely when the next sea foamed in toward



A LANDWARD PICTURE OF THE REEF, TAKEN FROM THE ISLAND ACROSS

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HAD OF THE REEF ON WHICH THEIR VOYAGE CAME TO A VIOLENT END

him, died down and ran back from the flat reef like a broad stream.

Erik was now standing ready on the logs aft, and when the sea retired he, too, jumped up on to the reef. It was Herman's turn next, and then Bengt's. Each time the raft was pushed a bit farther in and, when Torstein's turn and my own came, the raft already lay so far in on the reef that there was no longer any ground for abandoning her. The coral polyps had taken care to build the atoll so high that only the very tops of the breakers were able to send a fresh stream of sea water past us and into the lagoon.

A long way in on the reef the others found the rubber raft, lying drifting and quite waterlogged. They emptied it and dragged it back to the wreck, and we loaded it to the full with the most important equipment, like the radio set, provisions and water bottles. We dragged all this in across the reef and piled it up on the top of a huge block of coral, which lay alone on the inside of the reef like a large meteorite. Then we went back to the wreck for fresh loads.

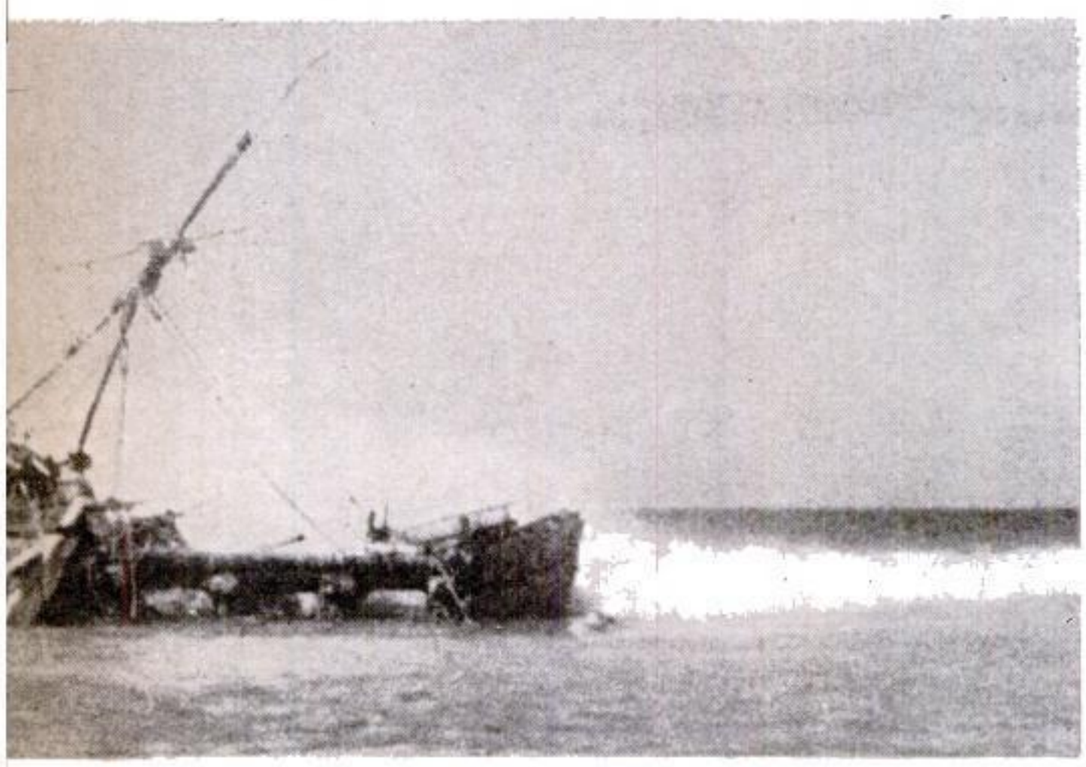
The reef stretched like a half-submerged fortress wall up to the north and down to the south. In the extreme south was a long island densely covered with tall palm forest. And just above us to the north, only 600 or 700 yards away, lay another but considerably smaller palm island. It lay inside the reef, with palm tops rising into the sky and snow-white sandy beaches running out into the still lagoon. The whole island looked like a bulging green basket of flowers, or a little bit of concentrated paradise.

This island we chose.

I shall never forget that wade across the reef toward the heavenly palm island that grew larger as it came to meet us. When I reached the sunny sand beach I slipped off my shoes and thrust my bare toes down into the warm, bone-dry sand.

I was completely overwhelmed. I sank down on my knees and thrust my fingers deep down into the dry, warm sand.

The voyage was over.



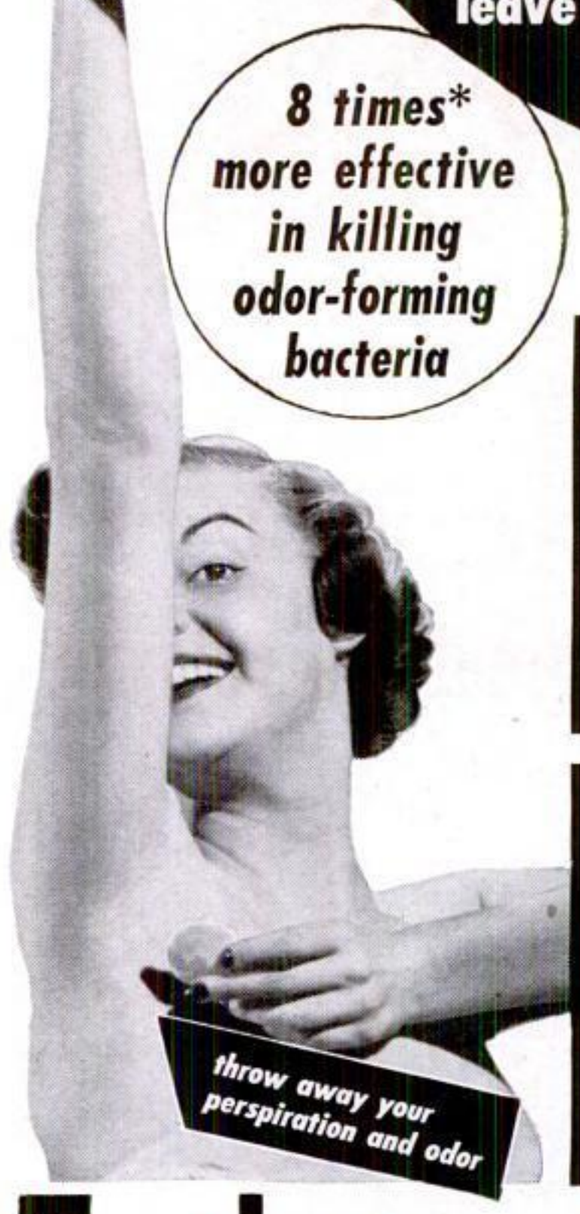
THE SHELTERED LAGOON, SHOWS THE BROKEN RAFT FINALLY AT REST

5-day pads

new miracle pad deodorant WIPES AWAY ODOR-FORMING BACTERIA—does not leave them under your arms!

Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant ...yet milder

8 times* more effective in killing odor-forming bacteria



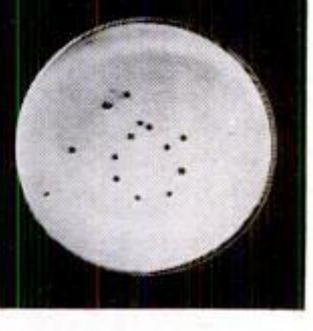
Laboratory Proof

TEST X
Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S action in removing odor-forming skin bacteria



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of bacteria that are the main cause of perspiration odor. Does not leave them under your arms!

TEST XX
Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S reserve effectiveness



This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

5-day deodorant pads

Easier! Each pad contains right amount. No guessing! Even smooth penetration instantly.

Faster! Goes into action instantly. Dries in seconds.

Cooling, Refreshing! No clammy, sticky feeling. Cooling, refreshing sensation.



25c 55c $1.00

No other deodorant tested is as effective in checking perspiration and stopping odor!

The miracle is in the pad! 5-Day Pads are circlets of fabric saturated with refreshing, mild yet very effective deodorant. 5-Day's exclusive formula checks perspiration—stops odor longer.

The miracle is in the pad! Far cleaner. Far more convenient. No fuss. No muss. No mess. The perfect way to apply a deodorant.

Safely checks perspiration more effectively, too! Contains twice* as much active anti-perspirant than an average of leading brands tested. Yet, laboratory pH tests prove 5-Day milder—harmless to skin and clothes.

Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap tested can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants. Name of independent laboratory available on request.

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HAY WAGON is towed into the barn with children hitching ride atop fresh load. Inside the 43-year-old barn youngsters found that there were four tons of hay for them to play in—and for cattle's winter feed.

Life Visits A Country Hayloft

CITY KIDS, COUNTRY COUSINS TAKE OVER BARN

As long as barns have had haylofts, country children have loved to romp in them and city kids have wished they could. Recently, in the barn on Hidden Valley Farm in Hyndsville, N.Y., LIFE Photographer Alfred Eisenstaedt, spent a day with 13 youngsters who had gathered to tumble in the loft to their hearts' content. Four of them were city children for whom Hidden Valley was discovered by Farm Vacations & Holidays, Inc., a New York vacation bureau. In the hands of nine country cousins the visitors soon caught on to the fun that can be had in jumping onto a mattress of hay and swinging from the beams of a barn. When the cows came home all the children had gone, but their happy shrieks still echoed from the rafters to the stalls.



HAY FIGHT in the loft begins with a surprise onslaught against the girls. Children found hay fights just as much fun as pillow fights, and the only casualties of battles were itchy throats caused by dust.

PLAYMATES FIND WALL OF STRAW MAKES PERFECT SLIDE →







ARTIST'S DAUGHTER Ann McGinnis, 9, puts head in stanchion and moos. She won mooing contest.



FARMER'S DAUGHTER Lynn Snoad, 4, holds an injured robin she found near her father's barn.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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1895—bicycling was near its peak. Thousands of cyclists thronged the roads around Millis, Mass., home of Clicquot Club then and now.

The wheelmen (and wheel-ladies) spread the news of a great refreshment

Back in 1895 Clicquot Club was delivered by wagon to towns near Millis, Mass., and to roadside refreshment stands. People tasted it—smacked their lips—told other people! Soon the fame of Clicquot Club spread throughout New England—then across the nation. Over 50 years a favorite, Clicquot Club Ginger Ale gives you the extra ripeness and richness of *flavor-aging*—an exclusive process wherein finest Jamaica ginger and other pure ingredients are mellowed for months. And ice-cold carbonation means longer-lasting, livelier sparkle—for *all* Clicquot Club beverages.

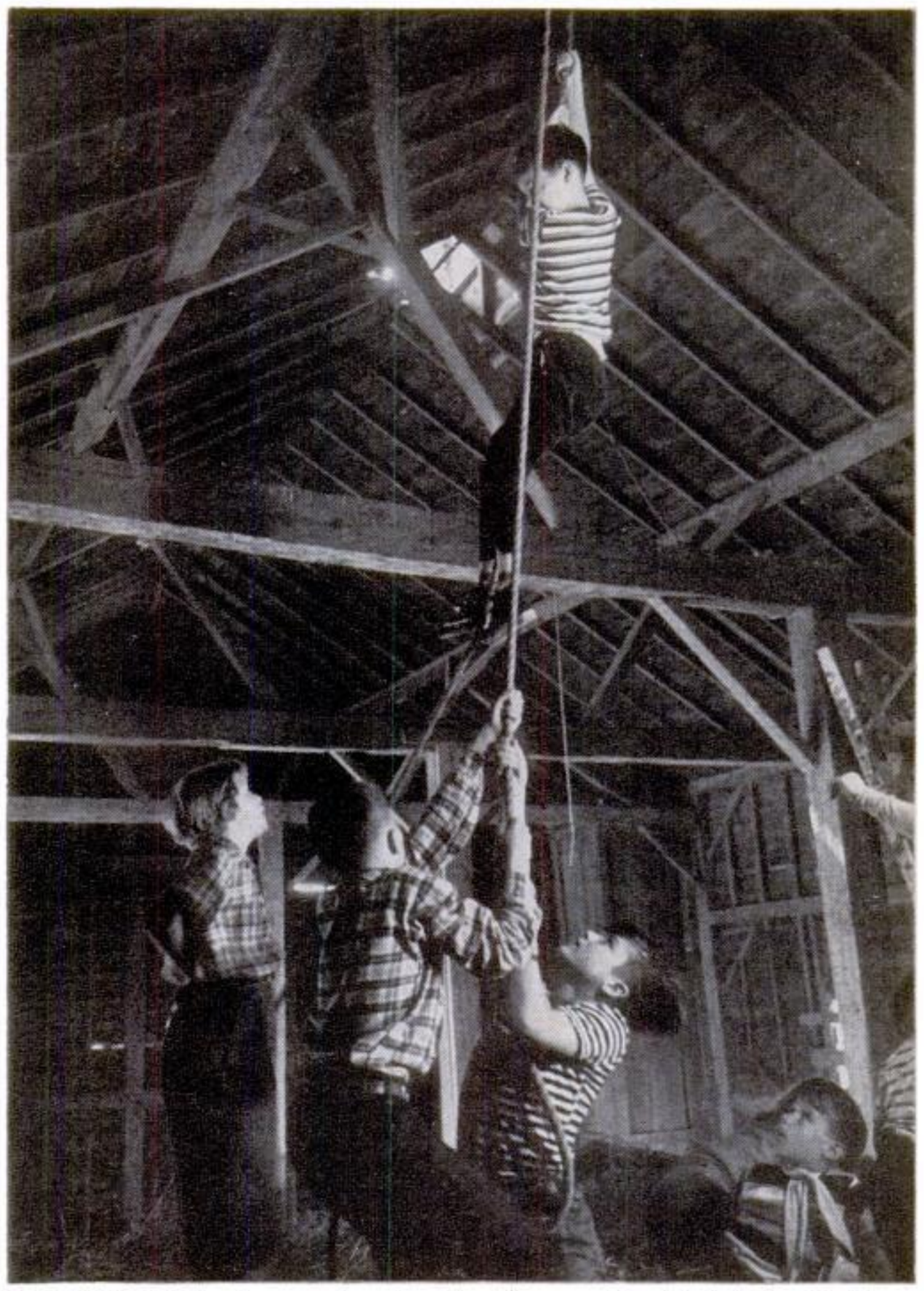


Clicquot Club
(pronounced Kleek-o)

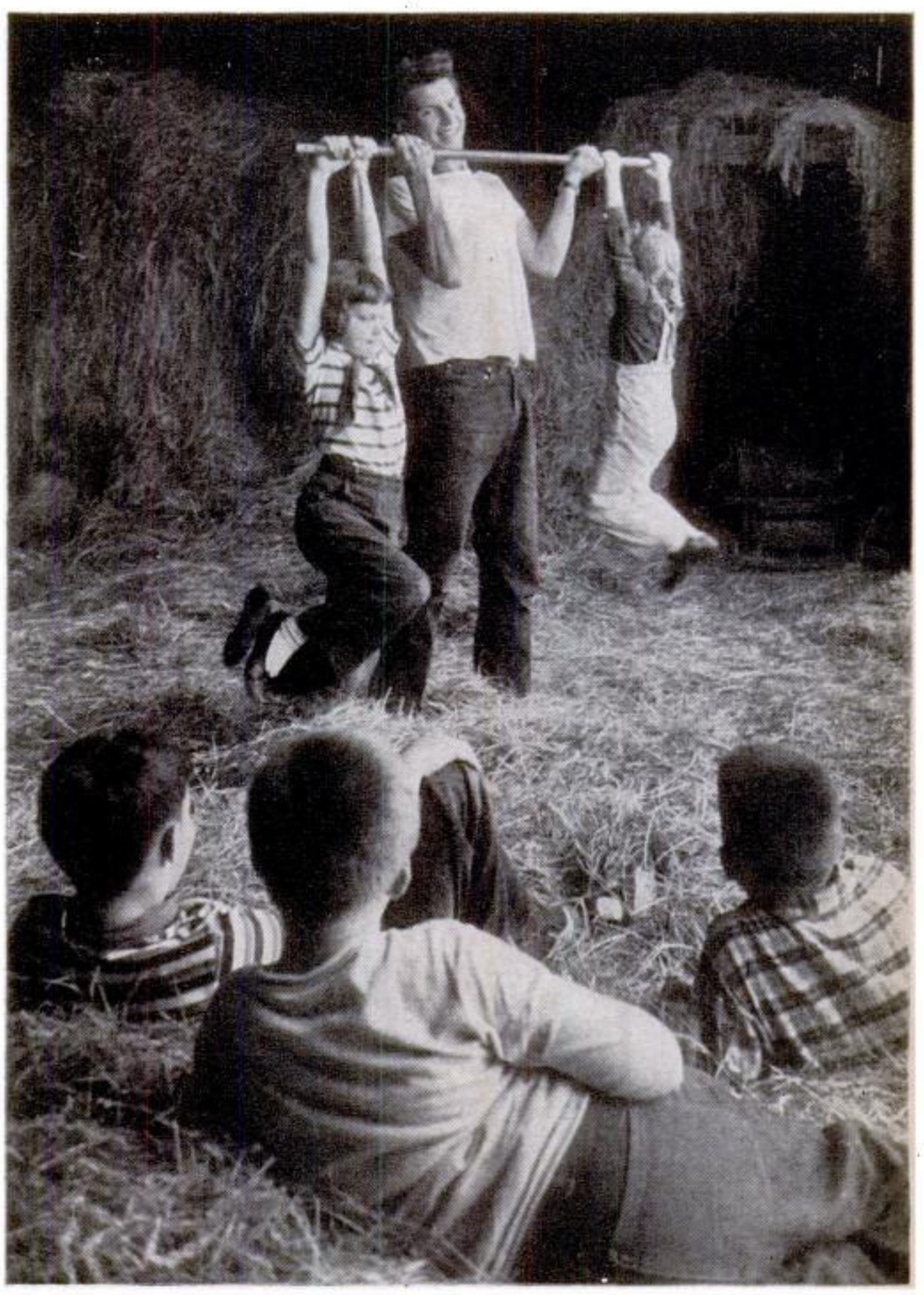
GINGER ALE • SPARKLING WATER

Try these and other Clicquot Club flavors. They're delicious!

ORANGE COLA ROOT BEER GRAPE



ROPE TRICK is about to be played on Tommy Costello by Tom Peckham and Don Almy. They hoisted him on a pulley and a second later let go rope.



WEIGHT LIFT is performed by Hired Hand "Gus" Gustafson, who shows off strength by letting Carolyn Thomas and Lynn Snoad dangle from iron bar.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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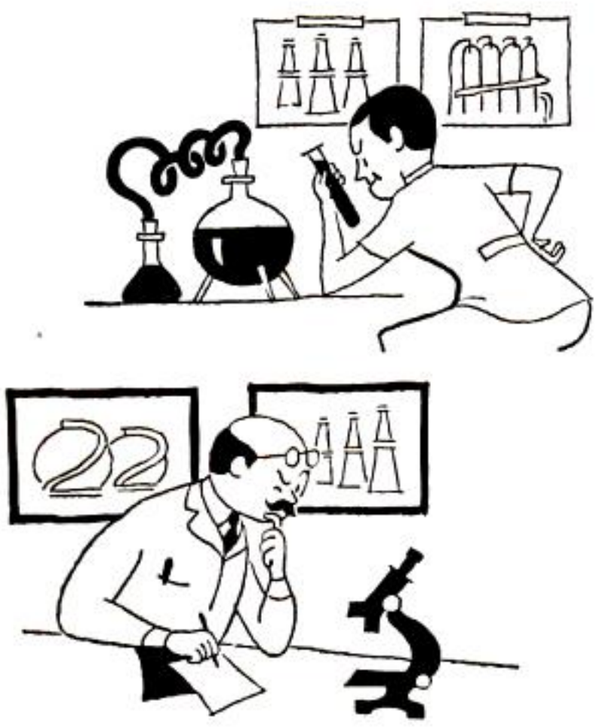
Gone are the days when a dollar bought 2 dinners...



3 lbs. of sirloin...



4 seats at the movies.



But thanks to progress in the oil industry...



today you have far better gasolines...



priced no higher than 25 years ago.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" aren't entirely gone—not when a gallon of today's better-than-ever gasoline costs no more, *before taxes,* than you paid way back in 1925.

You know how much value your gasoline dollar buys today when you compare your present car with the first auto you ever drove. Today's finer engines, with their vastly stepped-up power and performance, would never have been possible without the oil progress that developed today's better gasolines. Yet the fact is these improved quality gasolines come to you at 1925 prices—plus increased taxes, of course.

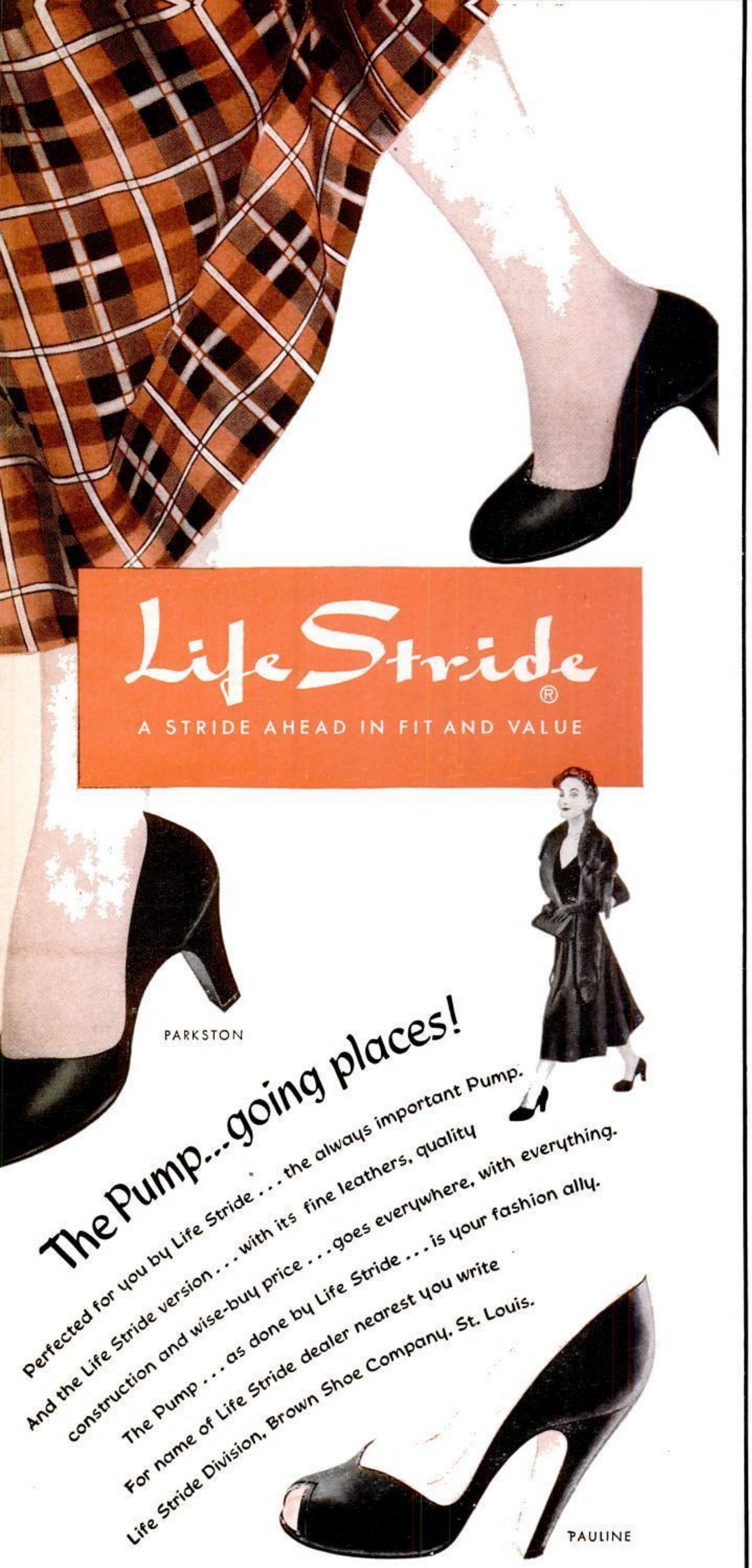
There's a key to progress in petroleum—the fact that oil is a highly competitive industry. Thousands of privately managed companies of all sizes are rivals in one or more of the many different branches of the oil business. Their ceaseless competition to win and hold your business means you *always* get extra value for your money—better quality products and services at reasonable prices.

Thousands of oil companies mean competition...
competition means progress...
progress means better living for everyone



Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Hayloft CONTINUED



WAVING ARMS helps steady this foursome in follow-the-leader. Leader Beth Schuyler, 11, led boys across 10-inch-wide beam a few feet above floor.



TOUSLED HEADS of Carolyn Thomas and John Bates peer from tunnels dug in loft as they live every kid's dream of being buried up to his ears in hay.

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ESTABLISHED BY

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FAMOUS SIGNATURE

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT

BOTTLED
IN
BOND

WITH A GOVERNMENT
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ANY WAY YOU LIKE
FINE BOURBON



Of Topmost Choice

When you take your first revealing sip of OLD TAYLOR, your search for a really choice bourbon will end right there. From then on you're sure to make OLD TAYLOR *your* topmost choice. It's that kind of bourbon!

National Distillers Products Corporation
New York, N. Y.

OLD TAYLOR*

100 PROOF

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The cigarette that smells Milder smokes Milder

BE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE EXPERT says Preston Harper

PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMER, DEEP RUN, N. C.



"Yes, Chesterfields are so much Milder"

Jane Wyman

CO-STARRING IN

"THE GLASS MENAGERIE"

A CHARLES K. FELDMAN GROUP PRODUCTION
DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

Miss Jane Wyman's suit by Gene Shelly

IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THIS

A YOU buy a pack of Chesterfields and you open it up.

B YOU smell that milder Chesterfield aroma. No other cigarette has it.

C YOU smoke Chesterfields and prove what every tobacco man knows . . .

tobaccos that
SMELL MILDER · SMOKE MILDER

Preston Harper



Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

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